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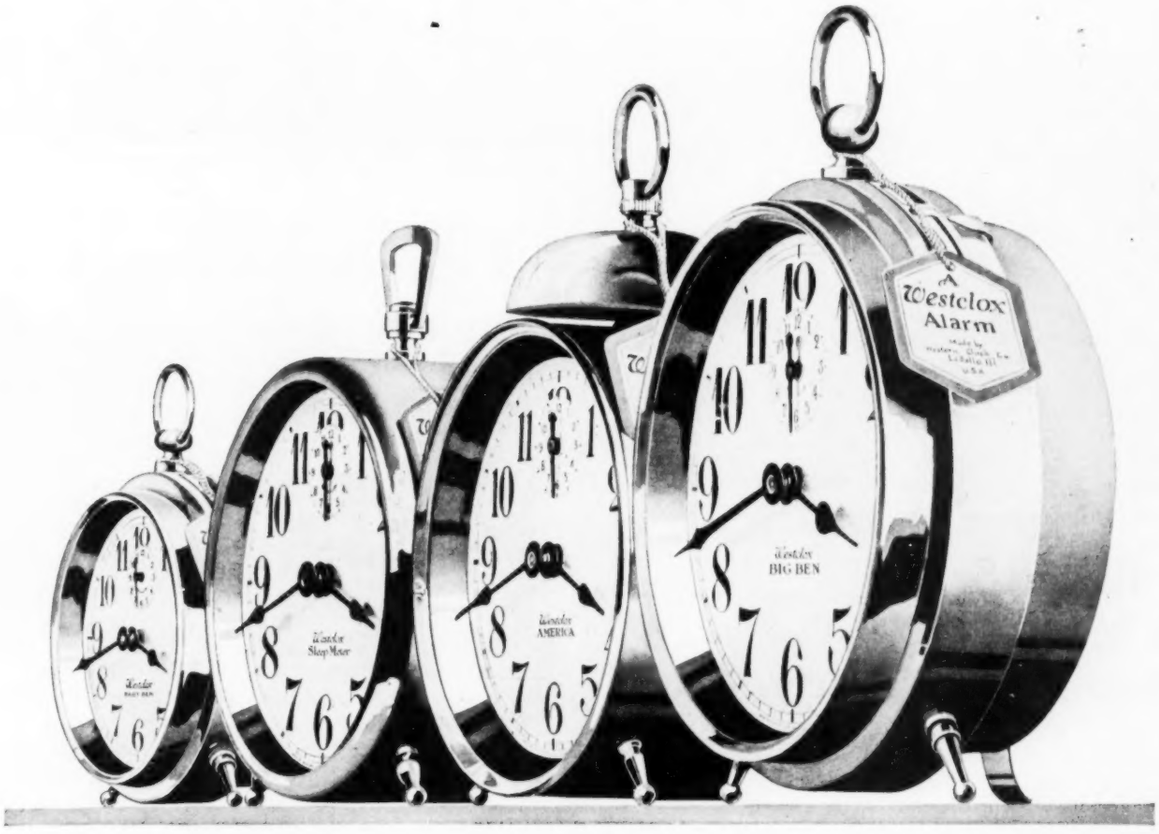
DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

THE GIBSON UPRIGHT—By Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson



Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Company.

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Every Westclox alarm is manufactured by the process that made Big Ben famous. Whether you select Big Ben, Sleep-Meter, America or Baby Ben, you *know* you're getting a good clock because each one is a Westclox.

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Carthage-Antwerp Road, Jefferson County, N. Y. Another Tarvia Highway

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We waste millions in horse flesh and gasoline, broken wheels and worn-out vehicles.

We waste millions more in building railroads that are only half-used because bad roads cut off the tributary back-country many months of the year.

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The Federal Government recently took certain counties before and after the making of big bond issues that modernized the road systems, and in a wonderful report proved that in one county *the people saved the whole investment in the first year by the reduction of hauling costs alone!*

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Good roads are not as expensive as they used to be. The plain macadam that used to require incessant renewal and attention is giving way to Tarvia-macadam that requires very little maintenance, that is free from dust and mud, that is not damaged by frost, that defies the grinding driving-wheels of the modern automobile and motor truck.

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THE GIBSON UPRIGHT



By Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Act I

ANDREW GIBSON'S office in his piano factory, where he manufactures The Gibson Upright. A very plain interior; pleasant to the eye, yet distinctly an office in a factory, and without luxuries; altogether utilitarian.

Against the wall on our right is a roll-top desk, open, very neat, and in the center of the writing pad a fresh rose stands in a glass of water. Near by is a long, plain table and upon it a very neat arrangement of correspondence with a couple of ledgers.

Against the walls are a dozen plain cane-seated chairs. Near the center of the room is a sample of the Gibson upright piano in light wood. There is a large safe, showing the word "Gibson," and there are filing cases. In the rear wall there is a door with the upper half of opaque glass, which shows "Mr. Gibson" in reverse; and near this door is a water filter upon a stand. In the wall upon our left is a plain wooden door. The former opens into the factory; the latter into a hall that leads to the street.

Upon the walls are several posters, one showing The Gibson Upright—a happy family, including children and a grandparent, exclaiming with joy at sight of this instrument. Another shows a concert singer singing widely beside The Gibson Upright, with an accompanist seated. Another shows a semicolossal millionaire, and a workingman of similar size in paper cap and apron, shaking hands across The Gibson Upright, and, printed: "$188.00—The Price for the Millionaire, the Same for Plain John Smith—$188.00." This poster and the others all show the slogan: "How Cheap, BUT How Good!"

Nothing is new in this room, but everything is clean and accurately in order. The arrangement is symmetrical.

As the curtain rises Nora Gorodna is seen at work on the sample Gibson Upright; the front is not removed; but through the top of it she is adjusting something with a small wrench. Nora is a fine-looking young woman, not over twenty-six; she wears a plain smock over a dark dress. As she is a piano tester in the factory she is dressed neither so roughly as a workingwoman nor perhaps so fashionably as a stenographer. She is serious and somewhat preoccupied. From somewhere come the sounds of several pianos being tuned. After a moment Nora goes thoughtfully to the desk and looks at the rose in the glass; then lifts the glass as if to inhale the odor of the rose, but abruptly alters her decision and sets the glass down without doing so.

She returns quickly and decisively to her work at the piano, as if she had made a determination.

A bell at the door on our left rings. Nora goes to the door and opens it.

NORA: Good morning, Mr. Mifflin.

MIFFLIN [entering]: Good morning, Miss Gorodna.

[Mifflin is a beaming man of forty, with gold-rimmed eyeglasses and a somewhat grizzled beard which was a week or so ago a neatly trimmed Vandyke. He wears a cutaway suit, not much pressed, not new; a derby hat, a standing collar and a four-in-hand dark tie; hard, round cuffs, not link cuffs. He carries a folded umbrella, not a fashionable one; wears no gloves; and has two or three old magazines and a newspaper under his arm.]

MIFFLIN: I believe I'm here just to the hour, Miss Gorodna.

NORA: Mr. Gibson has been very nice about it. He told me he would give you the interview for your article. He's in the factory—trying to settle some things he can't settle. I'll let him know you're here.

[She goes out by the door into the factory. Mifflin, smiling with benevolent anticipation, places his umbrella and hat on a chair, then takes his fountain pen and a pencil from his pocket, smilingly decides to use the pencil, sharpens it without going to a wastebasket over by the desk; then beamingly looks about the room. He is about to strike a chord on the piano, seems alarmed by the idea, moves away from it, dusts the lapel of his coat, adjusts his collar, studies the posters, shakes his head over them as if they were not to his taste, goes to the desk, and after studying it smiles at the rose and gives it a kittenish peck with his forefinger. Nora comes back and Mifflin turns to her.]

NORA [going back to her work at the piano]: He'll be right here.

[Gibson appears in the open doorway, speaking with crisp determination to someone not seen.]

GIBSON: That's my last word on it; that's in accordance with the agreement you signed two weeks ago.

A HARSH VOICE: We don't care nothin' about no agreement!

GIBSON: That's all!

[He comes in. He is a man of thirty-something; well but not clubbishly dressed; an intelligent, thoughtful face; a man of affairs. Just now he is exercising some self-control over irritations which have become habitual, but he is not uncordial, merely quiet, during his greeting of Mifflin.]

NORA: This is Mr. Mifflin, Mr. Gibson.

GIBSON: How do you do, Mr. Mifflin.

MIFFLIN [heartily, as they shake hands]: I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Gibson! I hope you don't mind my not writing to you myself for this interview. [Takes a small notebook from the inside pocket.]

GIBSON: Not at all!

MIFFLIN [taking a chair]: I heard Miss Gorodna speak at a meeting two nights ago ——

GIBSON: Yes?

MIFFLIN: And learning that she was one of your employees I asked her to speak to you about it for me.

GIBSON: I see.

MIFFLIN: Now in the first place, Mr. Gibson ——

[There is a telephone on Gibson's desk; its bell rings.]

GIBSON: Excuse me a moment.

[At the telephone]: Hello! . . . Yes—Gibson. . . . Oh, hello, McCombs! . . . Yes. I want you to buy it. . . . I want you to buy all of that grade wire you can lay your hands on. Get it now and go quick. All you can get; I don't care if it's a three years' supply. There'll be a shortage within a month. . . . No; I don't want any more of the celluloid mixture. . . . No, I don't want it. They can't make a figure good enough. I've got my own formula for keys and we're going to make our own mixture. . . . I'm going to have my own plant for it right here. I can make it just under fifty per cent better than I can buy it. . . . Wait a minute! I want you to get hold of that lot of felt over in Newark; the syndicate's after it, but I want you to beat them to it. Don't go to Johnson. You go to Hendricks—he's Johnson's brother-in-law. You tell him as my purchasing agent you've come to finish the talk I had with him the other night. You'll find that does it. . . . All right. Wait! Call me up to-morrow afternoon; I'm on the track of a stock of that brass we've been using. We may get three-eighths of a cent off on it. I'll know by that time. All right! . . . All right! [Then he hangs up the receiver and turns to Mifflin]: Where do you propose to publish this interview, Mr. Mifflin?

MIFFLIN [cheerily]: Oh, I shall select one of the popular magazines in sympathy with my point of view in these matters. You probably know my articles. Numbers of them have been translated. One called Coöperation and Brotherhood has been printed in thirteen languages and dialects, including the Scandinavian. But I expect this to be my star article.

GIBSON: Why?

MIFFLIN: Because your factory here is so often called the model factory. The model factory! [He repeats the phrase with unction.]

GIBSON [wearily]: Yes, model because it has the most labor trouble!

MIFFLIN [enthusiastically]: That is the real reason why it will be my star article. As you may know from my other articles this problem is where I am in my element.

GIBSON: Yes; I understood so from Miss Gorodna.

[Giving him an inimical glance, Nora closes the top of piano and moves to go. Gibson checks her with a slight gesture.]

GIBSON: Would you mind staying, Miss Gorodna? Miss Gorodna knows more about one side of this factory than I do, I'm afraid, Mr. Mifflin. We may need her for reference, especially as she seems to be the ringleader of the insurgents.

MIFFLIN [with jovial reproach]: Now, now! Before we come to that, Mr. Gibson, suppose we get at the origin of this interesting product. [He waves to the sample piano.] Let's see! I understand it was never your own creation, Mr. Gibson; that you inherited this factory from your father.

GIBSON: Oh, no, I didn't.

NORA [challenging]: *What?* [She checks herself.] I beg your pardon!

GIBSON: The piano factory I inherited from my father was about one-third this size.

MIFFLIN [genially; always genial]: Nevertheless you inherited it. We know that everything grows with the times, naturally. Let us simply state that it was a capitalistic family inheritance.

NORA [under her breath but emphatically]: Yes!

MIFFLIN: Up to the time of your inheriting it you, I suppose, had led the usual life of pleasure of the wealthy young man?

GIBSON: I'd been through school and college and through every department of the factory. That wasn't hard; it was a pretty run-down factory, Mr. Mifflin.

MIFFLIN: And then at your father's death the lives and fortunes, souls and bodies of all these workmen passed into your hands?

GIBSON: Not quite that; there were only forty-one workmen, and nineteen of them didn't stay when father died. They got other jobs before I could stop them.

MIFFLIN: And how many men have you now?

GIBSON: I believe there are one hundred and seventy-five on the pay roll now.

MIFFLIN: One hundred and seventy-five [with gusto] laborers!

GIBSON: Some of them are; some of them are orators.

MIFFLIN [jovially]: Ah, I'm afraid that's hard on Miss Gorodna.

GIBSON [quietly]: She's both.

MIFFLIN: I understand you are not fighting the labor unions.

GIBSON: No. The workmen themselves declined to unionize the factory.

MIFFLIN: Mr. Gibson, when your father began manufacturing The Gibson Upright ——

GIBSON: He didn't. He made a very fine piano—and only a few of them. It was The Gibson Upright that saved the factory. You see, with this model we began to get on a quantity-production basis. That's why the business has grown and is growing.

MIFFLIN: You mean that The Gibson Upright is the reason for the present great prosperity of this plant?

GIBSON: Yes.

MIFFLIN: Now be careful, Mr. Gibson; I'm going to ask a trap question. [Wagging his pencil at him]: What is the reason for The Gibson Upright?

GIBSON: Do you mean who designed it?

MIFFLIN: Oh, no, no, no! I mean who makes them? If someone asked you if you're the man that makes The Gibson Upright wouldn't you say "Yes"?

GIBSON: Certainly!

MIFFLIN [triumphantly]: Ah, there you fell into the trap!

GIBSON: What's the matter?

NORA [with controlled agitation]: It's the same old matter, Mr. Gibson. It's those men out there that make the piano.

GIBSON [a little sadly]: Do they?

NORA: With their hands, Mr. Gibson.

GIBSON: Is there anything more, Mr. Mifflin?

MIFFLIN: You couldn't possibly imagine how much you've given me, Mr. Gibson, in these few little answers. It is precisely what I want to get at—the point of view! The point of view is all that is separating the classes from the masses to-day. And I think I have yours already. Now I want to go to the masses if you will permit me.

GIBSON: Then you might as well stay here.

MIFFLIN: Ah, but I want to hear the workers talk!

GIBSON: Well, this is the best place for that! Some of them are waiting now just outside the door. I'll let you hear them.

[Goes to the factory door and opens it; two workingmen come in. One is elderly, with gray mustache and beard—Carter. The other, Frankel, is a Hebraic type, eager and nervous; younger.]

GIBSON: What do you and Frankel want, Carter?

CARTER [moving his jaw from side to side, affecting to chew to gain confidence]: Well, Mr. Gibson, to come down to plain words—there ain't no two best ways o' beatin' about the bush.

GIBSON: I know that.

CARTER: The question is just up to where there ain't no two best ways out of it. The men in our department is going to walk out to the last one, and if there was any way o' stopping it by argument I'd tell you. We're going out at twelve o'clock noon to-day, the whole forty-eight of us.

GIBSON: Why?

FRANKEL: Why? Mr. Gibson? Did you want to know why?

GIBSON: Yes, I do. You men signed an agreement with me just eleven days ago ——

FRANKEL [hotly protesting]: But we never understood it when we signed it. How'd we know what we was signing?

GIBSON: Can't you read, Frankel?

FRANKEL: What's reading got to do with it? When it reads all one way!

(Continued on Page 145)



"Gentlemen, This Factory Comes Into the Possession of Every Workman in It on Equal Terms; Each Has a Like Share in the Profits"

MADAME PEACOCK

By Rita Weiman

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

OF COURSE that was not her name. No one knew just how she had been christened—if at all. To a worshipful public she was known as Jane Goring, which—as names go—answered all purposes and was quite as simple as she was ornate. But Peacock was the title of the play in which she had made the season's hit, and a wave of fads yclept in honor of it had typhooned over New York in consequence.

There were perfumes with bottles far more valuable than their contents, on which strutted the iridescent bird of beauty. There were soaps and powders and sachets sold in green satin boxes similarly decorated and similarly priced. Peacock-feather fans swayed at dances and the opera, despite the age-old hoodoo. Beaded bags were worked in the popular design. Dressmakers dictated the spreading train. Blues and greens in every conceivably odd shade were introduced as the new color. The peacock coiffure, originated by Goring, was imitated by dowager and débutante, by movie star and chorus queen, by the girl behind the counter even unto the cash girl—hair drawn flat over the top of the head and puffed out stiffly at the ears, the whole being completed by a comb that jutted at right angles.

In Goring's mahogany swirl, framing as it did a face rather broad at the cheekbones and tapering heart-shaped to the chin, an impertinent nose and sleepy green-gray eyes that lifted at the corners, the effect was startling. But the variegated types it crowned north, south and east of Broadway would scarcely have inspired an artist to his best work.



"I'm So Glad You're Back, Miss Goring. I Just Had to Come and Tell You"

At the moment we make our bow to Jane Goring—for Goring bowed to no one—she was on the top rung of the ladder of success. Her head had reached the clouds, in fact, and was held accordingly. So that when she looked at you she always looked down at you. Which made those whom she addressed feel infinitely small even when they were tall. Except when it came to representatives of the press. They found her always gracious, always smiling with corners of eyes and lips lifted and a look of wonder at their great kindness to her. Each time she received them it was in some new and amazing costume in one of the shades she had made popular, with jangling jade or emeralds in her ears and green lights darting from the comb in her hair. She spoke at length of the arts, and collected royalties from candy boxes and cold creams bearing her name and indorsement.

Somewhere in the dim and distant past her flaming head and Jap-like eyes had graced the chorus. She had lived in a hall bedroom; had been caught frying chops over an alcohol stove; had been lectured by the landlady; had found the milk frozen to her window sill on winter mornings; and had known the exquisite thrill of being raised to a few lines of persiflage with the musical comedy's comedian. In those days a young newspaper man, Bob McNaughton, had found her out, proclaimed her a genius and married her—not because of her genius, however, but because he adored her. They had spent their honeymoon one Sunday on the Palisades, and he had kissed her finger tips one by one and told her how he was going to make her.

"There's Jefferson, who has our dramatic column—I'll get him to give you a boost every now and then. He stands in with a bunch of critics. He'll drop a word about you and they're bound to take notice. You'll see, darling, what I'm going to do for you!"

And she had put her vivid head on his shoulder and gazed down at the shining river and murmured that she didn't care whether he did anything for her or not. She loved him—she didn't want anything in the world but him.

The hall bedroom had given place to the third-story back, the frying chops to a French table d'hôte that boasted a bottle of red ink with a sixty-cent dinner, and Jane Goring was happy in the possession of a broad shoulder to weep on when the latest step came hard or the director asked casually if her legs were made of leather.

In the years that followed the ardent young husband had made good his promises. He had systematically press-agented Goring with a sincerity and enthusiasm born of love. Untiringly he had worked to bring her first to managerial, then to public notice. And his efforts, added to natural talent and a bizarre personality, had hoisted her to the top rung heretofore mentioned. Peacock marked the fourth season of her success.

But long before that Bob McNaughton had awakened one morning to find gray hairs threading his brown, and himself still a reporter—and by no means a star one. He had been so busy making her career that he'd forgotten to make his own.

It was about this time that his wife left him. Not actually left him, of course, for at that particular moment Goring would not have stooped to anything so disturbing as divorce. Waves of popular favor had begun to roll smoothly up the beach of her ambition. But her temperament demanded a home all her own; and so they maintained separate apartments—had done so for several years—his a room and bath in a downtown bachelor hotel, hers a nine-room-and-three-bath duplex in an uptown studio building.

In the beginning they had seen each other occasionally. But each time they met Bob seemed to have grown grayer. Whether this fact was a reminder that her own hair, left to itself, might show the same tendency, or whether it was just the look in his eyes—the same look they had worn that Sunday on the Palisades—seeing him began to tell on her nerves.

More and more she denied herself to him until he became more of a stranger in her rooms than the flock of tame robins which pecked out of her hand at afternoon tea.

As a matter of fact few of Goring's vast throng of admirers even guessed that there was a husband in the offing. Women persistently married her off to her handsome leading man, and more than one young millionaire about town ecstatically visualized her presiding at his dinner table.

So far as Jane Goring was concerned, Bob McNaughton belonged to another life. Thus, it was rather a shock to come home from the theater one night when Peacock was at the height of its run and find her husband waiting for her. It was fully five months since she had seen him; more than a year since she had been at home to him after the theater.

He was striding up and down her drawing-room, hands thrust deep into his pockets, head bent. But when one considers that her drawing-room consisted of three thrown into one, it was not surprising that at first she was not conscious of another's presence. She came in, switched on the side lights, dropped her furs and sank onto the davenport, hand hovering toward the table back of her, when out of the semidarkness at the other end of the room her name was spoken.

She sat up startled and saw Bob coming into the range of bluish light from a Chinese-temple lamp at the side of the piano. Jane Goring looked her amazement. He drew nearer, stopped abruptly and faced her.

"My apologies," he said with a slight, rather twisted smile, "for calling so late."

She dropped back, the look of amazement still lighting her long, sleepy eyes. "You did rather startle me."

For a moment neither spoke. Then he indicated the other corner of the deep-cushioned couch. "May I sit down?" he asked.

"Certainly," she shrugged.

His hand dived into his vest pocket and brought out a silver cigarette case. He clicked it open, held it out to her. She may or may not have noticed that his movements were tense and jerky, that the case was held not quite steadily. She gave a faint gesture of dissent, reaching once more to the table at her back and opening a gold lacquer box.

"I have a new special brand—imported for me from Egypt."

He took one of his own, pocketing the case, and she waited for some explanation of his visit.

"You're looking well," he began after a moment without looking at her.

"Feeling very fit," she returned, and waited once more.

He did not speak; just sat staring down at his rather tightly clenched hands.

She did notice then that he was looking old—years older than when she had last seen him. Bob was forty-two; to-night he looked fifty. Jane was—well, not even Who's Who knew exactly how old Jane Goring was. Any woman who will tell her right age will tell anything. But she looked well under thirty.

The silence seemed to demand something of her.

"And you?" she queried politely.

He wheeled round in his corner.

"That's just what I've come to see you about," he brought out. "Matter of fact, I waited until the last minute—didn't want to bother you with it."

"The last minute?"

"Yes. I'm pulling up stakes—beating it for Colorado to-morrow."

At the back of Jane Goring's brain, though even to herself she didn't acknowledge it, flared a sudden flash of relief. Like a jagged streak of lightning across a summer sky it was there—and gone.

"Where—in Colorado?"

"Denver."

"With what paper?"

"None, for a time. It's like this." He paused, seemed to be searching for words, his hands clenched and unclenched nervously. "I've been seeing Frothingham, the specialist, you know. Oh, it's nothing—contraction in the chest now and then and a bit of a cough in bad weather. Beastly uncomfortable, though. He tells me if I go now I can get rid of it in six months or so."

Goring gazed at the breadth of shoulder on which her head had snuggled so peacefully in the old days. Not that that phase of it occurred to her just then, but she stared at the big frame and could scarcely credit what he told her.

"But how in the world did you get a thing like that?"

"It got me, my dear, before I knew it. Fellow living alone's apt to grow careless. Anyway, there it is, and it's up to me to light out."

Silence again for a moment, then—

"I'm sorry, old boy," she told him.

"That's good to know." He slid nearer to her along the couch. Her face through the pungent smoke from the Egyptian cigarette was an indefinite white blur, vague as a dream, impossible to read. "I was hoping in a way that you would be."

"Of course I am."

"Makes it easier for me to put up the proposition I have in mind."

"Yes?" she questioned as he paused again.

"But first I want to outline something of my plans once I knock this bug on the head."

"Yes?"

"The Graystone has made me an offer. I've been interested in the movie game for the past few years; been studying it from the inside. And recently Crosby Stone—he's vice president of the Graystone—asked me to go to the Coast and take charge of the editorial department at their western studio. I told him that for the present I couldn't consider it—health needed jogging up. He said the job would be there for me whenever I wanted it."

"Seems to me an excellent idea," she observed.

"Now what I wanted to ask you was this." He fumbled for his case once more. Against the light from the table lamp his features formed a sharp, tense silhouette. He bent forward, struck a match. It flared upward, emphasized the lines that were almost ridges in his face. Suddenly he turned, and his next words came thick.

"Janey, I want you to do this much: Will you—when you close—take a run out to Colorado and spend part of the summer with me?"

The tapering white hand that held the cigarette to her lips dropped as if stricken down. She straightened and her drowsy green eyes looked down on him from the immense height of the top rung.

"My dear boy!" she ejaculated.

"Of course," he put in quickly, "I wouldn't expect you to stay in Denver. Must be any number of mountain resorts we could go to—I'll ask Frothingham."

"But, my dear boy, I couldn't possibly. To begin with, I'm taking Peacock on the road early in August; playing Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago—all the big cities. Cleeburg wants to keep me out in it until February, when we begin work on a new production. That leaves me only a few weeks' vacation."

"Spend them with me. Janey ——" He leaned over with a swift impulsive movement, lifted her left hand, the little finger of which was completely covered by a big beetle-green scarab, and kissed the tips one by one. "Janey, there's just you—no one else. These last years have been hell. I've missed you! I've wanted you! Is a few weeks too much to ask?"

She drew her hand away—gently enough. But a little shudder of disgust ran down her spine.

"But I can't, don't you see?" she began conversationally. "Those few weeks I must have to myself. I need the rest."

"Can't we take it together? Can't we go up into the mountains—away from the muck of the world—and get to know each other over again? Remember our honeymoon, dear, the afternoon by the river? What a happy pair of kids we were! Let's have a taste of that, just a taste again."

A slight flicker of amusement, very slight, raised the corners of her up-slanted eyes.

"Afraid we've passed the honeymoon age, dear boy."

"It's your love I want, Janey," came from him desperately. "Just to feel that you'll come to me for a time when I need you."

She got up, crushed the spark from her cigarette, tossed it with a gesture of distaste into the tray and moved toward the piano. In her trailing green gown with its fanlike train—Goring never wore short skirts—and her dangling scarab earrings, she looked very exotic, very tall and altogether unapproachable. She trailed the length of the room and stopped under the Chinese temple lamp. Its blue light shed an aura about her, giving her skin the moon glow that Henner's brush has made immortal.

Her husband gazed after her. Mercifully she stopped with her back toward him, and he failed to get the expression that tightened her lips. His eyes had followed her with doglike pleading. Without meeting them she knew—felt it. Neither could she escape the urge in his voice. In the old days that deep tender note had thrilled her, made her yearn for him, given her the assurance that, whatever happened, Bob would be there to make things right. To-night it merely annoyed her, rendered her position more difficult. As I've said, seeing Bob at all had become trying and the very thought of the thing he now suggested irritated her beyond measure. She had so completely done with him—finished! Taking advantage of this sudden illness was taking advantage of her. With all her being she resented it.

She stood for a long moment, turned from him, fingering the blue-and-gold tassel that hung from a bit of Chinese embroidery flung across the piano. Finally she turned back, face as void of light or shade as the old idol enshrined in a corner of the room.

"Suppose we have a snack of supper and talk things over," she suggested.

He was sitting bent almost double, elbows on knees, head in hands. A wave of contempt for his attitude of dejection swept over her. She was so palpitant with life, vibrating with the thrill—ever new, ever sweet—that the laurel wreath brings.

Without waiting for a reply she rang. A tired-eyed maid appeared. Goring gave her directions and, when the girl had gone out, proceeded to chat casually about affairs of the theater—a new firm of managers recently bobbed up on the theatrical horizon with a new play by a new author; the outlook for next season; the trend toward satirical comedy as inaugurated by the sudden vogue of Shaw in New York.

Bob sat without moving, knuckles pressing white against his forehead, the veins on his hands standing out like blue welts. Presently he looked up.

"I take it you are not coming out to me," he remarked.

Goring in the depths of a wide chair some distance from him stirred uneasily.

"My dear boy, I've told you. It's not only impractical—it's impossible."

"Of course! I was an ass to think you might."

"Can't you see? I'm not my own mistress. I belong to my public. I've got to conserve my strength for them and my work."

"Yes, I see."

"If I consulted my own desires—but I haven't the moral right. I must sacrifice what you want—what I want—to what my public expects of me."

He might have reminded her of the years he had given to creating that public for her. He might have dwelt at length on his Machiavellian boosting of a red-haired show girl through the columns of his own paper and gradually with insertions here and there in periodicals of the theater, until managers began to ask who this Jane Goring was. He might have made mention of the evenings he had spent round the Lambs and the Friars adding to his list of acquaintances—as men can only at men's clubs—those who would eventually be of service to her.

He merely smiled with his lips, lighted another cigarette and tried to cover the fact that the flame flickered.

"You must understand how I'm placed," she persisted.

"I understand."

His laconic reply, followed by flat silence, somehow increased instead of alleviating her discomfort. After a moment he spoke.

"Ever read Frankenstein, Janey?"

"No."

"Queer tale of a chap who tried to create a superman."

"Well?" Her brows contracted, puzzled.

"Well—his superman rose up and destroyed him."

"I fail to see ——" The frown deepened.

"Oh, just a flight of fancy. Don't mind me." Again his hand struck a flickering match.

"Ought you to smoke so much?" she asked to fill in the gap. "I shouldn't think it would be good for—for ——"

"My lungs? Oh, nothing wrong with them—actually. Dare say they'll pull up O. K. once I pull out of this town. Y'know what Paul Bourget said about New York. Fellow asked him how he liked our climate and he answered, 'But, my dear man, you do not have climate. You have samples of weather.'"

She laughed, and the weight of the air lifted somewhat.

The maid brought in a steaming chafing dish, set it on top of a nest of tables and drew out the smallest two, placing them in front of the couch.

Goring moved over and once more took the corner opposite her husband. His eyes traveled the length of her.

"You grow more beautiful every time I see you, Janey. Success is a first-rate old alchemist, isn't it?"

She smiled down, her whole face softening.

The maid laid an embroidered doily of finest linen on each of the two small tables and brought silver platters of creamed mushrooms from which



Alone in the White Light of a New Day She Reread Them Slowly, Digesting Each Word

rose the faint aroma of sherry. From a dusty bottle marked Amontillado she poured into slim-necked glasses the same wine, glistening and amber.

When she had finished serving them she asked tentatively if madam wished her to wait up.

Goring wondered why the question brought from Bob a look of curiosity; why he turned and watched her, waiting; why he smiled—with his eyes this time—when she told the girl to go to bed.

She moved nearer to him—the tables were placed side by side—and sipped the sherry. A few moments passed, during which she noticed uncomfortably that he had not touched the dainty, tempting dish before him.

"You're not eating?"

"Not particularly hungry." He lifted his glass, twirling it between thumb and forefinger, his gaze never leaving her. "I want to fill my eyes with you, Janey. May be a long time before I see you again."

Her eyes warmed to the tense adulation in his. After all, he did look beastly ill, and the least she could do would be to give him the memory of a little kindness to carry away.

"And I want you to know, Bob, that I'll be thinking of you, and hoping and praying that before long you'll be quite fit again." She leaned over, touching his hand lightly with hers. Instantly his closed over it—feverishly, as a man clings to hope when his ship of life has been broken into wreckage.

"Will you, Janey?"

"Of course."

"That will help—some." He put down the glass and caught her other hand, drawing her nearer. "I'd like to feel there's still a corner for me; no other fellow taking my place, I mean."

"How absurd! You know I haven't time even to think of men."

"They take plenty of time to think of you." Again that quizzical smile. "I've got that much over them, haven't I? You're my wife."

She smiled back and tried to draw away, but he held her with the grip of hot iron.

"That's what I've got over them, Janey—all of them. You may belong to your public now, but you've been mine. We've had our youth together, haven't we?"

"Yes."

"We've had the best of life together."

"Yes."

"Nobody can take that from me." He spoke breathlessly.

Suddenly his arm went round her, crushed her to him and his lips were against hers.

"My love!" he whispered.

Jane Goring's body went rigid. She drew herself erect and the warmth died out of her eyes as swiftly as a flame extinguished. Sharply her slim white hands thrust out in defense. She pulled backward. Their gaze met—locked. In his was hurt question. In hers a flash of fury. He sat staring at her a moment and he did not look up. It was a look direct, straight—boring to the heart of her. And then he got to his feet.

"I beg your pardon," he began. "I—I thought ——" He paused, jaws coming together as though clamped. Without another look at her he walked the length of the room. At the door he turned.

"Damn me for my humility!" he said.

II

EXCEEDING the most exalted expectations, Peacock ran two full seasons. It might even have packed houses during the hot spell, save that the star decided to give herself a rest—well earned—and of course without her the theater had to remain dark. At the end of four weeks spent at a fashionable Adirondack hotel where she was fêted like visiting royalty and her gowns created a sensation, she reopened, and the continued success of the play warranted Cleeburg's decision to give it another season on Broadway.

During all that time Goring had not a word from her husband. Even of his Denver address she was unaware. But the fact that he did not write failed to disturb her. It was a relief rather. The first few months of his absence she dreaded another plea from him. In case his health had grown no better, or—as was quite possible—had grown worse, further excuses would be difficult. As the weeks rolled into months and the months accumulated into a year and still not a line, the thought of him lapsed into merely perfunctory curiosity. He must be alive or she'd have been informed. Hence, if ever she needed to get in touch with him it would be easy enough to do so through his former paper or his clubs. Thus she blotted even the thought of him from her books.

Another season of acclaim on the road and she was back in New York ready for rehearsals. Her new play, made to order for her by a prominent dramatist, was read by him in her apartment the very day of her arrival.



Seeing Bob at All Had Become Trying and the Very Thought of the Thing He Now Suggested Irritated Her Beyond Measure

Cleeburg met her at the Grand Central, full of enthusiasm, chewing the butt of a cigar while his hands outlined the plot as an artist smudges in with charcoal the foundations of his picture.

Goring's manager had started life as a newsboy somewhere east of Broadway, and a few of the habits of childhood had become the habits of a lifetime. His manners were not Chesterfieldian. Frequently he forgot to take off his hat when a lady entered the room. His cigar was removed from the right-hand corner of his mouth only to be shifted to the left. But more than one actress out of a job could borrow a hundred or two from him with no surer guaranty than her I. O. U. And those of the chorus whose eyes had not grown hard from seeing too much of the Rialto when lights are brightest affectionately called him papa.

Rudolph Cleeburg—or 'Dolph, as he was familiarly named—was short and stocky; heavily built, in fact, but with a lightness of foot that enabled him to prance about the stage while directing, and an Oriental imagination that carried him into any rôle he wanted to assume without making him appear ridiculous. One of the ablest directors in the country, in spite of English that sometimes tobogganed, he always took his productions personally in hand, once the first rough edges were smoothed down. With Goring of course he assumed charge from the beginning. She would have no one else.

The manager's admiration for his star at the start had been of the proverbial cat-and-queen variety. But as their association stretched over the years it was shorn of the awe in which he had first held her, and once he had even reached the point of proposing. It was when she informed him that she and Bob had separated.

"Divorce?" he had asked quickly. And with her shake of the head—"Well, if ever you do, there's little 'Dolph waiting to step into his shoes. Don't forget that, Jane. It's straight goods."

The proposal had vastly amused her.

They drove uptown through the fresh sweetness of a May morning. Cleeburg's panama dropped to the floor of the car as he excitedly sketched the story in the air, one idea tumbling after the other as fast as words would come. His bald head shone as did his eyes. All his features were prominent—nose, eyes, teeth—but most prominent of all was his smile, which seemed to light like an arc his round, commonplace face. This he flashed delightedly as Goring listened with a calmness unbroken.

"It's a sure-fire, Jane! Sure-fire! We got a bigger go than Peacock—and that's going some."

Jane Goring said little until the apartment was reached. Then she shook hands with the author, who was waiting for them, left the two men together while she changed from her traveling clothes, and an hour later glided in cool and revived in a peacock-blue house gown whose sleeves floated outward like wings. Cleeburg's watch was in his hand, but he pocketed it without a word as she entered, lit a fresh cigar and settled back in his chair.

The author opened his script and began to read. His voice filled the silent room, chorused occasionally by the gay trill of birds from the park across the way or city sounds from the street below.

The manager's smile broadened with satisfaction as he progressed. The cigar moved back and forth, propelled by emotion. But Goring listened without comment, eyes half-closed, gazing down at the playwright's head bowed over his manuscript.

Presently a new sound broke upon the stillness. It was from neither bird nor branch, neither the clang of bells nor the rush of traffic. It was light and regular and it came from within—the steady tapping of a slippered foot. Toward the end of Act II it became noticeable and Cleeburg looked round interrogatively.

Tap, tap! Tap, tap! More swift, more impatient, until the author's voice proclaimed "curtain!"

Then Jane Goring spoke—and the tapping was explained: "But, my dear Mr. Thorne, you don't expect me to play the lead in that?"

Cleeburg wheeled about in his chair.

"What's the matter with it?"

"Why, there's nothing for me—not a thing!"

"Nothing for you?"

"Nothing! Not a single opportunity in those first two acts."

Cleeburg sprang up. His cigar rotaried excitedly. "No opportunities! But, Jane, what do you want? As the play stands, you're the whole show!"

"As the play stands, you might as well hand it to Harrison Burke"—Burke was her leading man—"and let me retire," came coolly.

The playwright's eyes began to smolder.

"I don't get you, Miss Goring. This character has been absolutely built round you."

She turned on him, still cool, still aloof.

"Then why is your man allowed to dominate every scene?"

"He isn't," the author protested. "The sympathy is yours, even when I've been compelled to give him the long speeches."

"I don't see it—not at all. You don't even give me an opportunity to wear decent clothes."

"That comes in your last act," Cleeburg burst in.

"Well, I don't want to wait until the last act."

"I can't very well put a factory girl in satins," the playwright observed.

"Why make her a factory girl?"

(Continued on Page 70)

Enemy Property in the United States

By A. MITCHELL PALMER

Attorney-General of the United States—Formerly Alien Property Custodian

IF ON April 1, 1917, six days before we entered the war, anybody had told me but a fraction of the insidious German attempt to destroy the American character of many lines of industrial and commercial activity in this country I should have thought he was telling an April Fools' Day joke. Nearly two years' contact with German investments in this country since that time has convinced me that America was put down on the plans of Germany's world-wide war as a pivotal battleground.

It is now evident that during the fifty-year period when Germany was arming herself to conquer and dominate the continent of Europe she was likewise laying the foundation for the industrial conquest of America. For a full generation before she struck for the mastery of Europe her powerful financial interests were accomplishing the invasion of this country. They were planting themselves at the very heart of American business. They were reaching far out for a firm grasp upon our vital industries. They were establishing German outposts wherever it was possible to secure a strong foothold. And they were acquiring a degree of power and influence in the business affairs of America sufficiently strong, in the judgment of the ruling element in the Empire, to neutralize us if we remained out of the war or to paralyze us if we ventured to raise our voice or hand against German might.

This German invasion was begun and consummated with hostile intent. Nearly two years' experience in dealing with a secretly intrenched enemy has absolutely convinced me of this. An intimate study of the processes whereby Germany sought to tighten her grip, unseen, upon the arteries of our commerce against the day when she might bind us hand and foot, reducing us to impotency if she chose, strengthens the conviction that her whole policy of foreign investment was closely linked with her military policy at home. It was undoubtedly a far-seeing program of world-wide power which she evolved, a program of which the American people were almost wholly unconscious even during that period when they tried desperately to maintain their neutrality.



DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

Germany's Allies on American Soil

AND who can doubt now, in the light of all that has been revealed, that the German imperialists presumed upon the success of their far-flung plan when first they flouted, then outraged us? Is it not fair to suppose that they took our helplessness for granted when they counseled among themselves upon the risks involved in the sinking of the Lusitania? Is it not to be assumed that they confidently relied upon their influence and their following in this country when they designed the mission which Doctor Albert undertook to execute; when they inaugurated their campaign of sabotage, sedition and arson; and when they dispatched Doctor Dernburg to America to engage in public propaganda on the one hand, and to muster the mysterious forces of Germanized industry on the other? Can it be doubted that Von Bernstorff himself did not fail to reckon upon the secret allies which his government had mobilized on American soil when he constituted himself the arch plotter of them all, against the neutrality of a friendly nation?

But America was another of Germany's wild miscalculations. Her mistaken judgment of all things American takes rank with her stupidity regarding the resistance of Belgium; her fatuous notion that Great Britain could be bought off, or, if not, that the British could never raise a respectable army; her childish idea that France should be stunned, then murdered by a single blow; and her false conception that Italy sought only aggrandizement, with no inclination to pay the price of blood for victory. Germany did not know the spirit of America. She did not realize that she trifled with a giant that was slow to move and slower to anger, but once in action would prove both a relentless and a resistless foe.

The office of Alien Property Custodian was created by the Trading With the Enemy Act to combat that enemy within our gates, an enemy whose deep burrowings into the vitals of the nation it was difficult to arrest. To have left this influence unmolested or to have handled it with too much tenderness would have been a national blunder, to state it mildly. And it is not improper to observe that we ran a grave risk of unconsciously making such a blunder in the drafting of the original measure under which we were supposed to strike a staggering blow at our domestic enemy. There never was a situation which proved more conclusively that experience is the best teacher. That legislation, though conceived upon what seemed to be broad and effective lines, proved wanting when the time came to apply it to the vast and ramified businesses which Germany had organized in this country as a reënforcement of her military system at home.

As its title implies, the law was designed to prohibit commerce between persons in the United States and those in enemy countries. With little or no experience to guide us it is not unnatural, perhaps, that the framers of the act failed to foresee many of the intricate, even bewildering, problems that the Alien Property Custodian would have to solve in his pursuit of those hidden forces with which he found it necessary to grapple. This act, in effect, originally made the Alien Property Custodian merely a benevolent conservator of the property of our enemies. He was not authorized to "seize," but he might "demand and receive" such property, and his duties were limited to the administration of the trusts thus coming into his hands. He was directed to act for the original owners as a sort of guardian of their interests and an official protector of their rights. Even his right to sell the assets of an enemy was limited to cases in which it was necessary to do so in order to prevent waste or protect the property, all of which obviously inured to the benefit of the enemy himself.

As might have been expected, upon trial those charged with the execution of this law—and this included the War Trade Board and the Treasury Department as well as the Alien Property Custodian—went before Congress with proposals that would put teeth into the law and full power into the hands of its administrators. One of the first amendments to the act gave the Alien Property Custodian authority to make any proper disposition of property of enemies which might come into his possession. No sales, however, might be made except by public auction and to the highest responsible bidder, provided that bidder was an American citizen.

A second amendment was found necessary, by reason of an opinion of the Department of Justice given to the Federal Trade Commission, the burden of which was that under the Trading With the Enemy Act a patent was not such property as could be demanded and taken over in the administration of the law. Once more the Alien Property Custodian found his hands tied. He was unable to effect the seizure or the disposition of numberless patents owned by Germans which had been issued and were being protected by the American Government. Our earliest investigations indicated the extent to which these patents were being used. Many corporations, though chartered in this country, were found to be almost wholly owned by German interests. The German stockholder was likewise the patent owner, and in many cases he realized profits not from patent royalties but from the dividends upon his stock in these American corporations.

It developed that in the course of our efforts to sell the German-owned stock in such corporations we were able to dispose of the stock holdings but were unable to sell the patent or patents involved. No power lay in the custodian's office to convey any patent rights, a circumstance that often made the sale of a company the most important asset of which was its patents either impossible or unprofitable. When the committees of Congress were acquainted with these facts and with the handicap which they imposed upon the Alien Property Custodian a second amendment was agreed to, which made it possible to proceed against the patent as against any other thing of value of which an enemy might be owner.

Yet another restriction came to light when the execution of the original enactment was undertaken. It was found, for example, that many corporations were owned or controlled by Germans who were not residents of this country. The stocks so held often were safely laid away in safe-deposit vaults of German banks in Germany and the Alien Property Custodian was unable to acquire the enemy interest in such enterprises because he could not produce the stockholder's certificate of shares. The corporation itself might be required to deliver such property as it held for enemy account into the hands of the Government, but the custodian could not have a stockholder's interest in the company so long as he was without the certificate covering the enemy shares.

This state of affairs brought about the third amendment to the law, requiring any corporation, all or a part of the stock of which was enemy-owned, to issue new certificates in the name of the Alien Property Custodian for those shares held in enemy territory.

With the adoption of these amendments the execution of the Trading With the Enemy Act became a part of America's superb fighting machine. Not only did the Alien Property Custodian proceed against those industries that had been built up in this country as a German military reserve, but he turned these very industries, where possible, into supports for the American Armies. And it is a curious fact that most of the important industries that the Germans created or dominated in America were found to be engaged in producing essentials of war. Germany's own war materials, therefore, were thrown into the balances against her, just as in battle artillery captured from her was trained upon her retreating columns.

An Amazing Revelation

THE extent of Germany's investments in America is one of the amazing revelations of the war. It was found that the enemy almost completely dominated the vast chemical industry of America, a fact that will be dwelt upon at length in a future article. German control of the metal industry was astonishing in its scope. The same is true of certain textile lines, of fur, of magnetos and scores of miscellaneous lines of business. These investments divided themselves into two general classes: In the first were found private investments on the part of individual Germans who, regarding America as a land of promise, invested their earnings in real estate or mortgages or securities of American corporations. This class was not dangerous as a class. There was no combination on their part to control any interest into which they placed their money. They were ineffective to throttle the Government in its war program or to interfere materially in any of the plans the Government organized in its prosecution of the war.

But in the second class were found those investments made by combined capital in Germany so closely associated with the political and military powers in Germany as to make the investors the ready allies of their imperialistic government. It was the plain design of such investors to dominate if not actually to control many of the great industrial and commercial enterprises in the United States. And though the Alien Property Custodian felt the obligation to act as trustee of the property of the individual German subjects that fell into his hands, until such time as the treaty of peace might be signed, he felt no such obligation respecting the second class. They were obviously hostile. They composed an important part of her industrial army and it was plain to any searching investigator of these investments that Germany had built upon the hope of the material assistance that would come to her from the organization she had founded in America.

Though these investments were largely in industries making their profits from the development of American resources and accepting the hospitality of American laws, they were never actually Americanized. They had domestic charters, they had the protection of American courts,

they engaged American workmen—but they were foreign to the core. Moreover, they became the very center of the German spy system before this country entered the war, and would without doubt have been the fertile breeding places for sedition if the Alien Property Custodian had not seized them, transferred them to American ownership, and made them do their part toward winning a victory over the Powers that had directed them to other ends.

When this country entered the war there was little conception on the part of the Government itself as to the problem that confronted it in dealing with Germany's defense lines in this country. Though it was known to be broad in its scope it was not generally recognized as being powerful or unfriendly to America's national interests. But by the time Congress was called upon for more authority in the matter of seizure and sale of enemy properties it was realized that an industrial army of great potentiality had actually invaded American soil and that it had to be captured and destroyed. Germany, we know, very soon recognized the disastrous possibilities, from her standpoint, of the new order, for she protested vehemently through diplomatic channels against plans of the Alien Property Custodian, which she insisted were "designed to destroy Germany's economic existence upon this continent." And when it is recalled that Germany had based high hopes upon the eventual commercial conquest of America it is easy to appreciate the dismay with which she contemplated the sudden and direct offensive we had undertaken to loosen forever her grip upon our industry and commerce.

Security for Damages

ON FEBRUARY 15, 1919, a total of 35,400 reports of enemy property had been received in the office of the Alien Property Custodian. The office had been filled on October 22, 1917, or about sixteen months before. As each report came in and was verified a separate trust was created. The number of such trusts now being administered amounts to 32,296, which have an aggregate book value of $502,945,724.75. Approximately 9000 cases covered by reports had not at that date reached the stage of valuation.

When the entire number of trusts reported have been finally opened upon the books of the Alien Property Custodian, and the readjustment of values following further appraisal has been completed, it is a safe prediction that enemy property in the hands of the Federal Government will be in excess of $700,000,000.

This gives a concrete idea of the extent of the enemy invasion of America. Yet the German investment in this country was even larger than these figures indicate. During the winter of 1916–17, when Germany clearly foresaw the certainty of war with the United States, enormous liquidations of German investments in this country were taking place. Listed and other liquid securities were dumped on the market to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars and were thus out of the reach of our Government when a state of belligerency came.

And it might be stated in this connection that the German property that is now held in trust by the Alien Property Custodian exceeds in value the entire amount of the claims that American citizens have filed with the State Department against Germany. Such claims, moreover, include all losses of life or property through unlawful submarine warfare both before and after we entered the war as well as other injuries received through the illegal acts of the enemy. When it was announced by the American Peace Commissioners in Paris that the American Government asked for no specific reparation at the hands of the enemy, in the peace treaty, on the ground that such indemnities as must be paid would be covered by enemy property already in hand, it was meant that the property of German subjects in possession of the Alien Property Custodian would meet the bill.

It was not to be expected, of course, that the United States from its own funds would reimburse its citizens for the losses sustained at the hands of German pirates when it has in hand more than sufficient property belonging to German subjects whose claims against this country will no doubt be provided for by their own government. By a simple process of offsetting and adjusting such claims between the United States and its war associates on the one hand, and the Central Powers on the other, each government will be in possession of sufficient assets to provide for the claims of its own nationals.

This plan commends itself to me as undeniably just, but it will require the liquidation of all the enemy property in this country, a labor that will extend over a considerable period of time. There would be no question of confiscation of private property involved in such a plan, as each government would pay the claims of its own people and have in hand the property of its enemies with which to pay them.

It would be folly, moreover, to turn back the German-owned properties in America to their original owners, every piece officially labeled with a German brand. The resentments and passions that have been aroused and inflamed by the war are so intense that human nature would have to be reconstructed before the German would be received with open arms as an American business man. Many years must pass before the enemies of this nation can again count upon the hospitality of America or hope to capitalize once more its splendid opportunities. It is not too much to say that if an American corporation known to be owned by German subjects were handed back to its former owners to-morrow its business would inevitably vanish, its assets would shrink disastrously and its former good will as a going concern would become a burdensome liability. It is to be doubted that the German investor would be able to salvage anything worth having from the wreck; and foreseeing what might be expected to happen, the German owners of American securities in all the enemy branded lines of industry would unload their holdings on the market. The disarrangement that would result from this might easily assume the proportions of a national misfortune.

The selling program of the Alien Property Custodian was accompanied by fair notice to all interests that though at the conclusion of the war we would render an account of the proceeds of all sales of enemy property the properties would never be returned to their original owners. Germany was made to understand by the sale of the Hamburg-American and the North German Lloyd docks at New York and at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands; by the liquidation of the enemy interests in the great American chemical, textile, metal, electrical, wireless and other industries—that regardless of her military victories she could not hope to win the war. It is not possible to calculate the effect of this program upon German morale, but it may be assumed that the powerful financial interests of the Empire took alarm at the manner in which their investments in America were passing forever from their hands and that they were not slow to express that alarm to their own governing power.

That the Americanization of enemy-owned industry in this country will prove one of the beneficial results of the war is beyond debate. The hybrid character of the enormous investments that Germany had made upon our soil was dangerous alike to commerce and to individuals. No man can find fault with foreign capital that may be attracted by the splendid resources of America, provided that capital becomes promptly naturalized and remains absolutely loyal to the country of its adoption. But in most of the German-owned industries of America there was not even divided allegiance. They were faithful first and last to the Fatherland and all their plans and purposes were in its interest. They were designed to spread German propaganda and did actually spread it long before our people became conscious of the danger that threatened them. These industries hoped and worked against the day when they would be powerful enough to place us at their mercy.

Many bewildering problems were faced by our investigators in the effort to disclose the fact of enemy ownership in thousands of cases we inquired into. Almost every conceivable device was employed by German owners of industries or investors in them to conceal their holdings or their identity. The commonest of those resorted to was the transfer by enemy owners of their property to their friends or agents in this country without any valid consideration, or perhaps upon a consideration to be fixed after the war should be over, and to be payable out of the business itself at a time when the parties involved believed that normal conditions would be restored. It was found, after much searching investigation, that certain businesses individually owned were transferred to hastily formed corporations; the transfer being made in many cases by the American agent of the German owner under his general powers.

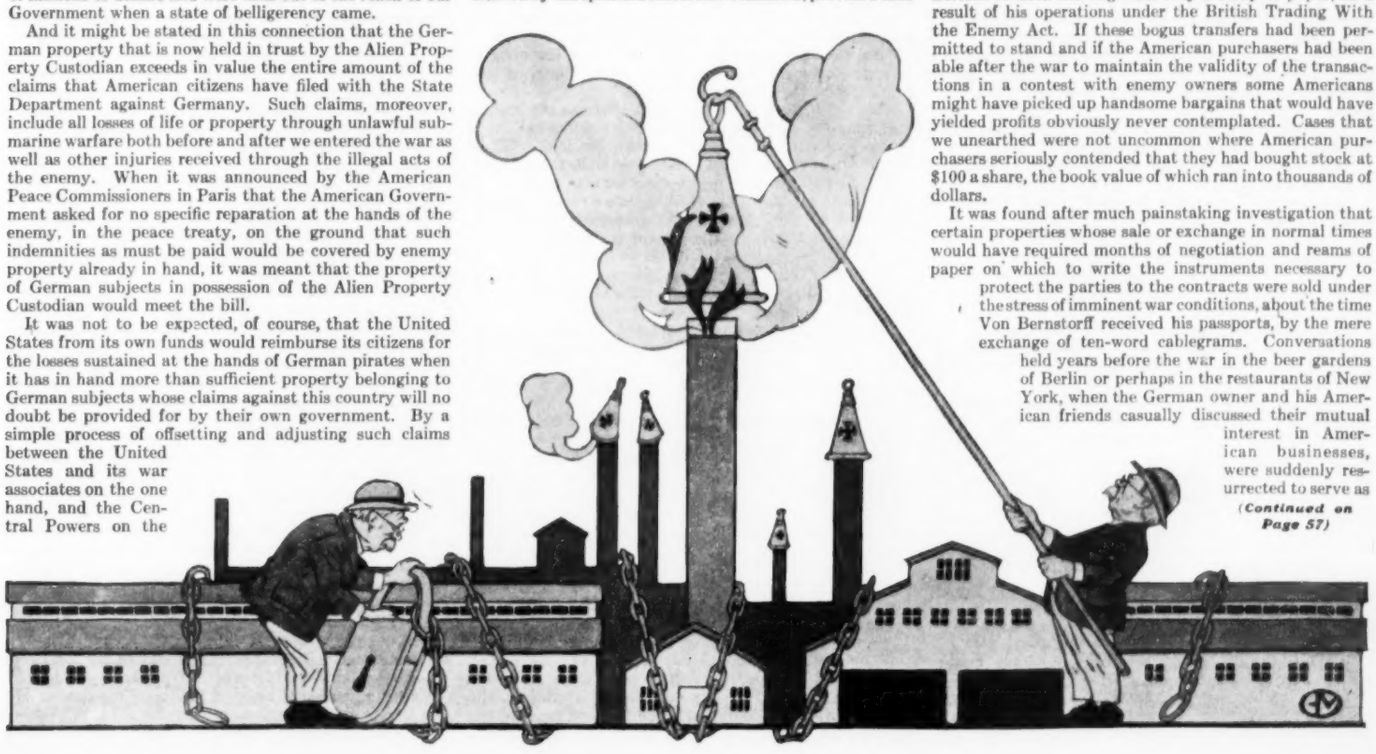
German Trickery Transferring Assets

NOT infrequently the agent sought to sell the property of his principal to corporations the stock of which was held by himself or by intimate friends, the corporation converting the enemy ownership into a liability to the original owner for a mere fraction of its value. This was to become payable after the war, or in 1920, or, in one case that I have in mind, as late as 1937. In one instance a woman claimed to be the owner of all the stock of a corporation that had formerly been owned by her father, a wealthy German manufacturer resident in Berlin. Though it was worth many times that amount the woman claimed to have bought the stock for $150,000 about the time Von Bernstorff was given his passports, and to have paid for it by giving her note, without interest, and payable in twenty years! She then delivered the note to her husband as the agent of her father.

In other cases that we examined shares of stock that enemy subjects owned, whose certificates were in the enemy country, were treated as lost and new certificates were issued to the American friends or associates of the German owner, thus making the stock record of the corporation bear all the appearance of straight American ownership. In still other instances enemy owners of stock whose certificates had been sequestered by the public trustee of Great Britain undertook to sell their interest in the corporation to friends in America, to whom new certificates were issued, leaving the public trustee in Great Britain to hold the bag with only a scrap of paper, as a result of his operations under the British Trading With the Enemy Act. If these bogus transfers had been permitted to stand and if the American purchasers had been able after the war to maintain the validity of the transactions in a contest with enemy owners some Americans might have picked up handsome bargains that would have yielded profits obviously never contemplated. Cases that we unearthed were not uncommon where American purchasers seriously contended that they had bought stock at $100 a share, the book value of which ran into thousands of dollars.

It was found after much painstaking investigation that certain properties whose sale or exchange in normal times would have required months of negotiation and reams of paper on which to write the instruments necessary to protect the parties to the contracts were sold under the stress of imminent war conditions, about the time Von Bernstorff received his passports, by the mere exchange of ten-word cablegrams. Conversations held years before the war in the beer gardens of Berlin or perhaps in the restaurants of New York, when the German owner and his American friends casually discussed their mutual interest in American businesses, were suddenly resurrected to serve as

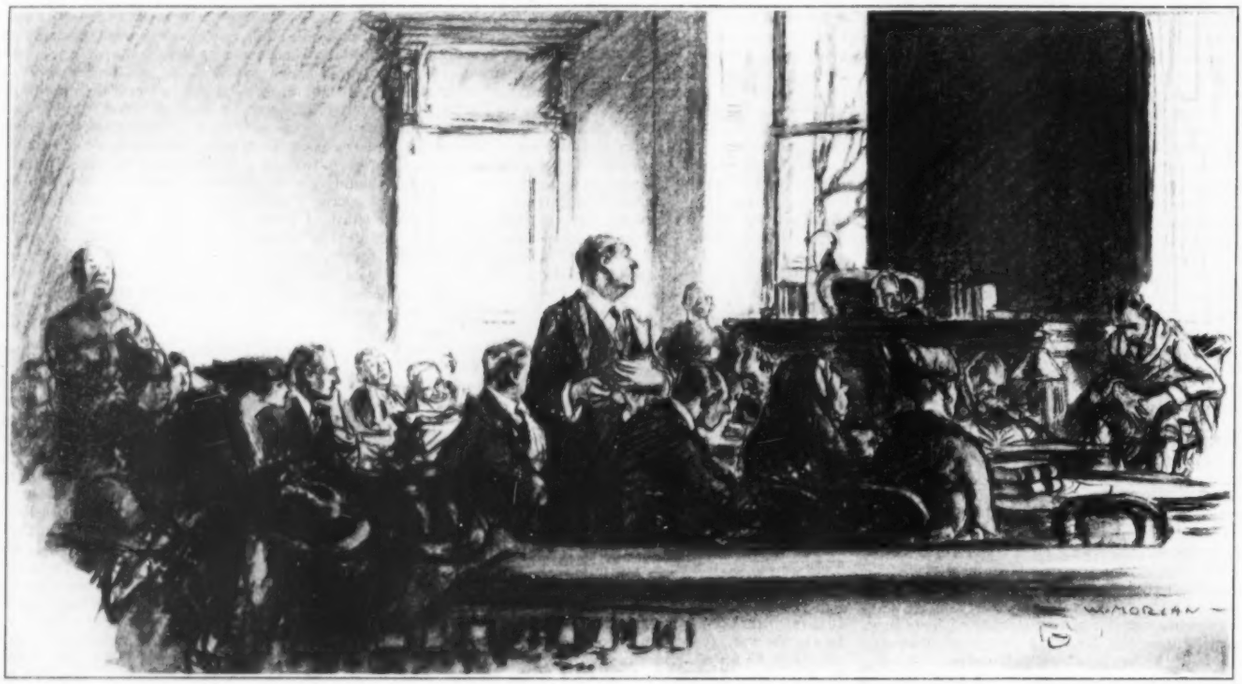
(Continued on Page 57)



LIVE BAIT

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN



"After You Figured Out That She Would Get Mr. Blaucett's Money—Then You Proposed Marriage to Her," Repeated Vickers, Stating the Proposition as a Fact

FOR perhaps the one hundred and first time during the course of her sensational litigation the Countess Lalage Delorme was driven by Handsome Joe Bodine, the ugliest taxi driver in the town, from the tube terminal in River City to the Monumental Life Building, where her lawyers were. Arrived at her destination the countess emerged from the taxicab's interior with sinuous grace and held a playful finger up toward Handsome Joe.

"When you 'ave wait for me," she trilled, flashing white teeth, "when you 'ave drive me back once more to the station—then it will be for the last time. After that—no more."

Handsome Joe stared at her. "You don't mean to say," he cried, "that it's all over now for good?"

"Ah," nodded the countess vivaciously, "I go upstairs to get my pay."

"And you ain't never comin' back," wailed Handsome Joe, "no more?"

"For why should I come back?" returned the lady. "A big shipbuilder in Seattle 'ave divorce himself for me."

Handsome Joe considered this phase of the situation and nodded his approval. "You sure ought to cop some happiness," he said. "I wish you better luck next time."

The countess shrugged her expressive shoulders.

"Well," she mused, a tender little smile playing about the corners of her mouth, "the luck this time it has not been so bad."

Leaving a trail of delicate perfume behind her she tripped through the revolving doors of the Monumental Life, stepped into the lift and a moment later swept magnificently into the outer offices of her counsel—Carnaby, Hastings, Fringer & Fitts. The office boy who attended her made his way into the private room of Mr. Fitts, the junior member of the firm. Mr. Fitts was nothing more nor less than a glorified managing clerk, but he understood his business—he managed everybody and everything in anywise connected with his four-named firm. The office boy smiled widely and bowed a bit too low.

"The countess waits without," he announced to Mr. Fitts.

Mr. Fitts tapped his teeth with his pencil. "Take her into Mr. Carnaby's room," he said, "and let her cool her heels."

The office boy led the countess into Mr. Carnaby's spacious private office, handed her the latest extra and bade her make herself at home.

"But," she protested, "there is no one here. An' Judge Carnaby, he 'ave make this great appointment for me at this hour all by himself. He is not here to meet me—that is queer."

The youth assured her that the head of the firm was expected any moment. He left her to her own devices. The countess waited for five minutes. Just as her patience was exhausted the door opened and Mr. Fitts walked in.

"Ah, Countess Delorme," cried Mr. Fitts, assuming a very elaborate and un-River City manner, "the chief has just phoned. He's been in conference."

This was quite true—the chief had been in conference with a mutton chop and a baked potato at his club.

The countess tapped the floor with her foot. "It is always the way," she sighed, "when one waits for money."

The door opened once again—another man dropped in. This time it was Hastings. Hastings was a very important member of the firm. He prepared and argued all the firm's cases on appeal, got up all its law and showed it the way to go. He beamed as he shook hands with the lady.

"My dear countess," he exclaimed, "you are to be congratulated. Ninety-thousand-dollar checks don't grow on trees."

"It seems, nevertheless," said the countess sharply, "that the money is not ripe. I shake the tree and nothing falls. I want my money—quick."

"All the judge has got to do is to draw a check," soothed Hastings.

"Ah," exclaimed the countess, "and here he comes—behold!"

They beheld—but it was not Carnaby. The newcomer was Fringer. The countess rose to greet him. Fringer was the jury man of the firm. He looked it. He wore his hair and clothes with studied negligence. He aped the manners of one of the first English actors of the day. With courtly grace Fringer did what the others had not done—he kissed the gloved hand of the countess. Fringer knew well she was born in San Diego, but it was part of his business to play well his part. He straightened up and looked her in the face.

"Well," he said, wholly ignoring the presence of Hastings and Fitts, "we did it—you and I."

"Did we?" quoth the countess a bit icily. "It isn't done at all—until I get my money." Nevertheless, she glanced with bold admiration at the face and figure of one of the best jury lawyers in the town. "You talk very, very well," she conceded; "but after all it is money talks the best."

Suddenly from the outer office came the sound of portentous bustle. The door was thrust open. The office boy darted into the room and stood at attention just inside. Two women clerks lined up at the mahogany desk. And then came Carnaby. He sauntered to his chair, bowing right and left as he did so with an air of seeing nobody at all. He seated himself and nodded to the office boy.

"Check book—special Number Seventeen," he said.

"Special Number Seventeen," echoed the boy and disappeared.

"The governor called up," said a stenographer.

Carnaby seemed annoyed. "Oh, have Mr Fitts attend to him," he said.

"And the War Department ——" began the other woman clerk.

"Let the War Department wait," said Mr. Carnaby.

The office boy returned, lugging in with him special check book Number Seventeen. Mr. Carnaby opened it and nodded to the countess.

"Miss Delorme," he said, "I sent for you to inform you that Philip Flanagan, your former fiancé and the defendant in your breach-of-promise suit, has at last paid up in full."

"That is no news," returned the countess. "Already three days ago I know that. I know it from the papers before I hear from you. He pays ninety thousand dollars. I want no more talk. I want a check."

Carnaby proceeded on his unruffled way. "I have here a check drawn to your order, Miss Delorme, which awaits my signature. I have here also a release for you to sign. If you will sign that opposite the seal I shall be glad to hand you your check."

"Your check—for how much?" demanded the countess.

"We took this case," said Carnaby, "upon a contingent-fee basis. Under our contract with you we are entitled to fifty per cent of the recovery. We retain therefore forty-five thousand dollars. You get the other forty-five."

The countess leaped to her feet. Her eyes flashed fire. "It is highway robbery," she cried. "Out of ninety thousand dollars I get half. You charge me forty-five thousand dollars—and for what? What have you done?"

Carnaby glanced at her over the top of his glasses. He was a very portly gentleman, very dignified, very slow-moving and unusually impressive. River City called him

Judge Carnaby—nobody knew just why. As a matter of fact he'd never been a judge of anything, save perhaps good wine, good clothes, good cash money. And good business—he could see business coming a mile away.

"What have we done?" he echoed. "Under most unusual circumstances we have procured for you forty-five thousand dollars—something that no other law firm in River City could have done."

"We have spent three years upon this case," said Mr. Fitts.

"Bah!" said the countess. "The case was won when I took the witness stand and made love to every juror in the box. Inside of three hours I won my case."

Hastings held up his hand. "Countess," he said, "you probably do not realize that the tug of war was staged before the Court of Errors and Appeals. We had a very narrow squeak. The court voted to affirm the verdict by a vote of eight to seven. The presiding justice told me later that the appeal was decided solely on my brief."

"Our brief," corrected Carnaby.

"Bah!" said the countess.

Fitts pushed his way to the fore. "The countess will understand," he said, "that the winning of this case lay in its preparation. The case was more remarkable for what we suppressed than for what we placed in evidence. The fact that the countess had been married once before, for instance; the fact that at the time of the trial of her breach-of-promise suit she was practically engaged to another man."

"Phil Flanagan," interposed Fringer, "is perhaps the most popular man in River City. It took all the ingenuity of a first-class jury lawyer to counteract that popularity. It took all my ingenuity to keep the countess well in hand. By the time the case was reached for trial Flanagan had enlisted. He took the witness stand in uniform. You remember what effect that had; you remember what effect it had when he testified in his defense that you had told him there were to be no children."

"Of course—no children! Imbecile!"

"Exactly," said Fringer; "that was your attitude. You wanted to take the stand and argue that matter out with the jury. You know what would have happened—if the judge hadn't dismissed us then and there the jury would have trimmed us. You don't understand the Rooseveltian prejudices that attach to River City. As it was, under my instructions you denied the conversations. And the day was saved."

"Fiddlesticks," said the countess. "Highway robbery—that's all. I will pay you for your services, but not a dollar more."

Carnaby kept on smiling. "Mr. Fitts," he said, "have you prepared an itemized statement of the services rendered in this matter by the firm to Miss Delorme?"

"I sure have," said Mr. Fitts, producing a fifty-page manuscript.

"Have you set a reasonable figure upon each item of service so rendered?"

"I have," said Mr. Fitts. "We can substantiate this bill in any court of law."

"What is the aggregate?" demanded Carnaby.

"Sixty-three thousand five hundred forty-five dollars and fifteen cents," said Mr. Fitts.

"That leaves you twenty-six thousand dollars odd, Miss Delorme," beamed Carnaby, "and as long as you would rather have it just that way I'll draw another check."

"Oh, rot!" cried the countess inelegantly. "You hurry up and shut your mouth. You give me my forty-five thousand dollars and you let me go. You are too slick for me."

After she had stormed out of the office Carnaby closed his check book and smiled blandly on his partners.

"Well," he said, "a slithery piece of business—but it paid."

The three men stared at him. He returned their stares.

"Anything else, gentlemen?" he queried. "If not I think I'll go and play a round of golf. I've got a good prospect that I want to lose to—a business man this time and not a countess, thank heaven."

Fitts looked at Hastings. Hastings looked at Fringer. Fringer rose and stepped to Carnaby's desk.

"Carnaby," he cried in pleading accents, "have a heart."

Carnaby stared at him. "What's the matter, Fringer?" he demanded. "Are you ill?"

"I'm worse—I'm sore," said Fringer. "Carnaby, look here! Be decent! The countess nets you over forty thousand dollars and we've sweat blood to make that money for you. We've done all the work; we've worked our fingers to the bone. You get the cash, we get not even thanks."

Carnaby rose and bowed. "You are entitled to thanks," he said crisply. "I was remiss—I thank you one and all."

"It's an unmitigated shame," cried Fitts.

"What's an unmitigated shame?" demanded Carnaby.

"You know," said Hastings.

Carnaby drew a long sigh. "I suppose," he said, "that we'll have to go all over this matter once again. We do it every time." He opened a desk drawer and drew forth a time-worn document. "We'll go back to first principles, gentlemen, as we always do. This is the instrument that binds the four of us together. You know it all by heart. You know that it stipulates that the firm of Carnaby, Hastings, Fringer & Fitts is not a partnership. You know that it provides that I shall give my time to getting business—my business—for myself. You know that under its terms I am bound to pay you five thousand dollars a year apiece—no more, no less; in fair weather and in foul."

"We all know all about it," returned Fringer, "and we know that you're doing a business of one hundred and fifty thousand a year and out of that you pay each of us three and one-third per cent. For what? For doing all the work. Combined we get ten per cent and you get ninety. And we do all the work."

"You mean," said Carnaby, "that you attend to the details. Of course. That's what I hire you for."

"Details!" cried Fringer. "We do everything. What do you do, Carnaby? What can you do? You can't try a jury case; you can't try a police-court case to save your soul. You tried one once and nearly wrecked the reputation of the firm."

Hastings nodded. "Carnaby," he interposed, "you don't know the first legal proposition. Your name on a printed brief isn't worth the time it takes to print it. And all the bar knows that."

Carnaby smiled. "But all the laymen don't," he said.

"Let's put it this way, Mr. Carnaby," said Fitts: "We do all the winning work. Without us you wouldn't make a dollar. You know that as well as we."

Carnaby lighted a good cigar. "I think, gentlemen," he said suavely, "that you've understated the case. I know much less about law than you think I do—much less. Why should I know? I don't want to know anything about law. What's it worth to me to prepare a case as Fitts prepares it, to try a jury case as Fringer does it, to get up a brief as Hastings does? With those admirable qualities I should be worth just what I could get for them in the open market.

"The market's flooded with genius of that kind. I can go anywhere and hire brains on small salaries. Legal ability—it's worth just so much more. Doing the work—in any line—that's the small end of the game. But getting the work to do—that's a vastly different matter. There you need a master mind, gentlemen; you need a mind like mine. The only men of the day who are worth considering at all, gentlemen, are the men who can get the business, not the men who can take care of it once it's obtained. I can hire a thousand chemists—refined university products—at three thousand a year to make soap for me. But the men that can go out and get me orders for that soap in million-dollar lots—I can count such men on one finger of one hand. Legal acumen? It's a drug on the market. Legal acumen will dry up and blow away unless it's got business to work itself to death on.

"The man with law business to be transacted doesn't come to Mr. Fringer, or Mr. Hastings, or Mr. Fitts. Why? Because Mr. Fringer, Mr. Hastings, Mr. Fitts can't get to him. They don't know how. I do.

"My ability is the only ability that counts."

"It doesn't count to the extent of ninety per cent of the proceeds," protested Fringer.

Carnaby fluttered the leaves of his contract. "I've got nine-tenths of the law at any rate," he smiled.

Fringer looked meaningly at Fitts; Fitts at Hastings. Hastings looked at Fringer. They nodded to each other.

"That contract, Mr. Carnaby," said Hastings, "happens to expire on the first day of next month."

"Nobody knows that better than I do myself," said Carnaby.

"If it is to be renewed," said Hastings, "its renewal must provide for a fair division of the profits of the firm."

"If it is to be renewed," smiled Carnaby, "it will be renewed upon its present terms. I'm paying you enough. I decline to pay you more."

"In the circumstances then," said Fringer, "we have concluded, Mr. Carnaby, to let the old cat die."

"You quit?" said Carnaby.

"Cold."

"Good," said Carnaby. "That leaves me free. I've been requested, gentlemen, to head the firm of Vickers, Jordan & Wayne. They notified me yesterday that they would accept my terms. While I am about it," he went on complacently, "I may as well associate myself with the very finest legal talent that River City's got."



"You Give Me My Forty-five Thousand Dollars and You Let Me Go. You are Too Slick for Me"

When he had taken his departure the three men looked each other in the face.

"Well," said Fitts, "the die is cast."

"It's cast for good," said Hastings. "I stick. The laborer is worthy of his hire. The business that I do has got to pay me—I can tell you those."

"Hastings, Fringer & Fitts—not bad," mused Fringer.

"Not bad," said Hastings, "but not good enough. Carnaby put his finger on our weak spot. We don't know how to go out and corral business—there's the rub."

"Our reputation ——" began Fitts.

"Inside the bar it can't be beat," said Hastings. "Vickers, Jordan & Wayne haven't got a thing on us. But the laity don't know. And there you are."

"What's your idea?" queried Fringer.

"We've got to have another man," said Hastings.

"To get us big business?"

"Just that."

"It'll be Carnaby all over again—out of the frying pan," said Fitts.

"Not in ten thousand years," returned Hastings. "Carnaby picked us. This time it's different. We'll pick our man. We'll make our terms with him."

"But who's the man?" cried Fitts.

"Ah," said Hastings, "there's the rub."

Fringer stared at them, wide-eyed, open-mouthed. Suddenly he smote the desk with his clenched fists. "By gorry," he exclaimed, "the very chap!"

"You've got him?" queried Fitts.

"Who?" demanded Hastings.

"I'll tell you about him first," said Fringer. "He's a young lawyer who's never practiced law—nobody knows that but the bar. He's a clubman. He once was rich. He dropped most of his money on the Street. But to-day only a few people know that he's down to his last cent. He knows everybody in this town and everybody in this town knows him. He's got a host of influential friends. 'Most everybody owes him money. He's been to war. He's come back a captain with a D. S. C. And he knows how to play a game, even though the last game that he played was lost; even though that game almost ruined him for life."

"What game was that?" queried Fitts.

"It was a woman's game—not his," said Fringer. "The woman that stripped him of his last dollar left here not an hour ago."

Hastings leaned forward. "Phil Flanagan!" he cried.

"Ah," said Fringer, "three years ago when I tried that case before the jury I watched him hour after hour, day after day. He's a thoroughbred, that lad. He was a thoroughbred then. He's come back infinitely finer, infinitely more—there's some word that I want to use ——"

"Magnetic," nodded Hastings. "I know the man myself."

"Magnetic goes," said Fitts.

And so they sent for Flanagan. And Flanagan came. He came, still wearing his captain's uniform, still with a limp. He used a cane. He regarded the three lawyers, who had plucked ninety thousand dollars out of his system, with a fetching and forgiving smile.

"You bear no malice?" queried Hastings.

"Not toward you, gentlemen," smiled Flanagan. "Fortunes of war, you know. I'm a lawyer myself. Dog eat dog. To tell the truth I think I'm lucky. Lalage would have got all my money anyway; what's more, she'd have got me. Thank the Lord she didn't, but it was a mighty narrow squeak."

"Do you mind our being somewhat personal?" asked Fringer.

"Go as far as you like," said Flanagan.

"You're broke?"

The young officer nodded. "Don't spread it," he returned.

"Captain Flanagan," said Hastings, "we have a proposition to make to you; we want to offer you a position in this firm. We can pay you a small salary. Are you open to an offer of that kind?"

"Am I?" cried Phil Flanagan. Then he hesitated, flushing. "You gentlemen must understand," he said. "I called myself a lawyer a little while ago. But I'm no lawyer; I'm only admitted to the bar."

"Your credentials are sufficient," went on Hastings. "We offer you a salary of three thousand dollars to start with."

"To start with," cried Phil Flanagan. "Why, that's opulence. I can save money on a salary like that."

"In addition to the salary," went on Hastings, "we will stand expenses."

"What expenses shall I have?" asked Flanagan.

"Your dues and dinner checks at the Chatelet and West End Clubs," said Hastings. "Your lunch checks at the Down Town Club. Entertainment of your friends to a legitimate extent. And a fifteen-hundred-dollar touring car, which of course you'll have to drive yourself."

"Gentlemen," cried Phil, "you take my breath away."

"Are the terms satisfactory?" queried Hastings.

"What job do I get?" asked Flanagan.

"On those terms," said Hastings, "you are invited to become a member of this firm."

"But," spluttered Flanagan, "haven't I told you that I don't know any law?"

"You don't have to know any. If we catch you knowing any you get fired," laughed Fringer. "All that you've got to do is go out and rustle business for us three. Does it go?"

"It goes," said Flanagan.

"Gentlemen," said Hastings, "let us congratulate ourselves upon the formation of the great law firm of Flanagan, Hastings, Fringer & Fitts. Amen!"

Phil Flanagan, staring at Hastings, pinched himself surreptitiously to make sure he was awake.

McElroy, of the Essential Oil concern, lied cheerfully. "You know, Phil," he assured Phil Flanagan, "we haven't got a shred of law business. But so far as making you my counsel in any little personal matter of my own—I've got one here right now."

He drew from his wallet a slip of paper. He handed it to Phil. "There," said McElroy, "is a promissory note of Pettingill's. Five hundred dollars. See if you can collect that. If you can ——"

Phil glanced at it and tucked it into his pocket. "We'll collect it for you," he returned. He felt at the time that McElroy was regarding him somewhat curiously.

"Good! Go right at it, Phil."

"Sure thing," said Phil.

"You know," went on McElroy confidentially, "there's only one reason why I trust your firm with that: Carnaby's out. Never could stomach Carnaby. Called himself a lawyer. I knew better. He was a figurehead, that's all." He tapped Phil lightly on the shoulder. "Glad to see," he went on with a doubtful sort of smile, "that they've got a good man in his place."

Flanagan took the Pettingill note back to his firm. He found Fitts in his private office and exhibited the note to him.

"McElroy," he said, wiping his brow. "Had the devil's own time getting him to cough up anything, but there's the thin edge of the wedge."

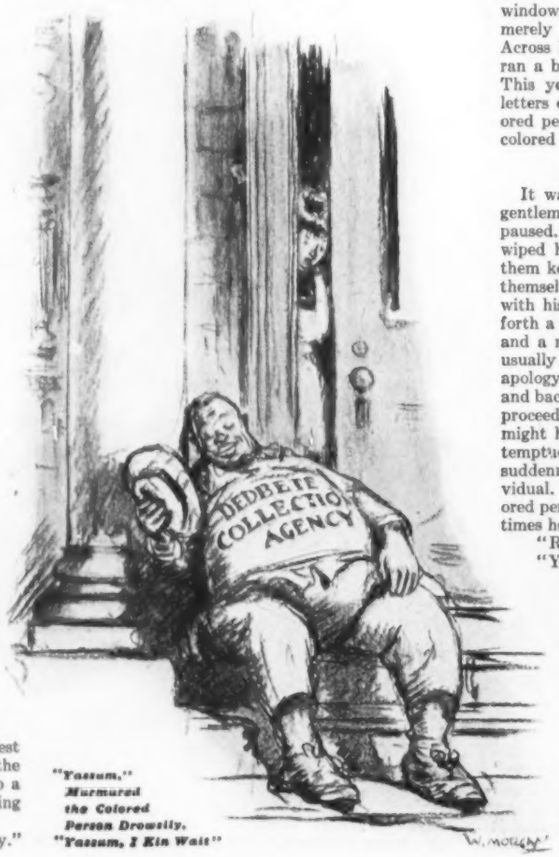
Fitts looked the note over.

"Didn't McElroy crack a smile when he handed you this lemon?" he queried.

"Why should he?" asked Phil.

"He's stringing you. In the first place, this note will be outlawed in another month."

"We can bring suit to-day," said Phil.



"Yassum," Murmured the Colored Person Drowsily. "Yassum, I Kin Wait"

"In the second place," went on Fitts, ignoring the suggestion, "it's one of Pettingill's notes. Pettingill is judgment proof. He won't even take the trouble to go through bankruptcy. The note is wholly uncollectable."

"I promised McElroy we'd collect it right away," said Phil.

"Didn't you ever hear of Pettingill?" queried Fitts. "Don't you know his history? Don't you know that Pettingill has been doing this thing for years? Don't you know that after he made a strike on the Street sometime ago, which made him more than solvent, he put all his property in his wife's name—gave it to her? He had a right to do it then. He gave her all he had—made her rich. Ever since without a dollar to his name he's been eking out their income by borrowing money. They have a system—move into a neighborhood and clean it up. When the neighborhood gets judgments against Pettingill, then they move out to a suburb. It's a sure thing that's got Wall Street skinned a mile. McElroy knows; he's kidding you, that's all."

"I told him we'd collect it," repeated Phil.

"Nothing doing," returned Fitts. "Take it away. We turn down every Pettingill note that comes into the office. Hand it back to McElroy on a silver salver with our thanks."

Phil Flanagan didn't take it back to McElroy. He didn't want to. He had a record for attaining objectives, and the Pettingill note was an objective that he felt he must attain.

The Pettingills for the moment lived in a new and tasty bungalow in Chatham Road in the midst of a new and fashionable settlement which had established itself on the outskirts of the city. At eleven o'clock on a certain sunshiny morning a motor car drove up to the Pettingill place. The motor car was driven by a chauffeur whose goggles almost completely obliterated his features. The car was new. There was nothing remarkable about the car itself. But from end to end along both edges of its one-man top ran strips of yellow bunting. The yellow bunting of itself was vivid enough to be heard a mile away. But it bore bright green letters that added to its clamor; letters that shouted in raucous tones into every window in the neighborhood, at every passer-by. That was not all. Once the car had become stationary the rear door opened and with some difficulty a colored gentleman emerged from the tonneau. With difficulty—for he was the largest colored person to be found in River City and perhaps without.

This colored person climbed ponderously from the car step to the ground and made his way with deliberative care across the sidewalk toward the Pettingill front door. The instant that he came into full view of bungalow windows and passers-by it was apparent that he was not merely a large colored person—he was a color bearer. Across his ample chest and round his ample back there ran a broad strip of that heart-rending yellow bunting. This yellow bunting also was decorated with printed letters done in vivid green—one inscription on the colored person's back, the other, to the same tenor, on the colored person's front:

DEDBETE COLLECTION AGENCY

It was a thing that smelled to heaven. The colored gentleman climbed the front steps, crossed the porch, paused. He drew forth a bandanna handkerchief and wiped his brow. Passers-by kept passing by—some of them kept not passing by. Neighborhood windows filled themselves with the élite. The negro fanned himself with his cap. He tugged at an inside pocket and drew forth a paper. Then he rang the bell. The door opened and a maid appeared. The colored person became unusually loquacious and remarkably polite. There was apology in every mop of his bandanna. The maid stared and backed away. But she wondered. The colored person proceeded in unctuous self-deprecating eloquence. He might have been a supersensitive Othello wooing a contemptuous Desdemona. He found himself spurned with a suddenness that would have abashed the ordinary individual. The maid slammed the door in his face. The colored person proceeded to apostrophize the door. Between times he mopped his brow with his bandanna.

"Ring it again," commanded the chauffeur.

"Yassuh, I is," returned the colored person. He was—that is, he did. This time another maid appeared and ordered him away.

"Yassum," bowed the colored person, "thank you kindly, I kin wait."

He retreated to the top step of the porch. By a series of processes he finally assumed a sitting posture. He leaned against a pillar, bathing himself gloriously in sunshine. He inflated his broad chest. The green-and-yellow legend flaunted itself in the face of all the world.

"Yassum," murmured the colored person drowsily, "yassum, I kin wait."

By this time there was a furious scramble for neighborhood binoculars. Mrs. Pettingill became

(Continued on Page 129)

LOOKING BACKWARD

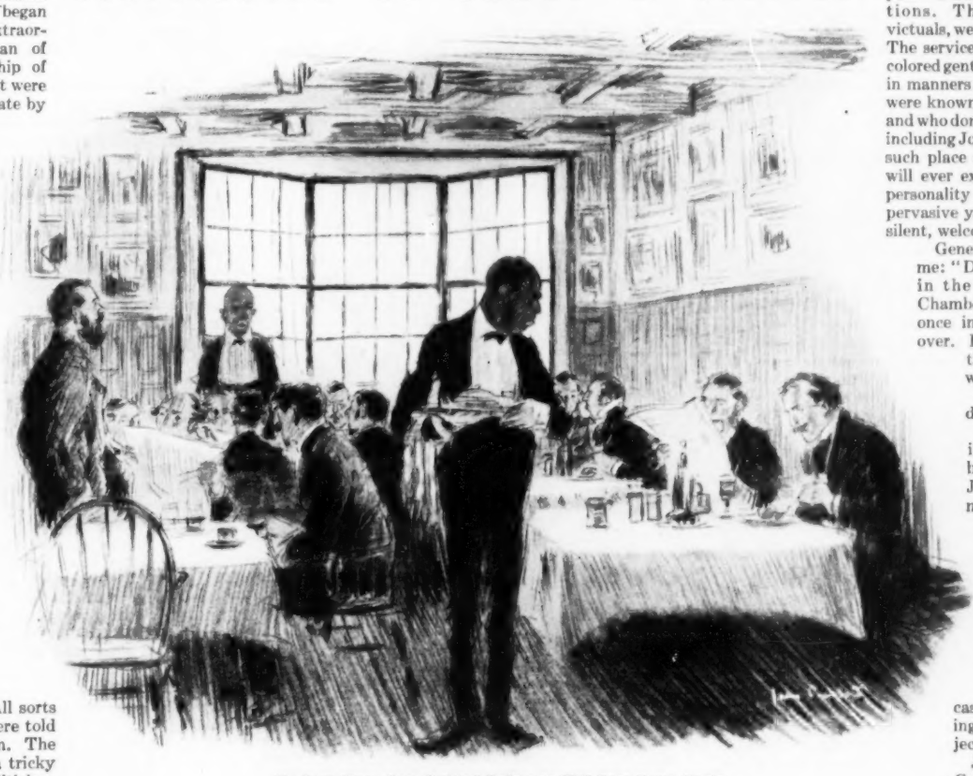
Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

WHAT may be called the Grover Cleveland period of American politics began with the election of that extraordinary person—another man of destiny—to the governorship of New York. Nominated as it were by chance, he carried the state by an unprecedented majority. That was not because of his popularity, but that an incredible number of Republican voters refused to support their party ticket and stayed away from the polls. The Blaine-Conkling feud, inflamed by the murder of Garfield, had rent the party of Lincoln and Grant asunder. Arthur, a Conkling leader, had succeeded to the presidency.

If any human agency could have sealed the breach he might have done it. No man, however, can achieve the impossible. The case was hopeless.

Arthur was a man of surpassing sweetness and grace. As handsome as Pierce, as affable as McKinley, he was a more experienced and dexterous politician than either. He had been put on the ticket with Garfield to placate Conkling. All sorts of stories to his discredit were told during the ensuing campaign. The Democrats made him out a tricky and typical New York politician. He was, on the contrary, a many-sided accomplished man, who had a taking way of adjusting all conditions and adapting himself to all companies.



No Such Place Ever Existed Before or Will Ever Exist Again

With a sister as charming and tactful as he for head of his domestic fabric, the White House bloomed again. He possessed the knack of surrounding himself with all sorts of agreeable people. Frederick Frelinghuysen was Secretary of State, and Robert Lincoln, continued from the Garfield Cabinet, Secretary of War. Then there were three irresistibles—Walter Gresham, Frank Hatton and Ben Brewster. His home contingent, "Clint" Wheeler, "Steve" French and "Jake" Hess—pictured as "ward heelers"—were, in point of fact, efficient and all-round companionable men, capable and loyal.

I was sent by the Associated Press to Washington on a fool's errand—that is, to get an act of Congress extending copyright to the news of the association—and remaining the entire session, my business to meet the official great and to make myself acceptable, I came into a certain intimacy with the Administration circle, having long had friendly relations with the President.

In all my life I have never passed so delightful and useless a winter.

Very early in the action I found that my mission involved a serious and vexed question—nothing less than the creation of a new property—and I proceeded warily. Through my uncle, Stanley Matthews, I interested the members of the Supreme Court. The Attorney-General, a great lawyer and an old Philadelphia friend, was at my call and elbow. The Joint Library Committee of Congress, to which the measure must go, was with me. Yet somehow the scheme lagged.

I could not account for this. One evening at a dinner Mr. Blaine enlightened me. We sat together at table and suddenly he turned and said: "How are you getting on with your bill?" And my reply being rather halting he continued, "You won't get a vote in either House," and proceeded very humorously to improvise the average member's argument against it as a dangerous power, a perquisite to the great newspapers and an imposition upon the little ones. To my mind this was something more than the post-prandial levity it was meant to be.

Not long after a learned but dissolute old lawyer said to me: "You need no act of Congress to protect your news service. There are at least two, and I think four or five English rulings that cover the case. Let me show them to you."

He did so, and I went no further with the business, quite agreeing with Mr. Blaine; and nothing further came of it. To a recent date the Associated Press has relied on these decisions under the common law of England. Curiously enough, quite a number of newspapers in whose actual service I was engaged opened fire upon me and roundly abused me.

II

THERE appeared upon the scene in Washington toward the middle of the seventies one of those problematic characters the fiction mongers delight in. This was John Chamberlin.

During two decades Chamberlin's—half clubhouse and half chophouse—was all a rendezvous.

John had been a gambler; first an underling and then a partner of the famous Morrissy-McGrath racing combination at Saratoga and Long Branch. There was a time when he was literally rolling in wealth. Then he went broke—dead broke. Black Friday began it, and the panic of '73 finished it. He came over to Washington and his friends got him the restaurant privileges of the House of Representatives. With this for a starting point he was able to take the Fernando Wood residence, in the heart of the fashionable quarter, to add to it presently the adjoining dwelling of Governor Swann, of Maryland, and next to that, finally, the Blaine mansion, making a suite, as it were, elegant yet cozy. Welcker's—erst a fashionable resort, and long the best eating place in town—had been ruined by a scandal, and Chamberlin's succeeded it, having the field to itself, though, mindful of the scandal which had made its opportunity, ladies were barred.

There was a famous cook—Emeline Simmons—a mulatto woman, who was equally at home in French dishes and Maryland-Virginia kitchen mysteries—a very wonder with canvasback and terrapin—who later refused a great money offer to be chef at the White House—whom John was able to secure. Nothing could surpass—could equal—her preparations. The charges, like the victuals, were sky-high and tiptop. The service was handled by three colored gentlemen, as distinguished in manners as in appearance, who were known far and wide by name and who dominated all about them, including John and his patrons. No such place ever existed before or will ever exist again. It was the personality of John Chamberlin, pervasive yet invisible, exhaling a silent, welcoming radiance.

General Grant once said to me: "During my second term in the White House John Chamberlin once in a while—once in a great while—came over. He did not ask for anything. He just told me what to do, and I did it."

I related this to President Arthur.

"Well," he laughingly said, "that has been my experience with John Chamberlin. It never crosses my mind to say him nay. Often I have turned this over in my thought, to reach the conclusion that being a man of sound judgment and worldly knowledge he has fully considered the case—his case and my case—leaving me no reasonable objection to interpose."

John obtained an act of Congress authorizing him to build a hotel on the Government reservation at Fortress Monroe, and another of the Virginia legislature confirming this for the state. Then he came to me. It was at the moment when I was flourishing as "a Wall Street magnate."

He said: "I want to sell this franchise to some man or company rich enough to carry it through. All I expect is a nest egg for Emily and the girls"—he had married the beautiful Emily Thorn, widow of George Jordan, the actor, and there were two daughters—"you are hand-and-glove with the millionaires. Won't you arrange it for me?"

Like Grant and Arthur, I never thought of refusing. Upon the understanding that I was to receive no commission I agreed, first ascertaining that it was really a most valuable franchise.

I began with the Willards, in whose hotel I had grown up. They were rich and going out of business. Then I laid it before Hitchcock and Darling, of the Fifth-Avenue Hotel in New York. They, rich like the Willards, were also retiring. Then a bright thought occurred to me. I went to the prince imperial of Standard Oil.

"Mr. Flagler," I said, "you have hotels at St. Augustine and you have hotels at Palm Beach. Here is a halfway point between New York and Florida," and more of the same sort.

"My dear friend," he answered, "every man has the right to make a fool of himself once in his life. This I have already done. Never again for me. I have put up my last dollar south of the Potomac."

Then I went to the king of the transcontinental railways.

"Mr. Huntington," I said, "you own a road extending from St. Louis to Newport News, having a terminal in a cornfield just out of Hampton Roads. Here is a franchise which gives you a magnificent site at Hampton Roads itself. Why not?"

He gazed upon me with a blank stare—such, I fancy, as he usually turned upon his suppliants—and slowly replied: "I would not spend another dollar in Virginia if the Lord commanded me. In the event that some supernatural power should take the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway by the nape of the neck and the seat of the breeches and pitch it

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Twinkle, Twinkle, Movie Star

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

WHEN Miss Jasmine Poston, of Jacksonville, Florida, alighted from the northbound L. & N. train at Decatur, Alabama, the colored folk at the station gasped. Miss Poston, erstwhile chambermaid at Palm Beach and Miami, was a creature from a fairy world. She was of medium height and liberal figure, a rich chocolate in complexion and the very last word in style. She placed her genuine-leather grip on the platform and stood searching the dark-skinned crowd before the door of the colored waiting room with level wide-set eyes.

Mr. Probable Huff, of Decatur, who was standing near by arrayed in drab overalls and a sadly misused flannel shirt, gazed at her and found her good to look upon. He made the mistake of expressing the spontaneous sentiment to Miss Lou Ellen Nuch, a lady as intransigently dusky as himself and nearly twice as large. Miss Nuch, being the betrothed of Mr. Huff, did not effervesce with enthusiasm. She was poignantly aware of the fact that beside the radiant stranger she resembled a torn joker in a new pinochle deck.

Mr. Probable Huff struck a pose. It was a very good pose as poses go and had the advantage of being decorated. Upon the middle finger of Mr. Huff's left hand reposed a handsome signet ring—a ring valued by local jewelers at something more than twenty dollars. The ring had been presented to Probable by a white gentleman for whom Probable had once done the insignificant favor of life saving. Probable considered that he had been grossly overpaid; but the gratefully alive white gentleman thought otherwise, and gave also unto Probable a lifelong job as general handy man, with the privilege of doubling as chaperon to a flivver.

Probable liked the job. At least, he was not opposed to it. But it was the twenty-dollar ring that was the delight of Probable's heart and the pride of his single-track life. With its mellow glory decorating his ebony finger, he was a man of parts; one to be looked up to and consulted upon all vital matters. As for the donor of the ring, he did not let gratitude blind him to the mental attainments of his colored friend: "Good boy—Probable is; but there's an ivory mine above his neck."

And Probable was striving with might and main to prove the correctness of the white gentleman's cranial analysis. For despite the evident displeasure of his fiancée, Probable continued to stare at Miss Jasmine Poston, while he maneuvered to catch the rays of the evening sun and reflect them into her eyes.

His efforts to be noticed were not very successful. So far as Miss Poston was concerned, he was about as prominent as a nickel in a four-bit crap game.

And then she moved. She was ardently embraced and moistly osculated by Mrs. Daisybell Reckling. Mrs. Reckling was enthusiastic. She was counting upon the urban Jasmine to make definitely secure for her the social preëminence she craved. Jasmine did her job well. She bloomed exotically at a series of affairs ranging from formal dances to equally formal and far more filling barbecues. The dark Decaturites never quite recovered from their awe of this splendid creature from Jacksonville. It was her incomparable poise that staggered them. She was never flustered, never jarred from her magnificent mental equilibrium, and always at her best.

Decatur found her best excessively above par. There was no highbrow air or social grace of the best hotel in Palm Beach that Jasmine had failed to appropriate. Attrition with the socially fortunate who winter in Southern Florida had imparted an ease of manner that was perfection—Decaturately speaking.

She was impartially agreeable to everybody, and especially to those of the masculine persuasion. She was particularly nice to Mr. Probable Huff, principally because of the fact that Probable was unusually attentive to her.

Miss Poston had gone thoroughly and completely to Probable's head. At first he had admired her from a dark-brown background; and then, when she continued to bestow the full warmth of her rich smile upon him, he emerged from his shell of bashfulness, invested in a new and aggressively blue suit, polished up his signet ring and laid siege to her unmortgaged heart.

Jasmine was not personally interested; in fact, it is doubtful that she could have remembered ten words spoken by Probable during an evening ten minutes after that evening had ended. Her tolerance of him was the graciousness of one to the manner born; a queen who does not differentiate between men during her reign and to whom actions are more to be counted than mere words or tiresome blandishments.

Lou Ellen Nuch, however, looked upon the affair differently. Lou Ellen—not a whit more cosmopolitan than her lover—was decidedly more observant. The very things that attracted Probable to Jasmine repelled Lou Ellen.



Miss Nuch Was Poignantly Aware of the Fact That Beside the Radiant Stranger She Resembled a Torn Joker in a New Pinochle Deck

"If'n you is got to make a fool outen yo'se'f, Prob'le, fo' the Lawd's sake run after a woman which you is in the class with."

"Ain't runnin' after no woman."

"Huh! Mebbe they's some folks which says you ain't; but I ain't met 'em ontil yet."

"Folks' says don't hu't nobody. I is on'y jes' tryin' to show Miss Poston a good time, countin' she is visitin' Sis' Daisybell, an' me'n her is always been good frien's."

"You sho' mus' be pow'ful good frien's!" sniffed Lou Ellen. "You is shinin' up to this heah Jasmine gal a heap mo' perky than what you ever done to me."

"They is a diff'ence," explained Probable patiently. "I an' you is engage'."

Lou Ellen's warning inflamed rather than subdued the idolatry of Mr. Huff. He withdrew considerable of his savings' account and invested it in candy for the fair visitor. He—through force of convention and circumstance—escorted his fiancée to the various social affairs given in honor of Miss Poston, and invariably deserted his wife-to-be to flutter, mothlike, about the flame of Jasmine's vivid personality.

Lou Ellen disliked Jasmine. That condition did not cause Miss Poston any special worry and only served the end of embittering Probable against the woman to whom he had unguardedly pledged himself. He considered her lacking in discrimination and entirely too narrow-minded for a man of his discernment. Besides, as he voluminously explained to Miss Nuch, Jasmine could not possibly find anything seriously interesting in so humdrum a mortal as himself.

Lou Ellen viewed matters from a different angle. She had the feminine weakness for falling in love and entertained toward the ebony and passive Probable a passion that at times frightened and always bored him. She was a good-enough girl and a supercook; but he had taken her for granted so long that her virtues had lost their pristine novelty. There had not even been zest in his courtship of her.

"I think you is a pow'ful nice gal, Lou Ellen. I likes you real fine. How 'bout I an' you gittin' ma'ied some day?"

With which, strong arms had half strangled him and she had signified delirious assent by a long and clinging kiss.

Jasmine was different. For the first time in his life Probable was experiencing the zest of the chase. It was a novel and entrancing experience. Jasmine affected him like fresh corn liquor.

"Co'se she ain't gwine have nothin' to do with no man like'n to me!" he confided to Lou Ellen.

Lou Ellen slipped. She made a tactical error. But she wasn't feeling any too spry that day and her bitterness formed words before she could summon discretion to control her tongue.

"Ain't see why. You is got a han'some ring an' a good job, an' is frien'ly with all the white folks heahabouts."

"You mean you really thinks she is done fell in love with me?"

"Reckon even her c'n be as big a fool as what I is been, Prob'le."

It was a new and entrancing idea to the bashful, unsophisticated Probable. He had dared hope that she might like him a little bit, but the suggestion of his fiancée that Jasmine had succumbed to his bejeweled charms was staggering.

Of course it was Lou Ellen's fault. She put the idea into Probable's head; and, once there, the suggestion fermented. Probable set grimly out to discover what was what.

Jasmine was familiar with the symptoms and vastly amused. She toyed verbally with her tongue-tied wooer and led him through labyrinthine conversational channels that did not even approach the point at which he might have made declaration of his undying passion.

And finally and desperately Probable bethought himself of his ring.

Probable didn't care any more for his ring than he did for his life. Nor did he value it more highly. It had remained on its finger despite the passionate protestations of Lou Ellen Nuch. It dazzled Decatur, and he fancied that it might well prove a talisman to the belle of Jacksonville and Palm Beach. Before he understood what he was doing he slipped the ring from his finger and sat twirling it nervously.

"Pretty ring, ain't it, Miss Poston?"

"Beautiful!" she answered conventionally.

"Bet it'd look good on yo' finger."

"Le's see." She extended her hand and he slid the ring into place. "Oh, it's puffec'ly lovely!"

Probable became emboldened.

"When I put that ring on I done made a wish, Miss Poston. 'Tain't comin' true if'n you takes it off."

"You mean you wan's me to wear it fo' a few days?"

"Uh-huh!" He looked up eagerly. "If'n you would."

"Sho'ly," she returned indifferently. "I always likes to 'blige my frien's."

"Does you want to know what I wisht?" He coughed.

"No, indeedy! 'Twouldn't come true if'n you was to tell me."

That was as close as Probable came to a proposal of marriage. When they parted that night Jasmine had almost forgotten the ring and Probable was elated. He had made the ultimate sacrifice for love; parted with the bauble which meant most in his life; and it was incomprehensible that she should fail to understand the significance of the ceremonial. He retired, to lie wide-eyed and dream of a future with Miss Poston cast in the rôle of Mrs. Probable Huff.

The first squall generated next morning when Lou Ellen passed Jasmine on the street and spotted the ring. It meant but one thing to Lou Ellen, and she sped on in search of Probable. She found that gentleman tinkering with his employer's near car in the rear of that gentleman's handsome residence.

Lou Ellen demanded an explanation in no uncertain terms, and she got it the same way. Whereupon their engagement ceased to exist.

"An' I is tellin' you one thing, Mistuh Prob'le Huff—you is done made a bigger fool of yo'se'f even than what

the Lawd intended. You is gwine be sorry—an' soon! This heah woman ain't all what you think she is; an'——"

"If'n she was," snapped Probable with frigid dignity, "she'd be wearin' wings!"

The morning mail delivery on the day following brought to Miss Poston a letter. It was postmarked Jacksonville, and began:

"My dere rspected Miss Jasmine."

It went on to say that the writer—a porter on a train plying between Jacksonville and Birmingham—would arrive in the latter place that evening. It said further that he was on exceedingly friendly terms with the conductor and had arranged with that dignitary to carry Miss Poston farelessly to Florida on the return trip, which was scheduled for the day following.

Jasmine waxed enthusiastic. Her visit was virtually at an end and she had no compunctions about slicing from it the few remaining days. The proposition of her porter friend, therefore, timed nicely with her desires and promised a considerable saving of cash. She plunged immediately into an orgy of packing, rushed to the station, and barely managed to catch the early afternoon accommodation for Birmingham.

She relaxed against the near-velvet cushions, her eyes dwelling languidly upon the pleasing topography of Northern Alabama. She dozed. She waked half an hour later to a consciousness that the car was uncomfortably warm. She divested herself of her coat and idly slipped brown kid gloves from her hands.

Then she sat up very straight.

"Golly Moses!" she ejaculated softly. "I plumb fo'got to return that funny li'l' feller's ring back to him!"

Meantime the news of Jasmine's hurried departure became bruited about Decatur and eventually reached the keen ears of Miss Lou Ellen Nuch. Miss Nuch dropped her rolling-pin upon the kitchen floor of the white folks for whom she worked, grossly deserted the noodles then in process of manufacture, and traveled to Probable's proximity in high gear.

That gentleman was still engaged in the absorbing pastime of trying to induce a recalcitrant carburetor to perform something akin to its proper function. He was perspiring and profusely profane. Sight of Lou Ellen did not make him less so.

She applied brakes and pulled up short, eyes glaring triumphantly, like headlights on a dark country road. She fairly oozed vicious satisfaction.

"Tol' you so!"

"Pff! You is tol' me a whole passel of things which ain't so."

"An' now what you gwine do 'bout'n it?"

"'Bout which?"

"Yo' ring!"



Hammond Biss Raved. He Ranted. He Anathematized the Mentality of Women in General and Jasmine's in Particular. But She Was Adamant

Mention of Probable's ring was as certain to command attention from that gentleman as comment on a precocious infant will bring a young mother up smiling.

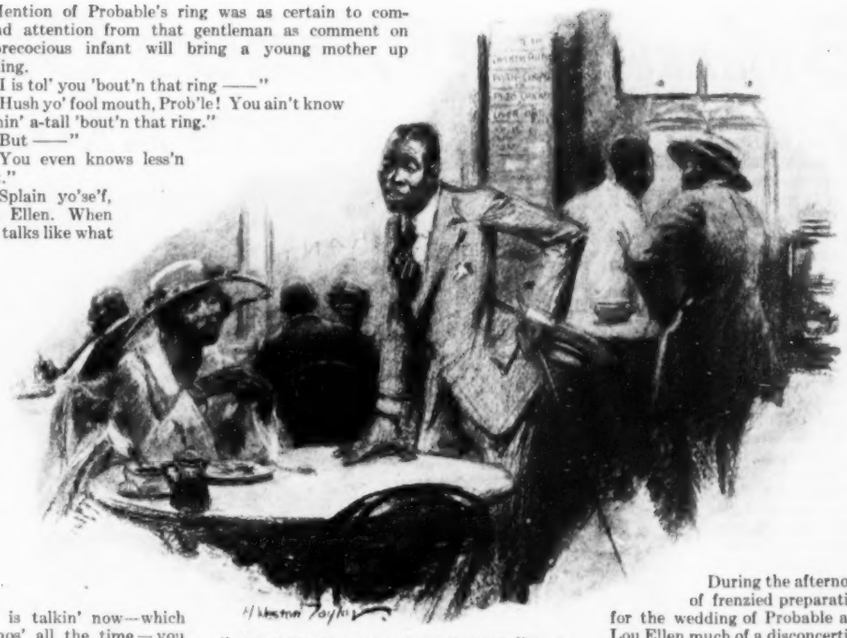
"I is tol' you 'bout'n that ring ——"

"Hush yo' fool mouth, Prob'le! You ain't know nothin' a-tall 'bout'n that ring."

"But ——"

"You even knows less'n that."

"Splain yo'se'f, Lou Ellen. When you talks like what you is talkin' now—which is mos' all the time—you gits me plumb irrumtated."



"Ain't I Met You Somewheres Befo'?" "No; I Ain't Think You Is. But it Wa'n't My Fault"

"Git irrumtated all what you likes, Prob'le Huff. Because the mos' irrumtated what you gits now ain't nothin' to what you is gwine be when you heahs all which I is got to tell you; or even a li'l' bit of it."

"'Bout'n the ring?"

"Uh-huh!"

"What 'bout it?"

"It ain't!"

"Ain't what?"

"Ain't heah!"

"What ain't heah?"

"Yo' ring. N'r neither Jasmine Poston ain't heah."

"Where is she at?"

"She's done flew."

"Gone away?"

"Absotively an' completely! An' you cain't say I ain't wa'ned you not to have nothin' to do with no high yaller from Flo'ida, cause'n I is; an' ——"

Terror struck at the heart of Mr. Probable Huff.

He dropped his tools and abandoned the carburetor to its fate, then and there.

"You is jes' makin' foolish talk with yo' mouth, Lou Ellen. Ise gwine fin' out things fo' my own se'f."

He did. He discovered much more than he anticipated. He was unable to locate Mrs. Daisybell Reckling, but from a vague and loquacious junior member of the Reckling household he learned that Jasmine had departed in a hectic hurry.

He returned to Lou Ellen very much sadder and infinitely wiser. Circumstances had chastened him efficiently. Better men than Probable had harkened to the song of the siren, but never one more disastrously. He was crestfallen to the *n*th degree, miserable to extinction, and pathetically eager for the sympathy of the woman to whom he had been engaged until that fateful morning.

The sun was shining and Lou Ellen made hay. She made a great deal of hay. She roped in the fickle Probable while the roping was good, and a wild if impromptu party that night celebrated the nuptials of Mr. Huff and Miss Nuch.

During the afternoon of frenzied preparation for the wedding of Probable and Lou Ellen much of a disconcerting nature had been happening to the train upon which Jasmine rode to meet her porter friend. First, a hot box and second, a hot box. And then a freight train ahead was inconsiderate enough to run into generously spreading rails, with results disastrous to traffic on the main line.

When the Decatur accommodation limped under the somber shed of the Birmingham station the train on which Jasmine's friend pursued his profession had long since departed for Jacksonville, and inquiry at the Terminal developed the fact that the train crew was not due in Alabama's Queen City until the second day following.

Jasmine Poston repaired miserably to the colored waiting room, where she sank upon a bench and reflected gloomily on the prospect of forty-eight hours in a large city where she was unacquainted. The vista was not pleasing. She racked the storehouse of her mind for recollection of some friend who had a friend in Birmingham, but could remember no one. She inquired the price of a ticket to Jacksonville and returned to cogitate further.

And finally she decided—albeit reluctantly—that a two-day wait was not worth a free ride to Jacksonville. She rose and headed for the ticket window. She probed for the clasp of her hand bag, intending to extract therefrom the purse containing her money. Then she stopped short and emitted a doleful groan.

The hand bag gaped. The purse was gone!

Two minutes of intensive search convinced her beyond peradventure of doubt that she was destitute of lucre. In a coat pocket she discovered fifty-five cents. That was all. She speculated sadly upon the manner of her loss and derived small solace from a realization that the purse had probably slipped to the floor of the train during one of her dozing spells through the long and tiresome trip down from Decatur.

Two facts leered at her: She was in a strange, friendless city and she was flat broke. More, she was hungry. She fondly caressed the fifty-five cents, passed from the colored waiting room to the curbing of Twenty-sixth Street and eventually found her way to a respectable-appearing colored restaurant, where she seated herself and ordered coffee and hot cakes—a total of fifteen cents to be subtracted from her meager hoard.

Night was falling. The lights of the massive Terminal Station winked mockingly at her from across the street. Many street cars rumbled defiantly by the door, some of them bound for the heart of the city, others for the suburbs. They were filled to capacity plus, and she found a new source of misery in the reflection that each of the thousands of passengers was bound toward a definite objective, where friends were waiting. She—Jasmine—alone of the thousands, was a derelict and acquaintanceless.

The watery coffee and flaccid cakes were served. Once again she doffed her gloves and once again her eyes lighted upon the handsome ring of Mr. Probable Huff. Her lips wreathed in disgust. "I might of knowed anythin' c'nected with that feller was bad luck!" Then an idea struck her; she would pawn the ring. But she shook her head as she discarded the idea before it was well born. First, she was fearful of consequences should she be detected pawning the jewelry of another; and she realized that at this hour all worth-while loan offices were closed.

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Bringing Chaos Out of Order

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

I

ONCE upon a time a wealthy man fell heir to a semi-defunct business. It had great possibilities and large holdings; but years of mismanagement had made of the business a liability rather than an asset. The workers in the business were extremely lazy, but they were protected in their positions by the terms of the will under which the wealthy man had inherited the property. For the most part they were made up of ignorant men of many different nationalities. They couldn't understand each other's languages and made no effort to learn; and they spent so much time fighting each other that they had little time in which to labor. Thus money was wasted right and left. And no care was taken of the buildings, so that they were filthy disease breeders, menacing the entire community.



Tuluban, in the Mountain Province of Northern Luzon. In November and December, 1918, 700 People Died Here From Spanish Influenza

Being more of an idealist than a money grubber, the wealthy man decided to educate the laborers to the possibilities of energy properly applied; teach them how to run the business profitably and wisely, and ultimately make them a present of the entire business so that they and their heirs and assigns forever might know the joys of the man who works for himself.

So he took all sorts of trouble with the business. He sought the services of the greatest experts in the country, and the experts cleaned up the buildings and installed labor-saving devices and brought everything strictly up to date. The laborers were sent to schools where they could study a common language and thus acquire the means of understanding and sympathizing with each other. Efficient managers were placed at the head of the various departments of the business. The laborers were given attractive cottages to live in; they were furnished transportation from their homes to their work; they were provided with better clothes, their health was safeguarded in every way; and they were taught how to save money and to live comfortably and sanely for the first time in their lives.

As was to be expected, the earnings of the business soon doubled, tripled and even quadrupled. No longer did the neighbors hesitate to walk to leeward of the factory buildings for fear that they might get a touch of cholera or yellow fever. No longer did the workers fight so ferociously among themselves that the neighbors had to wear ear muffs in order that they might not be deafened by the uproar. All was serenity and contentment and everyone was delighted.

The wealthy man had so many interests that he was unable to devote his personal attention to the business. After he had laid out his plans for it he turned to other matters and left the business entirely in the hands of subordinates. His home was far removed from the business, and he knew little about it except what his subordinates told him.

As time went on a small percentage of the workers outstripped the other workers in their studies, and they were convinced that they were as capable of conducting the business successfully as any of the experts the rich man had hired. So they planned to get rid of the experts and to get for themselves the money the experts had been receiving. Their schemes were furthered when the rich man placed in the business as manager a person who did not hesitate to support these workers.

Assisted by the manager these workmen succeeded in ridding the business of the experts and in seizing for themselves the positions which had been vacated. Naturally enough the property at once began to depreciate again, for the workers lacked the ability the experts had possessed. But, as has been said, it was a long way from the owner's home and the owner depended on the reports of his manager. And the manager reported that all was well.

With matters in this state the small group of workmen sent a delegation to the owner to assure him that the workers had so far responded to his kindly treatment that they were thoroughly qualified to have the business turned over to them.

The manager joined the workmen in their assurances and requests. So the owner believed what he was told and turned the business over to the workers.



The American-Built Road to Baguio, the "Simla of the Philippines"

As soon as he had done so the leading positions were taken by the small group who had acquired the education and the technical knowledge that would make it possible for them to grab jobs. But the other workers resented being ruled by these workers, and as a result they threw monkey wrenches in the machinery. The factory shut down. Instead of being a paying business the business slipped back to the semi-defunct condition in which it had been in the beginning. The buildings became dirty and unsanitary once more and the workers lost the habits of cleanliness and thrift they had acquired with so much difficulty. Instead of being benefited by owning the business, as the rich man had planned, they were greatly harmed.

Eventually the business was bought for a song by an old miser who lived near the factory; and he forced the workers to work so hard and so long and under such terrible conditions that they wished they had never been born.

Eventually they were much worse off than they were when the idealistic but wealthy business man had fallen heir to the business and had started to improve it.

Now what do you think of that wealthy business man? Honestly, now, don't you think he was pretty much of a dub to let those workmen get hold of the business before the rest of the workmen were properly educated? Don't you think that it would have done him good if somebody had taken him by the hand and led him out to his back yard and given him a sudden swift kick, or even a series of sudden swift kicks, on the spot that usage has sanctioned as the best spot on which to kick a person? Don't you think that for a man who posed as being an idealist this business man had sadly neglected his duties when he listened to the small number of workmen and ignored the great mass of workmen and by so doing spoiled the chances of the latter class? Such thoughts would not be unreasonable, to put it mildly.

II

FACTS are loathsome things and extremely difficult for the average person to absorb. That is why most of us know very little about George Washington except that in his early youth he made an unprovoked and evidently unwarranted attack on a cherry tree with a hatchet, and that he admitted the crime when questioned by his father. Incidentally, his father probably showed by his demeanor that he knew the inside story on the chopping, and that George had better have a care how he tried to slip over a falsehood on him. That is also why most of us know next to nothing about Cleopatra, the prominent queen, except that her beauty was such as to make movie actresses sulky and that she became defunct by permitting a six-inch snake to take a bite out of her left arm. Such a state of affairs is unfortunate, but it will probably continue to exist so long as the rising generation is expected to learn such stuff as the following:

"The Pictish kingdom had risen fast to greatness after the victory of Nectmansmere in 685. In the century which followed Ecfgrith's defeat, its kings reduced the Scots of Dalriada from nominal dependence to actual subjection, the annexation of Angus and Fife carried their eastern border to the sea, while to the south their alliance with the Northumbrians in the warfare which both waged on the Welsh extended their bounds on the side of Cumbria or Strath-Clyde."

Isn't that numbing and oppressive? After one has read two or three pages of that sort of light literature one begins to feel about the same way that Ecfgrith must have

felt at the end of the century following his defeat. Poor old Ecfgrith! And poor people who have to read about him!

For that reason I didn't know much about the Philippine Islands, except that they are islands; that they are somewhere on the other side of the Pacific Ocean; that they helped to make Admiral Dewey famous when they harbored the Spanish fleet on May 1, 1898; that we took them away from Spain; that a Filipino named Aguinaldo made things somewhat hectic for the American Army at one time and another; and that every few years somebody makes a frightful bore of himself by erupting in a long speech in which he advocates giving the Filipinos their independence or not giving the Filipinos their independence. That's what I knew about the Philippines; and I have a sneaking but persistent feeling that I knew as much about them as the average person knows to-day.

It's all the fault of the cold, unsympathetic, meaningless facts that are passed out in geographies and histories. A fact presented in the flat, unsalted, tiresome manner in which facts are usually presented has about as much personality and meaning as a piece of raw fish. The average person is as loath to pick up one of these raw crude facts and carry it round in his head as he is to pick up the piece of raw fish and place it tenderly in his vest pocket and carry it to business or a baseball game. Does it mean anything to you when you pick up a book weighing three and three-eighths pounds and smelling offensively of fish glue and read the following pregnant words:

"The island of Bicka-Bicka is situated in longitude 6:30 and latitude 8:45. It is inhabited in the northeast by Goola-Goolas and in the southwest by Worri-Worries. Though the island is a Swiss protectorate, the natives are autonomous and yearly elect a president, or Kan, and a vice president, or Tihn Kan. The island is thirty-six miles in length and eighteen miles in width. Its chief products are copra, fish, nuts, fish, sea sand, sunburn and more fish. The natives, being a Number Three Brown in color, do not show the sunburn, though they occasionally suffer from it, especially after the rainy season, during which season—oddly enough—the sun does not shine while the rain is falling, except on very rare occasions. This gives the natives a chance to lose their sunburn."

Does such a passage, I repeat, really mean anything to you? It does not—except possibly that the book is a fine one for throwing at a cat or putting an insomnia sufferer to sleep. The island of Bicka-Bicka is not called up before your eyes. You do not visualize the Goola-Goolas of the northeast nor yet the Worri-Worries of the southwest. You have been numbed by the facts.

The reason for my vicious attack on facts is not for the purpose of leading up to the announcement that this article will not contain facts, for it will—though unfortunately there will be a number of citizens who will claim that my facts are not real facts but fiction. And along these lines here is a little item that I would like my readers



Captain Riley, U. S. A., Crossing the Agno River on a Rope Ferry

to chew on: The citizens who claim that my facts are fiction would say nothing at all if, in the article that follows, I could publish all the facts in the case of the Philippines. But I cannot do so just now. I am sorry; believe me, I am very sorry.

No, I attack facts thus viciously in order to excuse you, as well as myself, for not knowing much of anything about the Philippines. It's really a shame, for the Philippine Archipelago is a fairyland; and the United States has made this fairyland out of a boiling pot of corruption. When an American sees what his country and his countrymen have done in the Philippines—how order has been brought out of chaos and peace out of turbulence and cleanliness out of filth and health out of a pest hole and plenty out of destitution and happiness out of misery and beauty out of squalor in twenty years' time—when an American sees all this, he holds his head higher and has still another reason for thanking God that he is an American And he doesn't want to see it go back to chaos and turbulence and disease and destitution and misery and squalor—not while America has anything to do with it. It would be bad enough to have such a relapse occur under any conditions whatever; but it would be particularly bad to have it occur while the United States was theoretically even though not actually in control of the Philippines.

III

IT WAS a bright sunny morning late in January when the Russian ice breaker backed in through the ice floes and worried the army transport away from the shores of Siberia. The mellowness of approaching spring must have been in the air, for the thermometer registered only fifteen degrees below zero—a fine benevolent temperature.

Free of the harbor and the far-reaching floes of slush ice, the transport headed due south. Two hundred and eighty miles a day was her average, for she was a Pacific transport and Pacific transports have never set the ocean to boiling because of their great speed. After she had steamed south for a little over two days she slipped into the harbor of Nagasaki, which lies almost at the extreme southern tip of the Japanese Archipelago. Nagasaki was considerably warmer than Siberia. The hills round the harbor were green; and though an occasional snow squall spat out of the heavens, there were oranges gleaming through the white flakes—conservative Japanese oranges that take eight years to ripen.

From Nagasaki the transport again headed south, reeling off her two hundred and eighty miles a day—south and a bit west—toward the coast of China. Two days out from Nagasaki one sights the coast of Formosa. The air grows balmy. One digs out his summer clothes. Three days pass, the transport loses Formosa and works into the China Sea. The thermometer registers seventy-five degrees and there are flying fish. On the fourth day the island of Luzón, northernmost island of the Philippines, is sighted. The thermometer stands at eighty degrees. All day long the ship plows along the shores of Luzón. There are coconut palms and banana trees and nipa shacks and long golden beaches, and in the distance a blue mountain range. And on the fifth day the transport steams past the palm-covered hill slopes of Corregidor with its hidden fortifications, across Manila Bay and into Manila Harbor. The water is glassy. The air is hot and moist. The wide-flung vista of Manila, with its big modern office buildings, its hotels and clubs, its palm trees and its scuttering automobiles, shimmers through the heat haze.

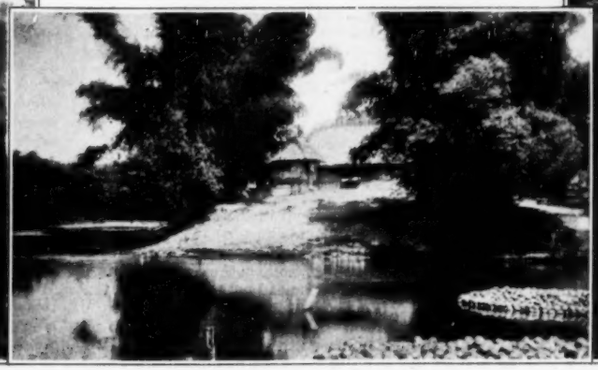
Manila is five days south of Japan—as far as Jamaica is south of New York. It is even farther south than any part of China. And it's only a little north of Borneo and New Guinea. It had taken the transport nearly a day to follow the coast line of Luzón down to Manila; and when the transport left Manila, homeward bound, she continued onward down the Luzón coast, south and then east, for another day and a half. A day and a half of traveling past coconut plantations and banana plantations and tumbling mountain ranges; past golden sands gleaming in the hot sunlight; past great caves and passageways scooped through the solid rock and opening into glassy lagoons, and all the paraphernalia of pirates and treasure islands; past Mayón Volcano, which is a more perfect and beautiful mountain than Etna or Vesuvius or Fujiyama or any other press-agented beauty; and past Bulusan Volcano with the steam clouds billowing out of her sides.

I can see a large proportion of the millions who read THE SATURDAY EVENING POST hunting busily for bricks to

(Continued on Page 36)



In Northern Luzon



Coconut Rafts on a River in Central Luzon



In Laguna Province

THE SPRING SUIT

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL



Dinner Was a Miserable Affair. The Constraint Between Them Was Like a Wall of Fog

ROSIE was going to buy a new spring suit for George's birthday. Looking at that sentence again, I see that it is open to misconstruction. The suit was for herself, but it was to be bought in honor of George's birthday and flashed upon his admiring gaze for the first time on that occasion. Altogether, taking it all round, George Mellon's twenty-fifth birthday promised to be one of the biggest things in history. In the afternoon he was going to strike his employer for a raise of salary; in the evening he and Rosie would dine at the McAstor instead of at the red-ink place they usually frequented; and at night they would take in a show, with possibly a bite of supper afterward at a cabaret place.

A formidable program, and one that made it imperative that Rosie's dress should not be out of the picture. She had been saving all the winter to buy a really irreproachable suit; and the money was in the bank, straining at the leash. All that remained was to make a good selection.

You probably know Rosie by sight. She sits in a sort of kiosk in front of one of those motion-picture palaces that have sprung up in recent years like a rash on the face of our fair city. You hand your money in through a little pigeonhole in the glass front of her den and she presses a button, causing a cardboard ticket to leap at you out of a brass slab. Thus far you may argue that I have not sufficiently identified Rosie, New York being full of girls who do conjuring tricks in glass cages.

True, since the movie delirium set in, there are a great many girls who do this. But Rosie is the one who smiles. The others give you your ticket with a sort of aloof hauteur. They have a resigned air, as if the spectacle of multitudes wasting money on the movies saddened them. If they spoke you feel that they would say: "Oh, well, what's the use? There's one born every minute!"

Rosie is different. Rosie beams at you. She has a cheerful little face, with a nice wide mouth; and when you push your hard-earned money through the opening in the glass a flash of white teeth encourages you to believe that, after all, you may not be going to waste your evening, and that you will not subsequently kick your spine up through your hat for having been such a chump as to pay thirty good cents to see Mabelle Gooch—or whoever it is—tumble over herself in Lepers of the Great White Way, or whatever the picture is called. You go in feeling heartened, with a vague impression that Rosie must be a rather nice girl.

George Mellon, the party of the second part, is also, curiously enough, a door hound, a keeper of the gates and a dweller upon the threshold. But he works by day. He is the presentable young man who sits in the anteroom at the offices of the Ladies' Sphere and keeps people from seeing the editor. Editors, who are human beavers, industrious little creatures who work hard and shrink from the public gaze, generally employ, to insure privacy, a small boy with red hair, a tight suit and an air of having seen all the trickery and wickedness in the world.

At the Ladies' Sphere, however, where beautiful and refined women are popping in and out all day like rabbits, something with a little more tone is required: and George landed the job against a field of twenty-six competitors. This should enable you to get an adequate angle on George. It is not every young man who can head off without offense lovely creatures in Paris frocks and mink coats, and convince them simultaneously that it is the editor's dearest wish to have a long cozy chat with them, but that he can't see them this morning. Men with less diplomacy than George have held down ambassadorships in foreign capitals.

It was this manner of his that had first attracted Rosie when she had called one morning to see the editor.

"Have you an appointment, madam?" George had inquired, bending suavely over the little wooden gate with the air of a plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James exchanging compliments with a princess of the blood.

Rosie said she had no appointment.

"Then I fear," said George with manly regret, "that it will scarcely be possible for you to see Mr. Hebblethwaite to-day. Mr. Hebblethwaite is exceedingly busy just now. The magazine goes to press to-day." The magazine was always going to press when people tried to get past George. "If you would care to leave a message ——"

"I only wanted to ask him if he would mind giving me the Ten Delicious Morsels From the Chafing Dish that he had in the March number. I cut them out, but I lost them."

"Our Circulation Department would attend to that," said George. "If you would care to leave your name and address I will see that they are forwarded to you."

And in the short space of time it took Rosie to write down her name and address George had handed the raspberry to two artists and a short-story writer. Rosie felt that this was no ordinary man.

George must have conceived an equally flattering opinion of her; for that same evening he called at her rooming house in person, bearing the March number. And so pleasantly and swiftly did their acquaintance progress that, before he left, Rosie had cooked Delicious Morsel Number Three on her chafing dish, and they ate it together. Rosie was a wonderful cook; and it may be that George, who had suffered much from boarding-house meals since he came to New York, acquired at that moment his first yearning for domesticity.

All through the summer and fall their intimacy had ripened, and in the middle of November George proposed. They decided that they would get married immediately after his next raise of salary, and George had fixed the beginning of May as the date for negotiating that business deal. Balmy spring, with all its softening influences, would have had a chance by then to work on Mr. Hebblethwaite and render him malleable.

"But oh, George," said Rosie, "suppose he doesn't give it to you!"

"He will. He knows I'm a valuable man."

"Of course you are. But ——"

"There were twenty-six others applied for the job same time as me, and I copped. That shows you."

"I know you're wonderful!" said Rosie. "But, still ——"

Rosie had once traveled up in the elevator with Mr. Hebblethwaite and the memory lingered. The editor was a little man, with fiery eyes that glowed behind big spectacles, and he had glared at Rosie in the elevator as if the only thing that kept him from eating her was the fact that he had already breakfasted.

"It isn't everyone," said George, "who could do my job. You wouldn't believe the number of females who come every day to try to waste Mr. Hebblethwaite's time. I tell you, I wonder I don't lose my voice with telling them he's busy. And it's got to be done right, or you might as well not do it at all. You can't go offending people. But gee, you've no idea what an amount of gall women have! Why, the first week I was at the office a female got past me by saying she was the boss' wife. She looked all right; she spoke all right; so I thought she was all right, and I opened the gate. In about ten minutes out she came, said good morning with a nice smile, and beat it. And two seconds later I'm rung for, and there's the boss chewing holes in the carpet and smashing up the furniture with his bare hands. Seems she was a lady book agent; and before he could get rid of her she had landed him with Historic Heartbreakers, highly educational and as interesting as a novel. Since then I've played it safe. Nobody gets past me without an appointment. The boss knows that, and values me according."

"But Mr. Hebblethwaite looks so fierce. I'd die of fright if I had to ask him for a raise."

George felt in his inner pocket and produced, with a certain complacence, a cutting from the advertising pages of the magazine that employed him.

"I might have felt that way once, but the other day I come across this. I've written for—the book. It looks to me like the goods."

The cutting showed a picture of a resolute young man with a clean-cut face and a strong mouth pointing a minatory finger at an elderly man with a pointed beard. The elderly man was cowering down in his chair and obviously getting the loser's end of the mix up. Beneath the picture were the words: "Look Him in the Eye and Win!"

And then:

No matter how big he is, no matter how powerful, he will listen, heed you and respect you. Don't flinch. Make him drop his glance or turn his gaze and your battle is won. What battle? Your every battle—the battle you must fight every day with the men who block your way to success.

Have courage and show it. "Courage for what?" you ask. The courage to assert yourself, to demand and get your rights; the calm, steady, unwavering courage that shows through your eye to every man you meet.

Send the coupon below and let us mail to you—absolutely free, for examination—a copy of this sensational new book—The Will and its Training; by Otis Elmer Banks, Ph.D.

Have Courage and the world is your oyster.

Rosie was impressed.

"Why should the world be an oyster?" she asked.

"I don't know," said George frankly. "I didn't understand that bit myself. But that's not the point. The whole thing is that I mean to train myself scientifically and then go to it. You can see by what it says here that it'll be like taking money from a child's bank. Very likely I shan't hardly have to ask. Probably he'll unbelt directly he meets my eye."

So that was settled; and it seemed to Rosie to make it all the more imperative that she should not fall down on her end of the coming campaign. If George was going to go through an ordeal like that for her sake, the least she could do was to reward him by being a credit to him in the matter of a spring suit. She was in the position of the lady for whom a knight jousted in the Middle Ages. After a hard afternoon at the tournament the knight had a right to expect to find his queen of beauty looking worth the trouble. As the days went by, Rosie began to regard the spring suit as a sort of symbol of her love and of her worthiness to be loved. Her future seemed to hang on it.

The process of buying a spring suit, especially if you wait till spring to do it, is not so simple as it might seem to the lay mind. The big room at the big store that Rosie had selected was crammed to suffocation when she arrived. Women of all sorts and sizes were competing for the attention of the salesgirls. The assemblage looked like the mob scene in a motion picture. Large women jostled small women; short women jostled tall women; thin women and stout women pushed one another and everybody else impartially.

Rosie sat down in a corner to wait. It was the first warm day of spring and she felt exhausted. But, because she was Rosie and combined an out-size in hearts with a small size in bodies, it was not her own tiredness that compelled her pity. She was sorry for the salesgirls. They were working so terribly hard. Rosie watched them dive into mysterious closets, come out laden with suits and more suits, and exhibit these to the customers in much the same manner as the waiter at your restaurant shows you the lobster—but without the latter's optimism.

The waiter is confident and cheery. He knows there is going to be a happy ending. His air is the air of a man concluding the last trifling formalities of a successful business operation. But these girls who were parading spring suits had the disheartening knowledge, the fruit of long experience, that they were probably wasting their time, and that most of the women they served had no intention of buying, but had merely come there to play at shopping.

Presently the crowd thinned. It was near closing time. The big room presented an after-the-battle appearance. Spring suits lay about on tables as if they had swooned there from exhaustion. The air was close and heavy. The salesgirls stood in twos and threes among the wreckage like the survivors of a forlorn hope. One of them perceived Rosie and limped toward her in a depressed way. Rosie could almost see her thinking. Plainer than words her pale face was saying: "Oh, Lord! Another of them!"

"Can I attend to you, madam?"

Rosie felt shrinkingly apologetic. She had forgotten that she had a headache herself and that she had been waiting patiently for nearly an hour. She only felt that it was brutal of her to keep this poor girl working a moment longer. "I want to look at suits, please."

The salesgirl's expression seemed to say that her worst fears had been confirmed.

"What size, madam?" she said mechanically.

"Eighteen misses', please," said Rosie meekly, feeling like an overbearing Eastern tyrant.

The girl walked slowly away, picked up one of the suits that had fainted on a near-by chair, and returned, her listlessness more marked than ever. She resembled someone who has been forced into playing a game that through much repetition has become tedious and painful.

The suit she bore was, in a sense, a suit. In shape and material it conformed to the definition. But the mere sight of it sent a shudder through Rosie, by so much did it miss being the ideal of her dreams. It had no poetry, no meaning, no *chic*, no *je-ne-sais-quoi*, no anything that was attractive and inspiring. Worse, it looked vulgar. It was a loud black-and-white check, and one glance told Rosie that she would look awful in it. She had opened her lips to denounce and reject the horrid thing when she caught sight of the girl's face.

Girls who live alone and support themselves, like Rosie, come to acquire something of the masculine attitude toward life. They lose the woman's inborn gift of shopping and acquire in its place that consideration for the other party to the transaction which marks the average male. A man whose aim it is to buy a pair of trousers does not stand coolly by while the attendant exhibits his entire stock and then go off without making a purchase. A brief "Gimme those!" and his shopping is finished.

Rosie had this male characteristic. She hated giving trouble. Even in ordinary circumstances it pained her to have to refuse to buy. And now, looking at this pale tired girl before her, she forgot all about the vital importance of finding the one spring suit heaven had destined for her from the beginning of things. All she felt was that she must get the business finished quickly and let the poor girl go home.

"That will do splendidly," she said.

The salesgirl blinked. This was one of the things that didn't happen. Then, as realization came to her, her eyes lit up. Their grateful gleam was Rosie's recompense. And she needed some recompense, for directly the words were out of her mouth she knew what she had done.

The memory of a kind action is supposed to be an unfailing recipe for happiness. Boy Scouts grow fat on it. But Rosie, as she went to meet George at the Hotel McAstor on the night of his birthday, felt none of that glow of quiet content she might reasonably have expected as her right. On the contrary, she was miserable and apprehensive. Man—which includes woman—being the ruler of creation and having an immortal soul and other advantages, ought to be superior to such trivialities as clothes.

A quiet conscience is more important than a loud suit. But such is human frailty that the best of us lose our nerve if we feel that our outer husk is not all it should be. Rosie knew that she did not look right! And when a woman feels that, she might just as well go home and get into a kimono.

The situation was rendered more poignant by the fact that George was not as other men. George was employed at the offices of a magazine that dictated the fashions to a million women; where even the stenographers looked like fashion plates and every caller presented to his gaze the last work in what was smart.

George, therefore, naturally had a high standard. Something special was required to win his trained approval. And she was coming to meet him at a fashionable restaurant in a black-and-white check suit that was not only hideous but hardly respectable.

It was just the sort of suit that girls wore to whom strange men on street corners said: "Hello, kiddo!" It was a flashy, giggling, sideways-glancing, chorus-of-a-burlesque-show sort of suit. It was the outer covering of a cutie and a baby doll.

As she got off the car she saw him waiting outside the restaurant. He looked superb. George was always a great dresser. He was tall and slim, and resembled those divine youths you see in the tailors' advertisements, who stand with bulging bosoms and ingrowing waists, saying to their college chums, as they light a cigarette: "Yes, my dear chap, I always buy the Kute-kut Klothes, each suit guaranteed for one year on the easy-payment system. A fellow must look decent!"

She hurried toward him with a sinking heart, gamely forcing her face into a smile.

"Here I am, dear!"

"Hello!" said George.

Was his voice cold? Was his manner distant?

"Many happy returns of the day!"

"Thanks!" *(Continued on Page 50)*



"Have You an Appointment, Madam?" George Had Inquired, With the Air of a Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James Exchanging Compliments With a Princess of the Blood

An Adventure in Prognosis

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE Democratic National Committee, in Chicago assembled, spread officially on the minutes its opinion that the future history of our country will view President Wilson's accomplishments and career with the same high esteem as present history views the accomplishments and career of President Lincoln. A man recently wrote to me stating without reservations that President Wilson is the greatest man born on this earth since Jesus Christ. At about the same time several men wrote to inform me that President Wilson is the most hurtful and futile person—to transcribe mildly—who has seen the light of day in the past two thousand years. All concerned in these eulogiums and detractions appear to be sane on every other subject.

The President's tenure in the minds of his countrymen may be assayed, more or less, by these and similar opinions—there is no lack of either sort. The fact of it is that the President has now reached the stage of his life in the consideration of his fellow citizens where he is either the best or the worst. There is no middle ground. Wherefore, as his past is established on—let us say—a fifty-fifty basis of exaltation and deprecation, his future may be worth an inquiry based on such substance for prediction as is at hand; based on the undeniable fact that if it is true that a cat can look at a king it is equally true that a writer can look at an arbiter, and the corollary that in neither case is the object of the scrutiny beholden for the matter or the manner of the communicated determinations resulting therefrom—not responsible, that is to say, except passively, as the raw material for premises and conclusions.

The World in a State of Flux

THE signing of the armistice on November eleventh, last year, marked as distinct a turning point in the expressed national concept of President Wilson as it did in the progress of the war. The country had been fervently loyal and universally silent from the time we came into war—back of the President in the great mass. It is inconsequential to mention even—let alone discuss—what the country thought of President Wilson before August 4, 1914. Every governmental and public aspect of the President changed on that date, just as the entire world changed; and whatever was before that time is as irrelevant to the present situation as "Fifty-four-forty or fight."

The world changed overnight and has been changing ever since. It is now in a state of fervid flux comparable only to lava boiling in a crater. Naturally this condition gives rise to excited opinion and the expression thereof; and naturally also, as the President is the chief figure in the world's passionate consideration of all that has happened and is happening, what is said of him takes the tinge of the encompassing circumstances, and very little of it is either calm or considered. From the time the war began in Europe, in 1914, until the time the United States entered the war, in 1917, public opinion in the United States had distinct divergences. There were pro-Ally, pro-German, pacifist and let-well-enough-alone expressions and demonstrations, and others of various intensities and ulteriors. As a whole, the Americans were behind and in support of the President in these years in greater numbers than they were against him and critical and censorious of him, which is evidenced by the result of the election of 1916—sectionally so, perhaps, but in greater numbers.

Now the history of the future of which the Democratic National Committee speaks will undoubtedly establish the fact—and work from that fact—that President Wilson could not have gone to war, as he did go in 1917, with a united country behind him three months before he took the actual step. There was much hot talk about participation by the United States and many demands for participation, chiefly from those who had partisan—or other—motives rather than patriotic. But the nubbin of it is that the President, whether or not he desired to go to war earlier than he did, could not have done so with a practically united nation in support of him much earlier than April, 1917.

The President may or may not have sensed this. That isn't material. The point is that when he did call on Congress to declare war against Germany, and from that moment until November 11, 1918, when the armistice was signed, all our people fell in behind him and went universally to work to win the war. The circumstances of our participation, the conditions in Europe, the fact that President Wilson was leader, spokesman and champion of the great determining factor in the struggle built the President up until at the time of the armistice he was overpoweringly the most important man in the world. There is no gainsaying that. He was the most important man in the world when he left the United States for France in December, 1918. Whether he has held that position and shall return as such will take some years to determine. Meantime the six months that have elapsed between the time of his departure for France and the present writing, in early June, have worked some disaster to his popular support in this country and—it is probable—considerable disaster to that popular regard in Europe.

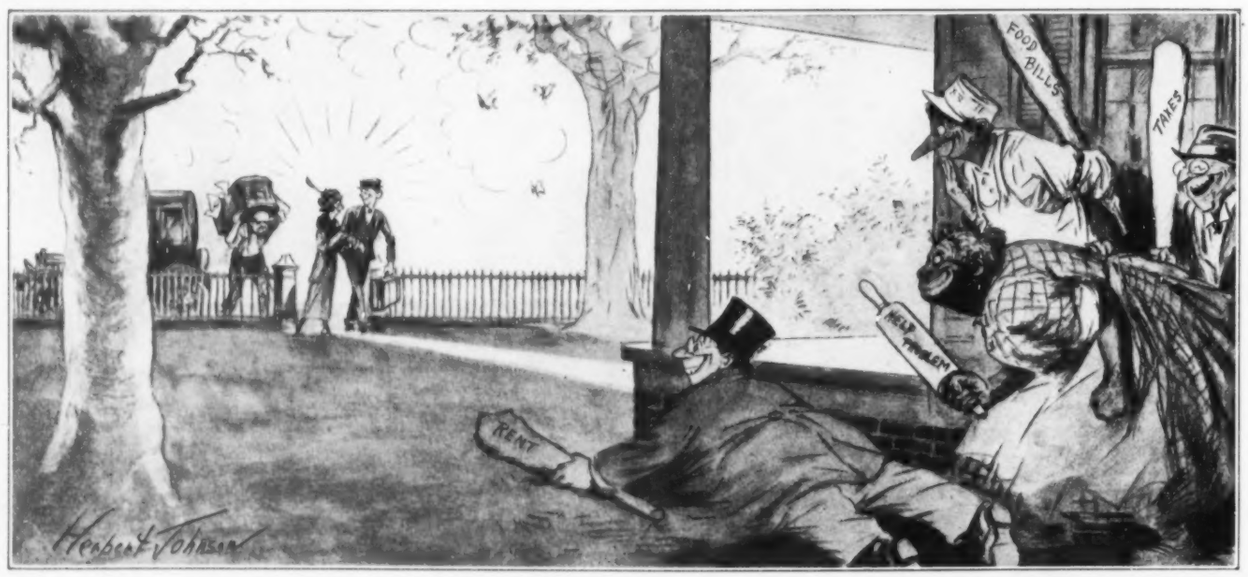
The reasons for this are simple. Locally, in the United States, the reason is partisan largely and hypercritical to some extent. Also, it has certain psychological, ethical and personal outcroppings. The fact of it is that the President has never in this country commanded other than a popularity based on an ascribed intellectuality, which isn't popularity at all, but is a deference and support coming from: First, a lack of understanding that developed upholding because of the noncomprehendible quality of it—the respect paid to brains by the general public; and second, the enormous obeisance Americans pay to the office of President—elevating the man in the job to the position because of the position and not because of the man. This increased until it was practically universal during the conduct of the war. Mr. Wilson was the American President and the Americans were in support of Mr. Wilson, cloaking and repressing whatever dislikes they may have had of him.

Faith Changed to Doubt

THE reason for his diminution of popularity in Europe is as simple. It is based—speaking of the people and not the politicians—on what is regarded as his failure to accomplish what it was hoped he would accomplish, regardless of the difficulties in his path. The peoples of the world, having seen the entrance of the United States into the war, having observed the great determining aid to a victorious ending of the struggle supplied by this country in a military sense, expected that President Wilson, coming to Europe as he did, would conquer all the economic, political, physical and financial problems in the same mighty and effective manner the American Army aided in conquering the actual military problem. They expected him to be the same sort of savior in a peace way that the American Army had been in a war way—and as prompt. That was impossible. No doubt he tried hard enough, but both his interior and his exterior limitations made his end unattainable. A superman was expected. Therefore, faith presently changed to doubt, and that is the attitude now.

Inevitably, as occurred in this country, when the strain of war was over, and the necessity for patriotic and undivided support thus waned, the minds of the people reverted to their former positions in the consideration of the President; reverted to the normal partisan, personal and other channels. The old considerations resumed operations exactly at the point where the war had stilled them. This, coming after a year and a half of general support, is so strong in contrast that it seems greater than it really is. President Wilson never did have the united support of the people of this country. We are entirely too partisan for that. Nor has he a faculty for attaining such support. Indeed, though he is to-day all there is to the Democratic Party—the personification and power and policy of it—he

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Here Comes the Bride!

Adventures in Interviewing

Some Presidents and Plutocrats—By Isaac F. Marcosson

IN THE preceding articles of this series I related my experiences as interviewer of some of the outstanding personages of the war. Most of them had to be educated in the fine art of publicity. Sooner or later they came to the realization that frankness in speaking and dealing with the public was an aid to victory just as it is an asset in big business.

As I remarked earlier in this undertaking, the tasks put up to me during the great struggle for world freedom were child's play alongside the interviewing I was called upon to do back in that era when the nations dwelt together in amity and when the German Kaiser was really regarded as a human being. Lloyd George in his most inaccessible mood was a phonograph compared with sphinxes like Henry H. Rogers, E. H. Harriman and Thomas F. Ryan. High finance was a citadel of silence that had to be stormed and carried.

In this final article I shall deal with a group of Americans who range from President to plutocrat. Their attitude toward the interviewer in most instances was no less picturesque than that of those who rode the high tides of war. Human nature is the same the world over, whether in Downing Street, in London, Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, or Wall Street, in New York. Vanity, eccentricity, modesty or whatever you want to call the personal feeling about exploitation in print—works just the same regardless of environment. Hence the lessons conveyed by the occupant of the White House or the throne room of money power are just as illuminating as those drawn from a prime minister or a field marshal.



PHOTO. BY J. G. GIVENS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Unfailing Kindness and Courtesy Were Among John Hay's Foremost Qualities

When Mr. Wilson Was Governor

IN WAR you learn that seniority of rank is a thing to be observed at all times. Hence we will begin with President Wilson, who is a difficult man to interview—first, because he prefers to write or speak his views on all subjects; and second, because he is naturally reserved. Unlike kings, who are never formally interviewed, a President of the United States on more than one occasion has talked for publication in interview form.

My first interview with President Wilson was in the late summer of 1911, when he was governor of New Jersey. The star of his presidential destiny had just begun to twinkle over the horizon. I believe that up to that time it was the first extended talk that he gave to a magazine in connection with the high office to which he was elected in the following year. The simple narrative of this experience will reveal him as interviewing material. Since President Wilson is not subject to very vital mental change the revelation still holds good. The temperament of Wilson the governor is little different from the demeanor of Wilson the President. His scope and authority have only widened.

The approach to this interview was simple and direct. I wrote to him and asked for an appointment. He replied at once inviting me to lunch at Trenton. He said, however, that on account of pressure of time the interview would have to be obtained while he journeyed from the capital down to Seagirt, where the summer home of the governor of New Jersey is located.

I had never seen Mr. Wilson before. Though I have talked with him at various times since 1911 the first impression of him stands out above all the rest. Then, as now, he was precise, dignified, agreeable. He sat at a flat-topped desk in a small office lined with bookshelves. From the mantel that other War President, Lincoln, looked down on him from a bronze pedestal.

There was one distinctive feature about Governor Wilson's office at Trenton, typical of the man himself: The door was wide open. I saw him at a distance as I waited for my appointment, in the long conference room hung with portraits of former governors. Afterward Mr. Wilson told me that his office door was never closed.

We walked up State Street to a hotel, where we had lunch. Instead of selecting a table in the center of the room he chose one off on the side. The spare, smooth-faced, gray-eyed man who sat opposite me was apparently the most unassuming human being in that establishment. He ate sparingly, as is still his habit, and talked much. He told me among other things that from his boyhood he had aimed at political life. He said: "When I was a boy in the South the law furnished the shortest and swiftest path to a public career and that is why I became a lawyer. People think I was born a scholar. As a matter of fact I was born a man of affairs."

As we strolled back to the statehouse I spoke to him about the presidency. I remarked: "This time next year you will be a storm center."

With a smile the governor answered: "Remember that I am not even a candidate—yet."

We made the trip from Trenton to Seagirt in an open automobile. The governor and I sat in the back seat and the ever-faithful and ever-present Joseph P. Tumulty—who still calls the President "Governor"—was up front with the chauffeur.

I have interviewed men on trains, on ships, in the air and under the ground. Yet I doubt if any similar work was done under the handicaps that marked that first talk with Mr. Wilson. The car jolted; constituents shouted greetings to him from the roadside. All the while I had to keep up a running fire of questions and remember what was being said. We touched many subjects, from tariff to the personal guilt of corporations. It was impossible to take many notes. I had to remember what I heard.

On this trip Mr. Wilson spoke with freedom and fluency. It is characteristic of him that once he holds a view he not only clings to it tenaciously but is perfectly willing to discuss it continuously.

He illumined one of his points with a story. Like Lloyd George he delights in fortifying an argument with a human-interest episode. We were discussing political machines. Right off the reel he made one of his epigrams: "Political machines are organizations that forget what they are organized for."

McCombs

IN EMPHASIZING this statement he told the story of a mule shipped down the Mississippi River on a steamboat, with an address tag tied round its neck. The string broke, the tag fell to the ground and the mule ate it up.

A negro deck hand rushed excitedly up to the captain and said: "Marse Captain, dat mule done et up whar he's gwine to!"

He followed up the story by saying: "The political machine has forgotten its purpose—it has 'et up whar it's gwine to.'"

When we reached Seagirt the governor said: "I have spoken to you with the utmost freedom and I would like to see the proof of what you write."

He knew that before many months passed every word that he said or wrote would pass under a merciless scrutiny. He wanted to take no chances with misinterpretation. It is a wise precaution. If more public men would examine and revise what they say for publication before it is printed they would save themselves and other people much trouble. A statement looks much more formidable in cold black type than when it is uttered. One reason why people get cold feet on interviews, allege that they have been misquoted, and repudiate the interviewer is that they do not see what they have said until it is unfolded to the reading world. So far as Mr. Wilson is concerned he is not only instinctively cautious, but being a historian he has regard for the verdict of posterity.

Some days later I took the proof of my interview down to Trenton and the governor went over it carefully. In it I spoke of the kind of President he would make. When we came to that phrase he looked up and said: "Perhaps you are a little previous."

When you have had an extended experience as an interviewer you can look back on certain statements made in the past that have peculiar significance in the light of what time has wrought. To illustrate: When I first met Mr. Wilson I wanted to get some biographical data about him. I asked him to suggest a source familiar with his career and his prospects.

He replied: "There is a lawyer down in Wall Street named William F. McCombs, who on his own initiative has been good enough to be interested in my political future. Perhaps he can help you out."

Fate works in a strange way to achieve its ends. The lawyer down in Wall Street to whom Mr. Wilson referred not only became chairman of the Democratic National Committee and a national figure but had the satisfaction of helping to elect his political protégé President of the United States.

The moment Mr. Wilson entered the White House his whole relation to interviewing changed. Except at rare intervals he has not allowed himself to be quoted. He has talked to me, as he has talked to other men, on timely

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DUDS

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

VI

THE new facet of the affair presented by Phineas Plunkett's revelation was discussed by Karakoff's guests at some length, and he could see that he had risen considerably in the esteem of the gathering. Then as practical business men with Karakoff as spokesman their official proposition was definitely offered. Phineas was to receive five hundred dollars a month with carte blanche for his expenses during the period of a year at least. Should he be successful in collecting information that might lead to the discovery and destruction of an organized system of jewel smuggling he was to receive a premium of fifty thousand dollars.

Rosenthal attacked this arrangement with yells of protest. He called them pikers, swore that the job was not half paid. He was politely informed by an elderly man of rabbinic countenance that in the first place they were not all multimillionaires like himself, and that in the second they could not in the nature of the business cherish any great hope for the success of Phineas' investigations. They considered the undertaking to be one of extreme difficulty. If he succeeded he would touch a very tidy sum. If he failed he would at least be decently recompensed for his efforts, and they would be the losers. This was precisely the angle from which Phineas himself viewed the proposition, and he said as much.

Presently they adjourned to the salon, when Karakoff excused himself and went to fetch his daughter. He was some time absent and while waiting Rosenthal drew Phineas aside.

"You haf a tough yob, my poy," said he. "I am an old scout who has tumbled down republics and put presidents upon t'eir t'rones. If you need help come and see me. I will be at der Biltmore all vinter. Come anyhow. I like you."

Phineas thanked the good old Czech and promised to call as soon as he returned to town after being demobilized. Karakoff returned presently, escorting Olga, very lovely and demure in a simple Empire gown of white tulle with panniers and dewdrops, her hair done in a way which made her look like a big little girl. She understood her audience, did Olga, Phineas thought. For him, two nights before, she had been the brilliant, scintillating *femme du monde*, and now for this sophisticated elderly gathering she was ingénue.

She greeted each of her father's guests, none of whom to Phineas' surprise she appeared to have met previously. He had been under the impression that most of them were intimate friends. When it came his own turn she lingered a moment.

"Papa has told me about the ring," she murmured, "and, of course, you must return it. That's what I get for going to a place which I knew to be off color. If the marquise says anything about reimbursement tell her it's not to be thought of. I'm going to give you something else."

"You are not!" Phineas contradicted. "I shall not accept it. You see, it's not as though I had saved you from drowning or carried you out of a burning house or something of the sort. What I did was opposed to all military ethics, and I want to forget about it and assume that we had met in a nicer way."

She did not appear to take offense at this straight speech; in fact, she looked rather pleased.

"You are right. I hadn't thought of it in that way! Will you come to see me to-morrow? There is something I want to tell you about."



"But I Am Not Joking, My Dear," Roared Rosenthal. "One Does Not Joke About Bolsheviki"

"My leave expires to-morrow night. I've got to report for demobilization. I'll call when I come back to town next week."

Olga nodded and went to the piano, at which Karakoff had already seated himself. She sang some short Russian folk songs, and Phineas was not surprised to find that she had a really excellent mezzo-contralto voice that showed finished training. Her father, too, was evidently a musician of more than amateur ability and rendered a few brief and difficult selections in masterly style.

Then feeling that his prospective employers might be glad of the opportunity to discuss him a little Phineas said good night and went out, to find it snowing hard and with a strong wind sweeping up from the bay. He started across Madison Square, breasting the storm, head down, the driving snow swirling in his face, but eyes protected by the visor of his cap. Halfway, he nearly collided with a big bulk which loomed suddenly against him, but catching a glimpse of its lower segment he swung sharply to one side. As he did so something whirred past his ear. There was a resounding thump, a startled grunt, a curse, and for a moment or two a violent scuffle.

Phineas halted and glanced round, to see a huge policeman grappling with a writhing figure which appeared to have collided with him. But before the astonished officer could clutch the man this latter spun about, ducked under the powerful arm, and the next instant had scurried off across the grass plot and disappeared in the murk. The policeman did not pursue but stood looking after him and cursing in a strong Hibernian accent.

"What the deuce ——" Phineas began.

"Y'have had a close shave, sor," growled the officer, peering at him curiously. "The guy was follyin' ye and let drive wit' a slung shot just as ye side-stepped. 'Twas on me chist he landed, dom 'im."

"Hurt you?"

"Divvle a bit, sor. Sure I was that surprised I could not grip the felly. 'Twas like tryin' to grip a cat, and him squirmin'. This town is fillin' up wit' thim Bullsheviki. A mon must mind his step."

Phineas thanked the policeman for his timely if inadvertent rescue, and went on his way in a very thoughtful frame of mind. It was the first time that he had ever been attacked and it struck him as more than odd that a thug should have picked out a young officer for his prey. For one thing such a victim would not be apt to have much money about him, and for another he might easily prove a dangerous person to tackle, being strong and active and in first-class training.

Was it possible, he wondered, that the motive of the gathering at Karakoff's apartment had leaked out, to reach the ears of the organization they were planning to uncover, and that the rendezvous had been under espionage? In this case it might be assumed that he was an officer of the Army Intelligence who had been detailed to investigate the business, though such a job would be properly not of the Army but of the Federal Secret Service. Still it was possible, and Phineas began to realize that his work might be destined to hold a considerable element of danger.

At an early hour the next morning Phineas telephoned Madame d'Irancy, who was stopping with her husband at the Ritz, and made an appointment to call upon her there at ten o'clock as he was leaving for camp on a midday train. The marquise received him cordially and said a number of complimentary things anent his flat refusal to accept any reimbursement for the purchase of the ring. He told her no more than he had Miss Melton, and assured her that the matter should be carefully investigated, then changed the topic and mentioned having met the Baron de Rosenthal. Her face lighted up for a moment, then clouded:

"The baron is very widely known and respected," said she. "His title was conferred by the Pope in recognition of his having saved a community of Bulgarian Christians from massacre in the Balkan War. Fancy a Jew receiving a title from the Vatican! But Monsieur de Rosenthal is *sui generis*. He knows everybody and enjoys the confidence of statesmen the world over. He is received by royalty. Did he tell you of his having given me the wonderful Sultana for my corbeil?" Her face assumed so tragic an expression that Phineas half guessed at some calamity in connection with this princely gift, and at his affirmative answer she asked: "Will you keep a secret, captain? I would not have the baron know for worlds."

Phineas promised.

"Well, I have lost it. That is to say, it was taken from me. When the war burst upon us I was at our château near St.-Mihiel. My mother-in-law was with us and had just undergone a serious operation and could not be moved. My husband was with his regiment in the Champagne. Well, the Germans occupied our château, where we remained throughout the war, and conducted themselves none too badly on the whole. They respected our privacy in that part of the house which we occupied until the very last, when you Americans made your wonderfully swift advance with also some of our own brave poilus.

"Then as we were expecting to be freed at any moment a German *Rittmeister* who was billeted with us burst into my room one night. He made an absurd apology, then said: 'Madame, I have learned that you have in your possession a celebrated diamond known as the Sultana. Denial is useless. We are now forced to evacuate this

place within an hour or two. You must give me this gem immediately. If you do so I shall withdraw my troops without molestation. If you refuse I shall respect neither your property nor your person.'

"What was I to do, monsieur? Since the occupation of our château by the enemy I had worn the Sultana day and night. It became immediately evident that he meant to carry out his threat. To save us all I gave him the diamond. He appeared to be a little ashamed, and muttered something about its being not for himself but for the Fatherland. Up to this time he had been very decent for a boche. Then he saluted and went out, and just before daylight they left the premises without doing any damage, as he had agreed. But they waited too long, for your wonderful Yankees were after them like hounds and about a kilometer from the château the boches were surrounded and killed. The *Rittmeister* who had my beautiful diamond was riddled with bullets. The Yankees did not stop but continued the pursuit. And that is probably the last that I shall ever see of the Sultana."

"Who searched the body?" Phineas asked.

"Some *brancardiers* who came up later, but a number of people from the town had already visited the place. We have made investigations, but with no result. We accuse nobody. For all we can tell he may have hid the diamond when he saw that capture was inevitable."

"I think that you are making a mistake not to tell the baron, madame," Phineas said.

"It would break his heart. What can he do? What can anybody do? If the Sultana was stolen it will have been recut by this time."

Phineas admitted the truth of this and expressed his sympathy for her loss. Shortly afterward he left, and as he turned his steps toward the railroad station he said thoughtfully to himself: "This thing of being a jewel hound opens up new fields of possibility with every passing day."

VII

A FEW days later Phineas, now a well-dressed civilian, got out of the train at the Grand Central Depot, having just come from the sanitarium in Westchester where his father was a patient.

In trying to study out some rational *modus operandi* for his campaign he had considered a variety of plans. But none of these was very satisfactory, and remembering Rosenthal's proffer of assistance he decided to call upon the baron and ask for criticism and advice. Not only had he been profoundly impressed by the unusual personality of the big Jew but what he had learned from Madame d'Irancy of the esteem in which he was so cosmopolitanly held gave him a confidence such as he did not feel for any of the others, Karakoff included.

It was five of the afternoon and the baron was in and desired him to be shown up immediately. On entering Phineas was welcomed with a roar, seized by the hand, clapped on the shoulder, then hurled into a chair and exhorted to join in a frontal attack upon the tiffin, which had just been served. The table drawn over to the window looked like the free-lunch counter of a fashionable bar in the good old days when such institutions existed. There was a samovar of tea which filled the room with a scent of roses, tea from the baron's own plantation and lugged about in air-tight tins.

Phineas thought he had never really known what tea was before.

His host now proceeded to hurl food at him with yells, and his manservant, a ravenlike person who clutched dishes in his talons, aided and abetted his master in this forced feeding. Phineas, who had a soldier's appetite, did not too violently resist. Then, stuffed to the muzzle with caviar and roll mops and pickled okra and kale and mayonnaise and deviled eggs and cassava wafers and a few other articles of unrestricted diet in a solution of weak but fragrant tea with no milk or sugar, Phineas leaned back panting while his host with a gurgle of repletion blew the raven out of the room and reached for a box which contained some black spinnaker-boom cigars.

"Vell—vell," said he, "so you are *démobilisé*, my poy." It is impossible to reproduce his diction, which was of a thick and guttural polyglot sort and did not suggest particularly any other tongue. "And now you are ready to go to vor-rk?"

"Ready so far as the will is concerned, baron. But I'm hanged if I can say so much about the way."

"Py chingo, I belief you! It is a funny business. Nefer mind. Efery business is funny to-day. We are living in a maelstrom—a *tourbillon*. The vor-rld is a stew pot and because they haf stopped shooting off cannon except for salutes they say we are at peace. We are so much at peace as the bowels of Vesuvius. The whole vor-rld is full of duds. Any day somet'ing terrible may happen."

Phineas agreed, and told of the attack made upon him in Madison Square. The big Czech looked ferociously grave.

"You must look out," said he. "You must go sidevays like a crab, ready to shoot in one direction or the other, and wit' all your feelers out. Now, my poy, a vor-rd of advice: Do not tell anybody anyt'ing, not even Karakoff. No doubt he is all right. I do not know much about him except that he is a Russian noble exiled many years ago ven he was in the army. He bought Petrovski's business not long ago.

"The others are good people—old established merchants. What is your plan? You haf not'ing to fear from old Isidor Rosenthal."

"I know that, baron."

"How do you know?"

"The Marquise d'Irancy told me what a great man you are."

Rosenthal's eyebrows went up an inch or two and his great laugh boomed out. "The sweet little marquise!" he brayed. "Sapristi, the poor child! Did she tell you about the r-rape of the Sultana? She t'inks I do not know. Let her. Perhaps you may find it some day. What is your plan?"

"It's not much good, baron, but it's all I can think of right off the bat. I thought I'd first try to get a billet as second or third officer on some ship running back and forth across."

"Can you qualify?"

"I think so. I was skipper of my little schooner yacht and have a master's papers."

"Good! I did not know you were a sailorman. And then?"

"Then when I'd got my billet I might locate one of these shady dealers they mentioned the other night and go to him and say: 'Look here, boss, I'm hep to this jewel-smuggling stuff that's going on, and I want some of it. One of my pals in another ship put me wise. I'm just the bird you guys need. I speak French and German and a little Dutch, and you can bank on me to get away with it.' If he turned me down I'd try somewhere else."

"And if he took you on?"

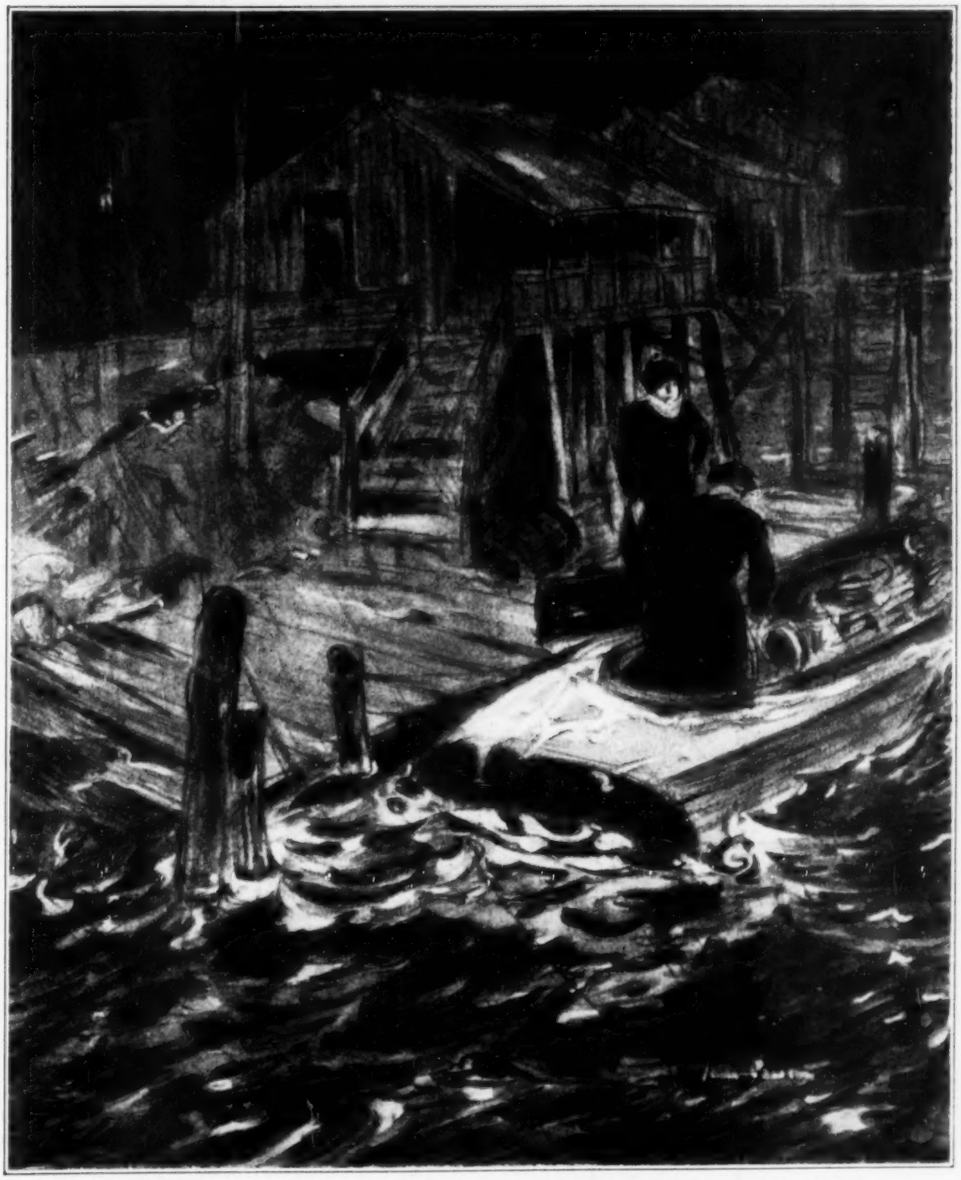
"That would be a start, and I might turn upsomething. It would take time, several trips probably, but I'd have signed on for a year. They've got to trust somebody, and a bankrupt gentleman that goes in for graft is pretty good stuff for such a game. I'd make no secret about who I was."

"Good!" Rosenthal let out a roar. "It is so good a plan as any other. Try it; and come and tell me how it vor-rks. But do not tell anybody else."

The telephone rang. Rosenthal picked up the instrument, listened, yelled into it and set it down with a sort of whoop.

"A lady reporter who vants to interview me. Do not go. She is

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The Motor Was a Simple and Powerful Affair. It Seemed to Phineas That it Ought to Kick the Shallow Tub Along at a Good Ten-Knot Gait

JUBILO

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XI

THERE was trouble in the air at Hardy's in the days that followed. Jubilo could feel its hovering presence, though outwardly all went smoothly enough. Rooker was waiting his time, Jubilo decided. Meanwhile he baited Hardy daily in covert ways, with smiling innuendoes and veiled threats. Jubilo and Rose were like spectators at a duel between the two—a duel in which no blows were struck save words.

In Hardy's voice and in his manner toward Rooker there was quiet confidence and strength; nevertheless, he made no answer to Rooker's gibes. Rooker, on the other hand, had somewhat the demeanor of a cat that plays with a mouse. He seemed absolutely sure of himself and sure of his ground. He seemed absolutely confident that he was Hardy's master; that he could strike the blow he planned whenever he chose to do so. Yet he delayed.

Jubilo began to wonder at this delay. He knew little enough of what lay back of this situation; he could only guess at the details. And he was perplexed. He knew Rooker was one of the train robbers; he had fair reason to believe, since Hardy protected Rooker, that Hardy was also one of them. He knew that Hardy had expected Rooker's coming, and that he and Rose had dreaded it. The rest he could only guess at. Rooker had come, yet he had done no harm. He did his share of the work about the place at a time when an extra hand was welcome; he kept on pleasant terms with Jubilo; he went out of his way to please Rose; and he no more than jested at Hardy's expense now and then. Jubilo knew these casual gibes were not what Hardy had feared. What, then? And why did not Rooker strike?

He found no answer to his questions. And the days went by. They set about the work of getting in a crop of alfalfa. Rooker in the beginning was as ready to help with this as he had been with the other work. Even Rose took a hand, for haying is a work that should be done swiftly. Hardy himself cut one morning an acreage that would take them half a day to rake and haul to the mow. That afternoon they worked at other things. And the next morning haying began in earnest.

The routine was the same on that day and on the others that were to follow. Rose drove the mowing machine to cut another patch, while the three men turned that which had been cut the day before, shaking it out of the doodles in which it had been piled for the night. At noon Rose stopped cutting, and she and Hardy drove the rakes that piled the day-old hay in long windrows. Then Hardy brought the wagon from the stable, and Jubilo and Rooker pitched the hay on while Hardy stowed the load. With each load they all went to the stable except Rose.

Hardy climbed into the mow, while Jubilo manipulated the big horse-power hay fork, and Rooker drove the horse that swept the hay up to the mow at Jubilo's command.

The first two days of this were hot, but there was a wind across the levels that cooled them and made the sun's heat bearable. The third day was muggy, and the earth was blanketed by a lifeless layer of damp and stagnant air. It was hard to breathe, and there was no satisfaction in breathing, no rush of new life from a deep-drawn inhalation. By midmorning Jubilo was sick with heat and fatigue, but he stuck to his guns, and it was Rooker who first showed the white feather. At eleven o'clock he quit.

"To hell with this!" he said sullenly. "I've had enough."

He looked at Hardy defiantly, as though challenging the other to protest.



Rose Slipped Past Him, Crying Out Softly, and Ran to Her Father

But Hardy only said: "That's all right, Bert. Go up to the house. Get in the shade. It's a hot day."

"You don't have to tell me it's hot," Rooker growled. "And if you guys had the brains to come in out of the rain you'd quit too."

Jubilo, who was always ready to cross Rooker on general principles, said amiably: "It's not raining, Bert."

Rooker's lips twisted back from his teeth. He was in an ugly humor, and he took a quick step toward Jubilo. For a moment the air was thick with passion. Then Rooker decided it was too hot a day to fight, and he laughed harshly and turned away and stumped off across the stubble toward the house.

At dinner Rose urged them not to work that afternoon. That day was a terrible one; the heat was of the sort to melt men's spines. But Hardy said gravely: "There's rain coming. We'll get the cut in." And there was no appeal from his decision.

Rooker, however, made no move to join them in the field that afternoon. He stayed at the house; and from the field Jubilo could see him in a chair tipped back against the wall on the front porch. After a while Rose joined him there, and Jubilo had to watch them talking together all that long afternoon. By suppertime he was ready to finish matters with Rooker at a word.

But the word did not come. Rose went out of her way to make him comfortable after the day's toil, and Rooker was apparently somewhat ashamed of his own weakness, and was on his best behavior. So the supper passed quietly and they rested in the evening, while a cool wind stirred as precursor of the rain.

They had broken two knives of the mower that morning on an unsuspected rock that jutted up through the black soil in the lower field. The spring floods must have laid it bare. The mower was out of commission, and Hardy said to Jubilo before he went to bed: "I'd like you to run in town and get some extra knives to-morrow."

Jubilo agreed. He was thinking this would be another hard and unpleasant journey through the rain. But when the rain came in the night it was only a shower that wetted the dust of the road, and the next day was sunny and bright.

Jubilo got the car ready before breakfast; and after he had eaten he went out to start. At the last minute Rooker asked amiably: "Mind if I come along, friend?"

Jubilo was delighted. He had disliked leaving Rooker alone with Rose and her father. Particularly Rose. He said "Jump in!"

"I feel like seeing the sights of the great city," Rooker told Hardy laughingly. "See you this evening, Judge. Ta-ta!"

He climbed in beside Jubilo; then Hardy gave Jubilo his final instructions, and the car roared and rattled and moved and slid more quietly down the hill to the road.

"Hit her up," Rooker said jovially. "Hit her up, friend. Me for the bright lights of Muskoka."

Jubilo was quite willing to make haste. He was hoping to be back at Hardy's by dinnertime. So he gave the car all she would take, and their gait became that of a tin can on the tail of a dog. They hit only the bumps in the road. They hopped from bump to bump with their own momentum; and more than once they were flung up against the top of the car by these jolts. A heavier machine would have disintegrated under that treatment; the flivver simply rattled on. Jubilo took a grim delight in watching Rooker hold to his hat; and once when they took a sharp turn so fast that they had to veer off the road into the grass to make the circuit he saw Rooker turn white and heard him swear with fright. He enjoyed seeing Rooker uncomfortable. Also, this speed had another virtue: it made conversation impossible. And Jubilo did not want to talk to Rooker. He wanted to hit the man. Anger was smoldering in him.

When they came into Muskoka at last Jubilo slowed down, and Rooker said good-naturedly: "You're some speed demon, friend."

"Speed?" Jubilo echoed. "Why, we never touched thirty."

"That's all right," Rooker told him. "But I'd rather go sixty in a real car than thirty in this fish basket. Say, let me out at the post office, will you?"

Jubilo nodded, slowing down as they approached the general store that handled the postal business.

"I'll be starting back in fifteen minutes," he said. "You be ready here?"

"Fifteen minutes!" Rooker protested. "I'm aiming to stay all day."

"Then you'll walk home."

Rooker considered. "No, I want to go back with you," he said. "Make it half an hour. I've got to get my mail and see a man; and I want to get a snifter. Have one? I know where you can get it."

Jubilo shook his head. "No, thanks. I'll pick you up here in half an hour."

Rooker agreed to that. "All right," he said. "Here or at the hotel."

Jubilo drove on to the hardware store. He was in there buying the knives for the mowing machine when he saw Rooker pass on the opposite side of the street. Directly opposite the hardware store Rooker met Sheriff Punt. And Jubilo saw him buttonhole the sheriff and lead him out of sight round the corner. That set Jubilo's thoughts

to racing. What did Rooker want with the *sheriff*? Sheriff Punt was one man Jubilo would have expected Rooker to avoid. Instead, Rooker had sought talk with him, had disappeared in his company!

Jubilo hurried out and went in the direction they had gone, but they had disappeared. So he drove to the garage for supplies for the car, matched a bit of dress material which Rose had given him, then went back to the post office to wait for Rooker.

He had been more than half an hour about his own errands; but he was not surprised that Rooker was late. Rooker was not there when he arrived; he did not come in the next fifteen minutes; nor in the next. When Rooker was forty minutes late Jubilo set out to find him; and he was hot and angry at the delay. He had thought of going back without Rooker. But that might displease Hardy, and it would certainly displease Rooker. So he set out to hunt the other.

If there had been a saloon he would have looked there first of all; but there was none. The state was dry, the traffic was clandestine. Jubilo knew where it was carried on; but he thought Rooker might be in one of the pool rooms, so he tried them first; tried first of all that one where he had seen Rooker in the beginning of their acquaintance.

Rooker was not there, nor in the others, nor had he come to the post office during Jubilo's search. There remained only that obscure back room behind a certain restaurant, where with the knowledge of all concerned a certain amount of liquor was sold. Sheriff Punt, like every other man in town, knew this place existed. But public sentiment permitted its existence and the sheriff did not feel called upon to interfere.

Jubilo went there. He was no stranger to the place. He had had money in his pocket when he first came to Muskoka—a few dollars, enough for an entrance fee. He went in through the restaurant and asked if Rooker was in the back room, and the fat man in a greasy apron who served diners there told him to go right on in and see for himself.

Jubilo went along the passage. By the shut door he stopped for an instant, at sound of Rooker's loud voice upraised in speech.

He heard Rooker say: "Yea, bo, she's some little Rosie!"

And someone laughed at him: "You're a hell of a marrying man."

Rooker countered: "Who said anything about marrying? She'll fall for me without ——"

Then Jubilo opened the door and, stepping into the room, closed it behind him. He was cold and still; but there was something in his eyes that made the three men in the room freeze in their seats. Only Rooker scrambled to his feet. He was on his feet when Jubilo moved toward him.

That was, they say, a fight worth seeing, and worth telling about. The men were evenly matched. Rooker was slightly the bulkier, slightly the stronger; and he was in condition on a par with that of Jubilo. Jubilo had the advantage of some measure of ancient training in fisticuffs to balance Rooker's strength; and Jubilo was thrice armed by the justice of his cause.

They stopped when they were within two paces of each other, and Jubilo said evenly: "Tell them you lied."

Rooker laughed. "How do you know I lied?"

Jubilo moved one hand a little, as though to brush aside the quibble. "I'll give you five seconds," he said.

Then Rooker opened the fight. He sprang in and struck twice. But Jubilo was ready for him. His left hand tapped Rooker's elbow, breaking the force of one blow; his right shoulder blocked the other. And as Rooker recovered his balance Jubilo's right fist struck out like a lance and landed fairly on Rooker's mouth, so that the blood spurted from his crushed lips and smeared his face, and he roared with pain and came in again.

The other men in the room had no love for Rooker, but they did love a fight. They stood back to watch, and others came in from the restaurant, and Jubilo began to pick Rooker to pieces with sharp jolting blows to face and to body, which Rooker could not parry and could not dodge.

Jubilo was deadly cool; he knew exactly what he meant to do. Rooker was desperate with rage and with the pain of Jubilo's blows, and his own desperation weakened him. When he tried to close Jubilo rocked his head with blow on blow; when he tried to retreat Jubilo followed him relentlessly. At the end of one minute of whirlwind fighting he sent Rooker half across the room with a jab into the body that doubled the man in an agony of pain. He followed, and this time Rooker managed to close with him. Jubilo forced him a little back with his left hand, whipped his right up between them and caught Rooker under the chin in a fashion that was near breaking Rooker's neck. Rooker let go and wabbled backward, and Jubilo stabbed him with another right-hand blow that dropped him, quivering and gasping, on the floor.

In the moment after Rooker went down Jubilo looked round at those who watched. And he strode toward the men who had been in the room with Rooker.

"You're a dirty pair, to listen to that rat," he said quietly. "This is what I think of you."

He slapped them with open hands, one after the other. One took the blow and backed away, the other tried to resent it and Jubilo knocked him down. He dragged at his pocket, and Jubilo pinned him and took his gun, and dropped the weapon into the pocket of his own coat.

Rooker was stirring by this time, and Jubilo turned back to him and dragged him up to his knees, finger and thumb gripping the back of the man's neck.

"You lied," he said evenly.

Rooker twisted and swore and tried to get to his feet, but Jubilo tightened his grip and Rooker groaned with the agony of it.

"You lied," said Jubilo again.

And Rooker screamed like a parrot: "I lied! I lied! I lied!"

Jubilo loosed him, and he got up weakly and stood swaying on his feet.

"Now," said Jubilo, "listen carefully. I'm going home. I don't want you out there. Do you understand?"

Rooker tried to defy him. "You've not got the say of it," he swore. "I'll come when I choose."

"All right," said Jubilo. "Come when you choose. But the day you come, I tell you now, and I mean what I say, I'll kill you like a dog."

Rooker said with an effort at a jeering tone: "I'll cut your claws. You can't talk like that to me."

"The day you come," said Jubilo, "I'll kill you. Come when you choose."

He said no more. He turned and went out through the restaurant to the street. Five minutes later he was on his way to Hardy's, the rattling car bouncing along the rutted road.

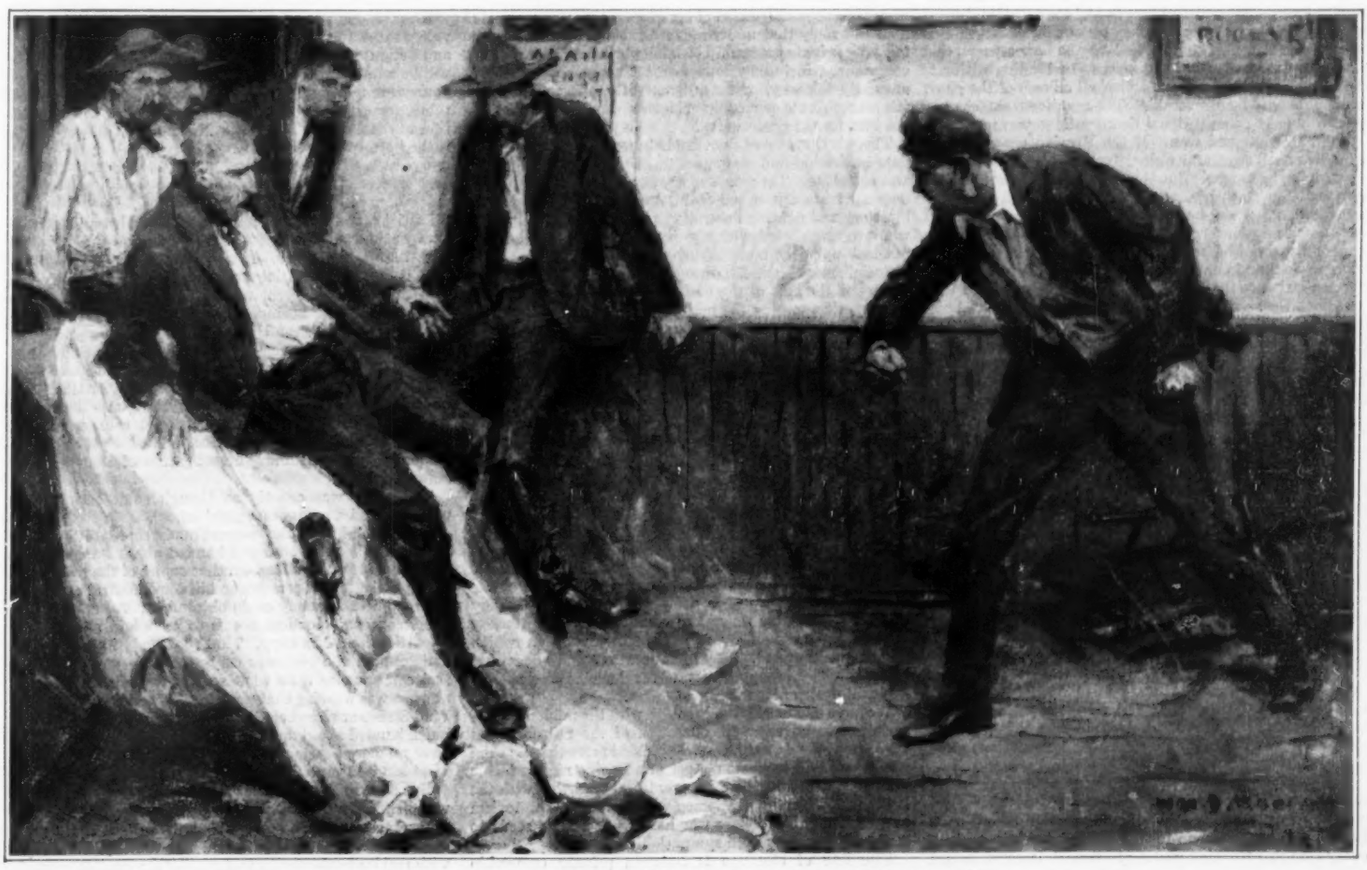
He was happier than he had ever been before.

XII

JUBILO did a great deal of thinking on that homeward ride. He had many things to think about. There was something in him that was singing with elation, elation that he had fought for Rose, and fought worthily, and won. For a time he could not think at all because this singing happiness so possessed him. He had fought before, but never in so good a cause.

He had gone two or three miles of the way before his thoughts cleared. Then he began to wonder. And there were many circumstances to puzzle him.

(Continued on Page 113)



At the End of One Minute of Whirlwind Fighting He Sent Rooker Half Across the Room

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 12, 1919

Thistle Sowing

RUSSIA could have thrown off the Romanoff tyranny in 1905. War with Japan had disclosed its unbelievable incompetence and corruption. The stupid massacre of workmen peasants on Bloody Sunday had occurred. Strikes half paralyzed industry. Progresively the country drifted into a state of revolt and confusion approximating that of 1916. All conditions of men, save the bureaucrats, were united in opposition to an intolerable government. In October the Czar surrendered and issued his famous manifesto granting political liberty and constitutional government—freedom of conscience, of speech, of assembly, universal suffrage to be arranged by the new representative legislative body, no future law to be binding without the consent of that body, to which all officers of the government should be answerable. The manifesto sketched a ground plan of constitutional democratic government.

The battle seemed won. If the Russian people could have remained firm and united for even a short time it would have been won. But they could not. Immediately irreconcilable socialists, working partly through a new organ called Soviets, began sowing division because they were much more interested in their class war than in the war for Russian liberation, much more eager to down the bourgeoisie than to down the Czar. The result was to split the opposition to the Czar, drive a very influential part of it back to the support of the government, hand the whole country over once more to the odious bureaucracy and set the stage for the frightful tragedy of the next decade.

That is no bourgeoise, or capitalistic, picture of what happened. It is the picture drawn by the well-known socialist, John Spargo, in his indictment of the Bolsheviki.

The tragedy which that class-war division of the Russian people prepared in 1905 reached a climax eleven years later, when tens of thousands of betrayed Russian peasants and workmen fell before the Germans. In March, 1917, the rotten bureaucracy collapsed. But before that, leaders of the irreconcilable socialists had been using every means to spread mutiny in the Russian Armies, though as the case then stood mutiny could mean only a swift victory for Germany and a vigorous Prussian tyranny in the place of the dying Romanoff tyranny. The March revolution set up a government honestly pledged to free speech, free press and the convocation of a national assembly, elected by free universal suffrage, to frame a constitution.

At once the irreconcilables set about to thwart and undermine it. The Imperial German Government knew exactly what it was about when in this juncture it gave Lenine—then an exile in Switzerland—free passage across Germany so he could reach Petrograd and play its game there by sowing class-war distractions among the people and attacking the revolutionary government.

That government was presently succeeded by the more radical one of Kerensky—pledged to sweeping land reform, a constituent assembly and a liberal program throughout. Lenine and his followers fought it at every turn and by every means, preaching mutiny to the soldiers and hatred of the bourgeoisie to workmen. Allied diplomacy has been accused of failing to support the Kerensky government, but it was the Bolsheviki who wrecked it—"precisely because they saw it was loyally and intelligently carrying out the program of the revolution. . . . They did not want the ideals of the revolution to be realized, for the simple reason that they were opposed to those ideals."

They wanted no constituent assembly freely elected by universal suffrage; they wanted no democracy; their leaders frankly said so. They wanted a dictatorship managed by themselves, because the only thing they were really interested in was their class war and complete destruction of the bourgeoisie, or property-owning class. For the sake of that they were cheerfully ready to wreck everything else in the world.

Again, that is no capitalistic picture, but John Spargo's, whose words are quoted above.

That is more or less an old story now, and a Russian story. But it is worth some American repetition, because class war and the division of society into two hostile camps, the first purpose of one being the destruction of the other, is the very crux of socialism. Gentler socialists, like Mr. Spargo, propose to do it peacefully, gradually, with humane anæsthetics during the operation. But class war is the crux of it.

Nowadays a traceable line of cleavage is running nearly everywhere—wide and bloody in Russia; elsewhere often narrowing down to a little pink-silk thread, yet traceable. It is the line between socialism and private ownership of property. It pleases a good many people to do a two-step back and forth across that line. Without exactly going over they like to flirt with the other side.

North Dakota is one example. That is predominantly a community of farmers—mostly pretty prosperous farmers too. They have socialized a number of industries, substituting public ownership and state management for private ownership and management. Ask any orthodox socialist how capitalism, or private ownership of productive property, most injuriously affects the common man in North Dakota and he will at once reply: "Why, through private ownership of land. A man without capital cannot go freely upon the land, apply his labor to it and claim the product. He must pay the capitalist owner a rent or else sell the capitalist owner his labor power for whatever wages he can get." And he will probably quote from Henry George that private ownership of land is the most odious and oppressive of all private ownerships.

At the last Federal census there were about seventy-five thousand farm owners in North Dakota. If the North Dakota example is to inspire any such enthusiasm for socialism as socialists predict, nonowners of farms will presently be proposing socialization of land too. Farm owners would no doubt reply that under a democratic government with fair laws private ownership of land works out best for the community, including nonowners. Then socialists would naturally ask why, under a democratic government with fair laws, private ownership of elevators and flour mills was not best for the community.

There is that line of cleavage between capitalism, or private ownership and management of productive property, and socialism. There is the wheat and the thistle. One may cultivate a little bed of thistles to admire their pretty blossoms and floating floss. But wheat-growing neighbors who are acquainted with the properties of the weed will not look upon the undertaking with favor.

Socialism is a thistle. Democracy, as Lincoln understood it, meant the rule of the majority, not because the common man composing the majority is exceptionally wise or learned, but because he is mainly sensible, kind, industrious, and means to be just. In any civilized community there will be a few men who are more competent to deal with any given problem of government than the common man is. But as Lincoln said, no man is good enough to rule another. Rule by a majority is best because the common sense and good will of the mass will give, by and large, the fairest government; also, in the long run, the most intelligent government, for though one autocrat may be a Cæsar the next may be a Nero.

But socialism proposes to teach the common man animosity. It has no use for him as a kind and tolerant person. His first qualification as a socialist is hostility to fellow citizens who are differently circumstanced. He is enlisted in an implacable war waged by one part of the community upon another part. Gentler socialists may denounce Lenine as they please; all the same he literally applied the original doctrines of class war, on which socialism is founded. They have great reason to denounce him, for his literal application of the doctrine disclosed its frightful destructiveness.

We have had our little adventure with the milder form of socialism in government operation of the railroads and wire lines. We do not like it. It yielded more thistles than good grain. There is no danger of a Lenine régime in the United States; but there is a great deal of flirting with the Lenine idea. Many gentlemen who denounce Bolshevism and even deprecate class war have some thistle seeds to sow—and to water with sympathetic tears.

The line of cleavage is between private ownership and management of productive property and socialism. Democracy is on one side of that line and class war on the other. There are plenty of attempts to confuse the issue, as by saying there is no difference in principle between public regulations of railroad rates or child-labor laws and outright public management of railroads and factories. But common sense can see the difference easily enough.

Do not flirt with the enemy. Attacks on the institution of private property play Lenine's game. The class-war notion is implicit in them, for they always carry the suggestion that part of the community has taken an unconscionable advantage of another part. Of all the patter of the "intellectuals" the silliest is their constant deprecation of the bourgeoisie, as though anybody in the United States who owns property needed to be apologized for—at the very best, as though we were a good-hearted, dull soul, but unfortunately addicted to drink or kleptomania.

With almost negligible exceptions nobody in the United States will accept socialism in the form of a hundred-dollar bill. Look out for the fellows who are always trying to pass it as small change.

The Mississippi Valley Association

HERE is a territory containing about two-thirds of the nation's farm acreage; producing three-quarters of its wheat and cattle, more than four-fifths of its corn, hogs, iron ore; about seventy per cent of its cotton and petroleum; more than half the soft coal and wool; nearly half the lumber. It contains also a huge manufacturing industry. It has no deserts, no great barrens. Looked at offhand, one would say it was about all right as it stood, and needed associating, organizing, developing or reclaiming rather less than any other extensive region on the globe.

Nevertheless, it has an association, which held its first annual convention at Chicago not a great while ago, and there is very much for that association to do. For one obvious thing this valley has the greatest river system in the world. At present its rivers do comparatively little good except for scenery, and a great deal of harm, periodically, by floods. Naturally the association wants to turn that vast natural asset to better account. In spite of a cultivated farm acreage larger than the area of most nations, there are great tracts that can be reclaimed for cultivation, other tracts that can be made more fertile. Compared with what it might produce of goods that men and women want, what it now produces is only a fair start.

The valley association is a good thing. To make the men and women who live there more conscious of their common interests and common possibilities is a fine thing. That is not sectionalism. The river system, for example, will become more useful in proportion as the people of the valley think about it, talk about it, press for rational study and action; and a more useful river system in the valley will be a national asset. To have a lively consciousness of yourself in relation to the town in which you live is a good thing, for a true consciousness involves that town's relation to the nation. The better Mississippi Valleyer a man is the better American he is.

Hysterical Senators

YOU know that very few congressional sessions have ever had more weighty and pressing business to deal with than this one has. It was clear when Congress met that if the most pressing and important of that business got transacted this year neither house had any time to waste. The first business was this peace settlement—involving much for the United States and the world.

Congress duly convened; school was in session; then two senators said somebody in Wall Street had a copy of the treaty. At once all was confusion and distraction. The poor Senate could not attend to anything else for two or three days until it had clamored, charged, countercharged, butted, rebutted and surrebutted, and finally ordered an elaborate time-consuming investigation of that startling statement.

The effect was exactly as though some mischievous urchin loosed a mouse in a girls' school.

It was well known that a great many copies of the peace treaty had been printed and handed about among scores of people. It was well known that copies of the treaty had been published in Germany and in some neutral countries, where almost anybody could obtain one. An enterprising American correspondent seems to have had no difficulty in getting hold of a copy. That somebody in Wall Street had got hold of a copy was very probable—and of no more real consequence than what sort of necktie the sergeant at arms was wearing that morning. Whether somebody in Wall Street or elsewhere had got a copy of a document so much handed about and accessible in so many places could have no more bearing on the world-peace settlement than what kind of paper it was printed on.

But as soon as somebody said "Wall Street" the Senate was helplessly bumped off the track, and newspaper columns were filled with gosip utterly irrelevant to the great question before the Senate and the country. A Senate with real leadership and a real sense of responsibility would not behave that way.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

Hit or Miss Transportation

IT IS QUITE certain that no single line of business recorded a greater advance or was benefited more by the war than the mobile transportation industry. Heretofore little or no thought was given to the kind or class of vehicles that a corporation purchased. Transportation was not viewed as an actual science and accorded careful engineering attention. The distribution of haulage and carrying trucks was accomplished almost wholly through smart salesmanship rather than by a comparison of merits.

Company officials to-day are better posted in transportation matters and are subjecting this phase of our industrial life to a bit of microscopic scrutiny. The large percentage of the final cost of a commodity that is represented by transportation charges is startling to the uninitiated individual. The lessons of the war have caused managers to know that there is something more than simply deciding between a horse and a motor truck. The time has arrived when transportation data and detailed cost figures are going to play an important part in the selection of carrying equipment. In the future there will not be so much wealth to cover waste; company officials will do not what they want to do, but what they must do.

It is good news to learn that one of our universities has decided to install a chair of transportation engineering and give a degree to those who complete the course. All of this heralds a new era in mobile transportation that will substitute science for guessing. People will come to know that speed is more often a liability than an asset when carried beyond certain prescribed limits. One state already has recognized this fact and charges double the fees for vehicles that are rated to exceed a certain speed. In the matter of highway wear weight is a less important factor than velocity. Poundage on a road increases as the square of the speed. For example, a truck going eight miles an hour is moving only twice as fast as one traveling four miles, but it is a fact that the destructiveness of the faster-moving vehicle is four times as great as that of the slower-moving truck. Yes, the subject is one worth study.



Mr. Lane's Philosophy is That of Hope, of Cheer and of Confidence

Engineers Seek Recognition

AN ORGANIZED effort is being made by the engineering profession of the country to establish a department of public works of the Federal Government. Realizing the difficulties surrounding any attempt to create a new Cabinet place, the engineers will conduct a campaign to adapt one of the existing departments to their needs.

The Secretary of the Interior has already under his direction more members of the engineering profession than has any other man. By eliminating two bureaus the Interior Department as now constituted would be entirely an engineering activity. The plan also is to add to it certain engineering bureaus now under other departments. Then by the simple process of changing the department's name the engineers would attain representation in the Cabinet and would obtain what they hold is a too-long-deferred recognition of their profession by the Federal Government.

The plan, however, runs counter to the engineer corps of the Army, which has aspirations to take over most of the Government's engineering work.

War Lessons in Fundamentals

THE evils of war can never be justified, but that does not mean the recent months of strain and sorrow left us with no inheritances of value. Down in Washington for more than a year was a small army of dollar-a-year men. These volunteers were largely made up of the nation's leading employers. While serving Uncle Sam they necessarily forgot about themselves, and their narrow private view was enlarged into a vision that was world-wide. All these men have seen the light. They know that the business man of to-morrow must live and serve as a statesman and trustee, not as a private individual. They realize that heretofore business has fallen short, and upon returning to their local interests in the various states these men have started the diffusion of new ideas. The home folks are being told that in this new era success will depend on foresight. The business man will have to do as the aviator does—instinctively meet a wave current before it hits him.

As for the lessons the war taught labor, none exceeds in value those that have caused workmen generally to abandon the old ideas of restriction of output. Even in Europe the union leaders themselves have taken a decided stand against these old theories. Only the radicals who are seeking to revolutionize society continue to hold to the belief that increased production is wholly for the benefit of the capitalist. The level-headed workers are spreading the gospel that the nation must produce in order to live. They have mastered the most important fundamental, which is that the employee cannot share in what is not produced. It is dangerous to cultivate the idea that by doing less one can have more.

The Cost of Ignorance

THE first step in correcting an evil is to acknowledge its existence. Almost everyone has learned recently that in the United States we have 8,000,000 people who cannot read the language of our country. We were still more surprised to find that 400,000 men out of the first 1,600,000 called under the draft had to be taught to write their names upon the pay roll. Notwithstanding this startling degree of illiteracy in the world's greatest democracy, there are those among us in positions of power who appear to view the situation as a matter of course.

Can it be that anyone fails to understand fully the consequences of ignorance to industry? If there be any such let them ponder certain facts submitted by the director of the United States Bureau of Mines. This government official views the matter strictly in the cold light of a purely business proposition. He explains that despite unusual efforts American mining has the greatest death rate of any of the civilized countries, and though this is partly due to the high pressure under which the American miner works another important cause is the large employment of ignorant foreigners who cannot read or write any language. Precautionary rules and safety guides in the mines are of no value to such men.

The investigations of the director indicate that the non-English-speaking foreigners suffer twice the fatalities that the English-speaking miners do. This means an excess of 930 non-English-speaking foreigners killed each year unnecessarily. If the average state compensation is $3000 the annual economic loss to the country through this condition alone is $2,790,000. On the same basis the excess of non-English-speaking miners injured each year amounts to 69,750 men. These workmen suffer a loss in wages of nearly two million dollars, which is entirely aside from the losses to industry through decreased production.

Right now the illiterate element in our outlying mining camps is being herded into the corral of radicalism by energetic disciples of unrest. Ignorance in America is a serious menace and should be corrected with all possible speed.

The Question of Building

INDIVIDUALS and industries in this country are waiting for an intangible something to happen before they proceed with building operations. According to the Dow Service the nation is forty-six per cent under-built. This same authority believes that "the prices of materials will rule at present levels for the remainder of the year, with total construction from forty to sixty per cent of normal.

"By next spring construction work will have a representation of between fifty and seventy per cent of normal, slacking off as the presidential election approaches. By 1922 the condition of construction in this country will have been so aggravated by the backwardness of builders that speculation will force a stampede of prices and building work that will be wholly unprecedented."

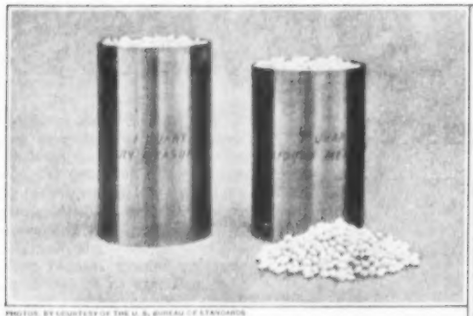
Of the 6,000,000 laborers in America who could return to their native shores, more than 1,500,000 have already gone or are getting ready to go. They are now embarking from New York at the rate of one thousand a week. Skilled laborers who assemble the materials into a building are amply available, but factory workers to carry on the manufacture of supplies are scarce. Yards in New York, for instance, have less than a one-third normal supply of lumber on hand. Of more than one hundred brick plants in a famous Eastern district, less than seventy will be able to operate at all this year, and of those that do work the output will be not more than fifty per cent of normal. The production of glass and cement in 1919 likewise promises to be on a half-time basis, while most of the country's fabricating steel mills now have less than twenty per cent of their mill capacity contracted for.

All of this forecasts an unparalleled situation in the building markets next year. The natural conclusion is that construction work can be done cheaper to-day than in 1920, or for years to come. The builder now can at least get deliveries, and that will be far from possible when the coming transportation shortage due to lack of rolling stock and motive power becomes a serious reality.

Secretary Lane's Remedy

OF ALL the members of the President's Cabinet in Washington there is no one who better typifies the optimistic spirit of America than does the Secretary of the Interior. His philosophy is that of hope, of cheer and of confidence; but he recognizes that as a nation we are not perfect and is happy in the belief that we never shall be perfect. The nation that has reached a stage where it no longer advances retrogrades. The people who have come to that point where they are incapable of change and of making progress are no longer of use to this world. America is the incarnate spirit of adventure, and if we lose that idea we no longer breathe the atmosphere of our country.

"We must decline to adopt all plans that lay down hard-and-fast rules for controlling our lives, industries or commerce," said Mr. Lane. "We must look forward all the time to another foothill beyond the one which we have climbed. We are the product of pioneers and our minds must be challenged every moment by the mystery of that land beyond.



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE U. S. BUREAU OF STANDARDS

Here We See the Shortage That Occurs When a Liquid Quart is Used Instead of a Dry Quart



A Five-Gallon Measure Showing a Three-Gallon Can Inside. The Purchaser Gets a Delivery Forty Per Cent Short



Do Not Guess. Use Graduated Capacity Measures in the Kitchen

"And we are still filled with the desire for adventure," continued Secretary Lane. "I am building a railroad in Alaska, five thousand miles from here, and I have ten times as many applications for employment there as I have jobs to give. That same spirit which caused the Pilgrims to cross the Atlantic must not die in us or we shall decay and decline.

"But there is something else in the United States besides adventure; something more than physical resources. There is an active live conscience, a conscience that demands a square deal for all men. I am not satisfied with the justice of our commercial system. There is something in us superior to the cold line of reason, and that is the warm flame of passion. We love our fellow man and will fight for him until he has opportunity to be himself. But we must not discard all the things that have been taught us by experience, for that is revolution, and our only need is that every opportunity be given for careful, sensible changes through evolution.

"The time has come to look at home conditions, even though we may take the profoundest interest in world affairs. Therefore, while we discuss Russia let us not be so far-sighted that we fail to see the things that are near at hand. A responsibility now rests upon us that did not exist before. We must show to the nations across the ocean that when we change we do so along a pathway that has been laid down. We must make it clear that we advance along lines that have been marked out, not in theory but in the footsteps of the lessons of history.

"Our boys are coming back and will continue to come. They have fought to give democracy her opportunity in this country, and now they want their own chance in the United States. I have forty thousand letters from soldiers who want to settle on farms, and though we have no longer any great body of public lands that can be given to the men there are in this country hundreds of millions of acres of unused lands, and I don't believe in slacker lands any more than in slacker men. We have swamp lands as rich as all the rivers that carry alluvial can make them. There are also cut-over lands, deserted farms and wide stretches of desert that may be irrigated.

"In the South we have a great area of land along our coastal plain which has hardly been touched by man. This territory has fifty-five inches of rainfall and comprises a district which—if drained, cleared and fenced—would provide splendid home farms for many returned soldiers. Likewise in our Northern country there are hundreds of deserted farms and great bodies of cut-over land stretching all the way from Maine to Missouri. These acres can also be developed with profit.

"We now have the chance to turn the current that has been moving for so many years from the country to the city. When I was a boy seventy per cent of our people lived on the farms. To-day this is almost reversed. And mind you, we ask for only enough land to keep up with the growing population that must be fed. We would enter no new competition against the farmer that is.

"What we plan is to take one hundred thousand acres in each state and in the center of this area put a model village. Near this settlement we would group farms in small lots and have good roads from the farms to the church and the school. There would also be telephones and a man upon the project to guide our new farmers in the changes of crops that should be had and the kind of fertilizer that should be used.

"These farms would be worked along the lines of similar developments in Denmark. All produce would be disposed of on a coöperative plan. Such a scheme would revolutionize farming in the United States. The women would have a back fence to talk over and the children good schools to go to. The insane asylums in many states are filled with the wives of farmers who saw fit to isolate themselves upon 160 acres of government land. This age demands a social mixing.

"The Canadian Government in meeting a similar situation has not stood shivering with uncertainty. She gives her returning boys the opportunity to buy five thousand dollars' worth of land, allows them twenty-five hundred dollars in cash to build a house and fences, and advances them a thousand dollars to stock the land. Here in the United States, the richest nation on earth, we find it difficult to get five thousand dollars for each man as compared with Canada's eighty-five hundred dollars. Some members of Congress have argued that we have spent so much in war there is nothing left to spend in peace. These legislators, however, overlook the fact that the time to spend money is now, when things are critical. Let us save the situation if we have to put the last dollar into the pot.

"European nations add to their territory by spending billions of money and millions of lives. Here we have a way to add to our territory as much as seven times the size of the state of Virginia, and without shedding a drop of blood or breaking a mother's heart."

Aiding the Honest Merchant

IN VARIOUS states local inspection service has revealed a condition of widespread fraud in the weighing and measuring of goods sold to the household. This situation is encouraged by the public's lack of interest and deficiency of knowledge regarding the advantages of using a few simple and inexpensive measuring appliances which should be a part of the equipment in every home. The progress of precision has been slower in the average household than anywhere else. We still speak of a handful of sugar or a pinch of salt when it would be just as easy and far more satisfactory to specify a definite amount and thus remove the uncertainties of success in home operations. If the preparation of food in a large factory must be based on an exact science in order to succeed is it not advisable to use equal care if we want to attain efficiency in the home?

A great many people otherwise intelligent know almost nothing of the units that enter into the purchase of ninety per cent of our household supplies. They do not know that the ounce in the drug store is not the same as the ounce used in the grocery store, even when the same article is purchased. They also are not aware that the fluid ounce differs from both the others, and is not a weight at all. If we would all take more interest in the quantity and quality of the merchandise delivered, instead of giving our whole attention to the prices asked, the

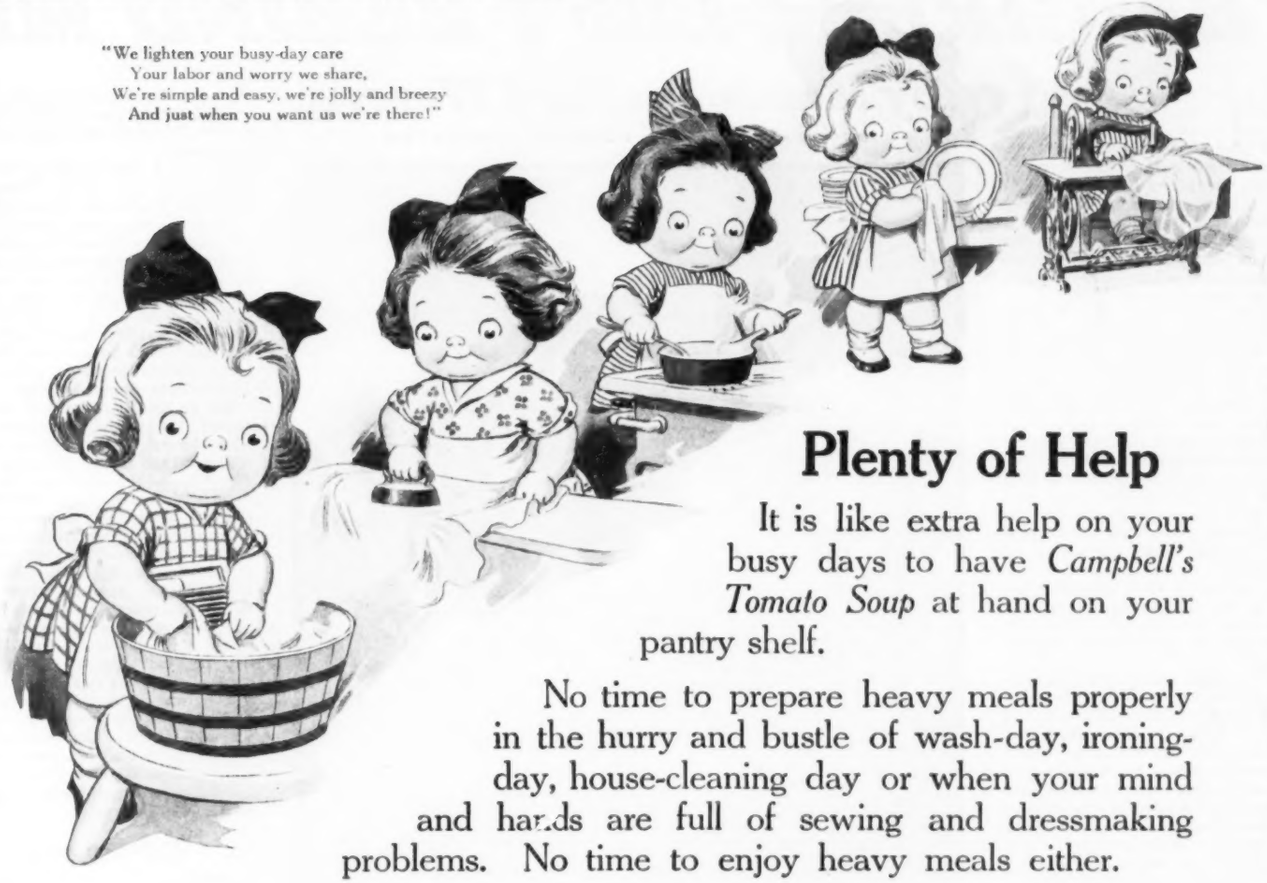
(Concluded on Page 82)



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A Household Equipment Suggested for Checking Commodities Purchased. It is Also Adapted to Many Other Uses

"We lighten your busy-day care
Your labor and worry we share,
We're simple and easy, we're jolly and breezy
And just when you want us we're there!"



Plenty of Help

It is like extra help on your busy days to have *Campbell's Tomato Soup* at hand on your pantry shelf.

No time to prepare heavy meals properly in the hurry and bustle of wash-day, ironing-day, house-cleaning day or when your mind and hands are full of sewing and dressmaking problems. No time to enjoy heavy meals either.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

That's your answer. The best part of a light wholesome luncheon or supper ready for your table in three minutes without cooking or fuss.

Simply add hot milk, and you have a rich, palatable Cream of Tomato which yields fifty per cent more nourishment than milk itself.

Add boiled rice or noodles, or plain bread-and-butter. And you have almost a meal.

Order it by the dozen or the case and have it handy.

21 kinds 12c a can



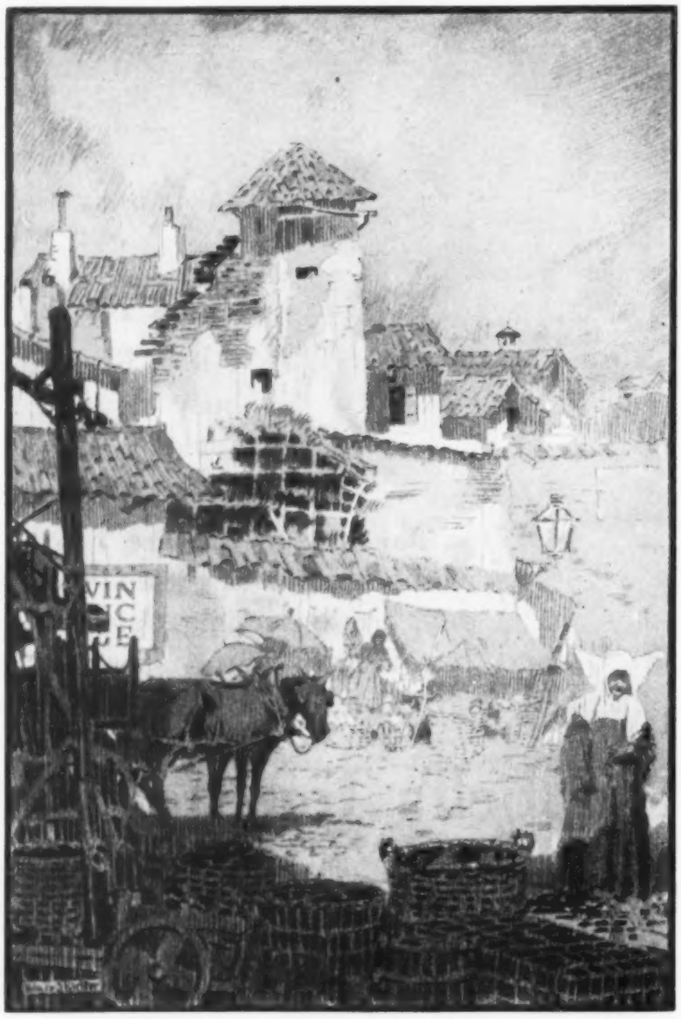
Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE GIRLS I LEFT BEHIND ME

By Maude Radford Warren

DECORATIONS BY WILMER S. RICHTER



IT'S a good season just now for love making—whether it rains or shines. There are thousands of leaf-walled lovers' lanes all over the country which Nature has constructed; and where she has not, the lovers have constructed them in street cars or staircases—any little old place. If you went eavesdropping—which you don't need to do, for you know just what they say, since there is no originality in love making—you'd hear the same old lovers' litany.

And yet you'd hear it with a difference this year, for so many thousands of these lovers are soldiers. You'd hear the litany with a difference, because it's as if they had come back from the dead. There is an especial ecstasy about the emotion back of their stumbling commonplace words. For the ordinary lover takes love as a miracle indeed, but as a miracle which is somehow his right. Not so these soldiers; they know that every good thing they get out of life is, as they would put it, clear velvet. It is not a common right; it's a piece of joyful luck.

The girls—but every girl takes her especial mating chance as a miracle which is not her right, rather something wafted from the angels—until she's had it about a week. Then she wonders why there isn't more miracle, and all unconsciously tries to absorb her lover completely into the rainbow-colored gulf of love. He comes under so gladly that she believes she has done it too, despite the lovers' quarrels, which, if she only could see it, always start because she has somehow tried to possess him entirely. The reconciliations, however, keep her from seeing it, and it is not until she is married that she begins to look on her miracle as a right; and unless she is a pretty good sport she makes the most of that right.

Typical Talk

BUT just now the girls, though they haven't been overseas, share the special ecstasy of the soldiers. The long suspense is over. The man is back. Both man and girl are savoring to the full that moment of experience when one can't believe the wonder is real—and yet knows it is. Pick out some park bench, get behind the enlaced lovers and listen. This is a sample of the first-night-after-arrival conversation:

"Are you happy, deary?" she asks.

"Gee, kid, you bet you! I sure did think I'd never see you again."

"Would you been sorry?"

"You know the answer to that. Would you?"

"I believe I'd have died too."

A little interlude which proves they are both very much alive.

Then he says: "I've been so close to death sometimes that you couldn't put a nickel between it and me. Fellows killed right beside me."

"I guess you've seen some awful sights," she shudders.

But she says it without invitation. She doesn't want him to talk about the awful sights; he's to talk about themselves.

"I guess I have seen some awful sights," he replies soberly.

She hasn't the remotest notion of what is passing through his mind. But that, for the present, doesn't matter, because all she has to do is to press her cheek against his, and she can wipe those pictures out of his mind. The result of them on his character cannot be wiped out, but that also, for the present, does not matter. Nothing matters but the two of them, so full of life and hope and love.

But she wants to get on with the litany.

"Did you think of me a lot over there? I bet you forgot all about me."

"Forgot you, kid! Why, darling, it was only the thoughts of you that kept me going—thinking that you were true to me over here and that I was coming back to you. It was you that won the war for me."

Because they both believe that, there is another interlude.

"But say, deary," she resumes, "about those French girls. They must be awfully attractive or there wouldn't be so much said about it. They say they have so much style, and they're so very pretty. Did you know any of them?"

"Oh, a passing acquaintance, maybe. You know, I don't know as much French as I pretend to the folks."

"Well, I don't suppose you could get very far without words," she concedes.

He grins in the darkness and holds to the gold of silence.

"But didn't any of them know any English?" she persists.

"Maybe a word here and there."

"But tell me, deary, did you think they were pretty?"

"Some looks, kid, some looks!" he returns with more enthusiasm than is wise.

He feels her relaxed waist stiffen, and she says: "Well, deary, if the things I hear are true they can't be very nice."

"They can't touch American girls, that's sure."

"And wasn't there a single one of them that you wanted to look at twice?" she asks.

What's the use of telling her of that little brown-haired girl in the Toul sector, who used to laugh with the tip of her tongue between her teeth? Marie-Louise her name was. He was billeted in her father's stables and judged by the state of the straw and the cooties that his squad was not the first that had been billeted there by a long chalk. The same could be judged by Marie-Louise's manners. A good deal of a coquette, Marie-Louise; quite a war-worn damsel, so to speak. That one had known French soldiers, German soldiers, French soldiers again, and now Americans.

She had a way of putting her head on one side and saying: "Nice Sammee! Do you like the French lady?"

Some winner, young Marie-Louise! No wonder her dad used to pounce on her from behind barn doors and the like. Maybe he couldn't trust the American soldiers, and maybe he couldn't trust Marie-Louise. Well, he wasn't to be blamed for watching Marie-Louise. The war hadn't done her any good, that was plain. And on the make; on the make! That kid was one nut for souvenirs!

But no need to talk about her. He couldn't explain in a thousand years what she was like or what he thought of her. That girl in Champagne was different—Jeanne, who kept the wine shop. She too had met French and German soldiers; the German invasion in her region had been brief but terrible. There was something about Jeanne—all the fellows agreed to that. She could speak English, but she rarely spoke; only looked quietly with her unfathomable deep eyes straight into the eyes of every man she spoke to. Nothing oblique about Jeanne. There was a sergeant that went plumb nuts over her; wanted to marry her before the company had been billeted in the town a week. She wouldn't have him, did her best to avoid him; but all the same, when a shell crashed into the little café and killed her the sergeant wasn't any good to the outfit for weeks.

Nothing to Report

WELL, he could tell that, maybe, but he didn't want to. Somehow, thinking about Jeanne made him feel bleak. Gee! It was all over and he was home!

As for that little Yvonne that had stuck it out in the Château-Thierry drive to stay with the crazy old grandmother, the only persons in the village besides another crazy old lady—well, nobody could blame a fellow for paying some attention to little brown-eyed Yvonne. When a girl had as much sand as that she deserved the attention the fellows showed her, and when she picked out him for special favor he'd been a queer guy if he'd turned her down.

As for that girl in the St.-Mihiel drive that he had met when the refugees were coming down from St.-Benoit or some such place—well, nothing to report there, except sitting up half the night over that fire she built on the hearth in that old ruined house. Holding her hand didn't mean anything; poor little thing, scared half to death, and no wonder. Queer, though; she'd stood the Germans all right for four years, and then the thought of a few German shells had sent her sliding back! Well, bravery wasn't everything, of course; and there was something about her too—but that didn't mean anything; not any more than a cocktail.

As for the Argonne drive—by that time he was so worn out he couldn't have told the difference between a girl and a sack of meal; would have preferred the meal anyhow. Of course after the armistice, and in Germany —— But gee, what was the use! It didn't mean a thing, and he's home now. Nix on the girl talk to this one girl of all the world.

"Kid, dear," he says, "I have nothing to report, except shelling. If I'd met the Queen of Sheba she'd have seemed just an ordinary field hand or something, because I had you in my mind. There wasn't a girl over there that could touch you—not so you could notice it."

"Oh, dearest, do you really mean that?"

And then another heavenly interlude. But she can't leave well enough alone, that girl, and so when she just has to take a few seconds to breathe, she wastes them by saying: "But that time you were wounded and in the hospital—wasn't there a nurse you liked a teeny-weeny bit, an American girl? I hear there are lots of pretty American girl nurses. Some people have all the luck!"

(Continued on Page 32)



Rob't Burns

Mild Havana filled Cigar

10¢ — 2 *for* 25¢ — 15¢

Have you tried one lately?

General Cigar Co., INC. New York

(Continued from Page 30)

His heart beats a trifle faster. There's a memory there. He thinks he'll have to tell the best girl about it sometime. It begins with a walk under the blazing August sunshine—a walk in skirmish formation with the rest of the company. They are spaced all over the field behind him like men on a checkerboard. They are timed to walk about a hundred paces to the minute, but to his ears what is timing them is that rat-tat-tat of the German machine guns in the woods just opposite them. He doesn't feel as if he is walking; he feels as if the woods are coming nearer. Then some men in front of him and some at each side of him begin to topple over. He sees red blood on their khaki, and the men who have fallen lie on red poppies in yellow wheat. There is a poppy hung over his ear in the shade of his helmet. He is so furious over these fallen men that he wishes he dared go faster. He wants to run—that is, he wants the green woods to rush forward more quickly. If only the time had come when he could grasp his bayonet and rush! He has done it before; he knows how it will feel when it plunges home in human flesh.

But he never makes that rush. He feels a sudden shock; he finds himself lying in the yellow wheat with a searing pain in his chest. Men in khaki are passing him; other men on the ground are calling for water, for help. The sun is hot, the yellow wheat waves hazily over his eyes. The world grows black; sometimes it grows yellow again. After a while it is morning. When the world is still again he opens his eyes. He is looking up into an orderly's face.

"No, this one can go right on to the evacuation hospital," he hears a voice say. "Give him the antitetanus quick. Where are those litter bearers? If we don't hurry up we'll have the men piled in layers."

Old Hospital Memories

A LONG agonizing drive in an ambulance over a road full of shell holes; it is night; it is raining. The three other men in the ambulance are very badly wounded. A bandage has come loose from the man above him and blood is dripping through. He has just voice enough to call the man who drives beside the wagoner, and who stops the ambulance while he applies first aid. Weariness and blood and long, long miles. Then a stop, a blaze of light, figures in white, and a voice saying: "Take this man next."

Hands ripping off his clothes—a white figure, a table, a cone over his face—and sleep. Then the waking! A white bed, a girl's face bending over him—the red-haired girl with the tender blue eyes. He weeps, and so does she. She looks like an angel to him, and doubtless she knows it. She represents rest and food and home and cleanliness and peace. All that he ever knew of the sweetness and tenderness of women that girl for the moment means to him and continues to mean for days. The return to sanity; the escape from hell; the sense that he is a man, and not a thing in the horrible machine of war.

He is silent so long that the girl gives a little gasp.

"Oh, darling, there wasn't anyone over there; not really, was there?"

No—he can't tell her yet. He couldn't make her see, until she realizes what it was like over there; and she doesn't yet. He has a lightninglike perception of the separation there will be between engaged couples and married couples, because the man has been at war and the woman has been at home, and because of this dualism of the experience a gulf has gaped between them that can't always be bridged. Well, nothing like that must happen between him and the girl he loves. Some day he'll make her understand what it was like and how it has changed him.

"Nobody in the world but you—ever," he says tenderly, so tenderly that if she were just a wee bit wiser she would know that she was being shut out of something. "I love you," he whispers.

Then another excursion into that primrose paradise, fashioned of the gods to endure but for a little while, yet to be perfect while it lasts; that paradise that gives for its occupants the magic that makes the real world invisible, a shimmering, misty cobweb paradise, withal bombproof, impervious to all merely practical assaults.

The American soldier went overseas with a lurking curiosity about the French girls. Not that he admitted it out loud before he started but—well, as a famous writer has said, humanity may have rounded Seraglio Point, but it has not yet passed Cape Turk. If they had to learn what French fighting, French soldiers, French housing and French food were like, they might as well learn what French girls were like. Truth to tell, the thought of French girls had a distinct lure for them. To the youth past adolescence they have about the same kind of lure as buried treasure and Wild West Indian hunting and pirate voyaging have for youths approaching adolescence.

Or it was a sort of forbidden novel attraction. The French girls were taboo, and therefore they called in loud clear tones. They were associated in the soldiers' minds with cabarets that you oughtn't to go to and the kind of shows that ministers preach against, and lingerie, and high-power make-up, and high heels, and slim ankles, and short skirts, and low necks, and seductive glances, and the French equivalent of hoochy-koochy dancing. Look what the French novels said about girls. Look at the pictures of Frenchwomen in the fashion magazines—creatures with willowy figures, for some reason standing in such a curve that the knees must have been leaning on each other for support; sinuous arms, long necks, sidelong glances, and small mouths, just on the point of saying something one would want to listen to anyhow. Of course the soldiers wanted to see the French girls.

They saw them—all sorts. Possibly a few preferred them to American girls. In the open-letter contest held last autumn in an American newspaper printed in Paris there did seem to be a few—shall we call them spiritual emigrants?—who preferred Frenchwomen to their own. But the majority of them, at long last, expressed a view similar to that held by one Fred, the first wounded American soldier I talked with. I met him in the Neuilly hospital in May of 1918. He had been badly wounded in our first really hard fighting before Cantigny.

When I asked him his views about French girls he said: "Well, when I first got to France I was billeted in quite a good-sized city, and I thought the French girls were just the finest ever. They were so different from any I had ever known. They were kind of little and slim with the prettiest little feet; and their clothes —— Gee! Every girl looked as if her skirt had been drawn on her, it was so trim. There was something about the way they put on their clothes that was kind of fetching. I've seen girls that I knew their whole outfit couldn't have cost more than twelve dollars, and they looked like queens. They've got a way of walking as if they were of the millionaire class. Then, when they talk to you, even if you can't understand their lingo, you feel as if what they're saying was kind of cute. I sure did fall for them.

"Even the country girls had a way with them. After we got up in a real sector we were billeted in these fierce villages of theirs—just a long street or town in farmland. The girls didn't have fine clothes and still they had a taking way with them. The families were real hospitable in these villages, so far as making us come in and sit round went. I kind of liked those girls, though they didn't seem so swell as the town girls.

"But Paris! I got a three days' leave in Paris once, and of all the places to make a fellow sick! I bet our minister would have called it a sink of wickedness all right. The girls there made me sick. Slim necks, dirty; pretty little hands, and black finger nails. Just a combination of charm and dirt. And their faces—powdered till they looked like whitewash, and their cheeks and lips kind of purple-red and their eyebrows pulled out so as to make them one thin arched line. I'll tell you, they made me tired of the French girls forever.

"Give me the American girls. Why, say, I like good looks as well as the next fellow, but I'll tell you right now I'd rather see the homeliest girl in the United States than the prettiest one in France. Now that I'm used to the French being different I can see that they can't surpass our girls either in looks or in style. I want my girl to be a comrade, a real partner in all the ways there are. It's only the American girl that can come up to that requirement. When my little old wound heals up it's me for the little old U. S. A. and a girl I didn't say anything to before I went away, but she'll hear an earful from me when I get home."

Getting Acquainted With Sweetness

NO DOUBT at all that our soldiers in France had the American girls parked high on pedestals. But because children have to play together they did fraternize with their lady allies. I saw them in a quiet sector in the spring and summer of 1918. All the French most of them knew when they arrived was *tout de suite*—because that phrase was needed to speed up the French *beaucoup*, because everything was either very much or very many, from purchases to cooties; and *non compris* because "don't understand" was very useful when breaking French rules—such as riding on a third-class ticket in a first-class compartment. When innocent-faced buck privates said "*non compris*" a few hundred times to a frantic guard who was asking for excess fare he was too jaded to try to collect further. They loved to see him explode, curse his dear allies, and then go limp in the corridor.

But a stinted vocabulary did not seem to impede young people very noticeably. I overheard a soldier once getting on terms with a girl. She was a pretty Alsatian, but don't think of her as clad in costume; for this was the Alsace that had belonged to Germany, and costumes were rare and mostly treasured in chests. She had on a black skirt and a white blouse that would have been better for a session with the washtub. But she had a vivid smile and a pair of effective try-it-again black eyes. The soldier came into the outhouse which the family used as a sort of woodshed, swinging a pitcher.

"Hello, Sweetness," he said. "How's the girl?"

A giggle from Sweetness, who pushed back a lock of hair that was slipping over her ear.

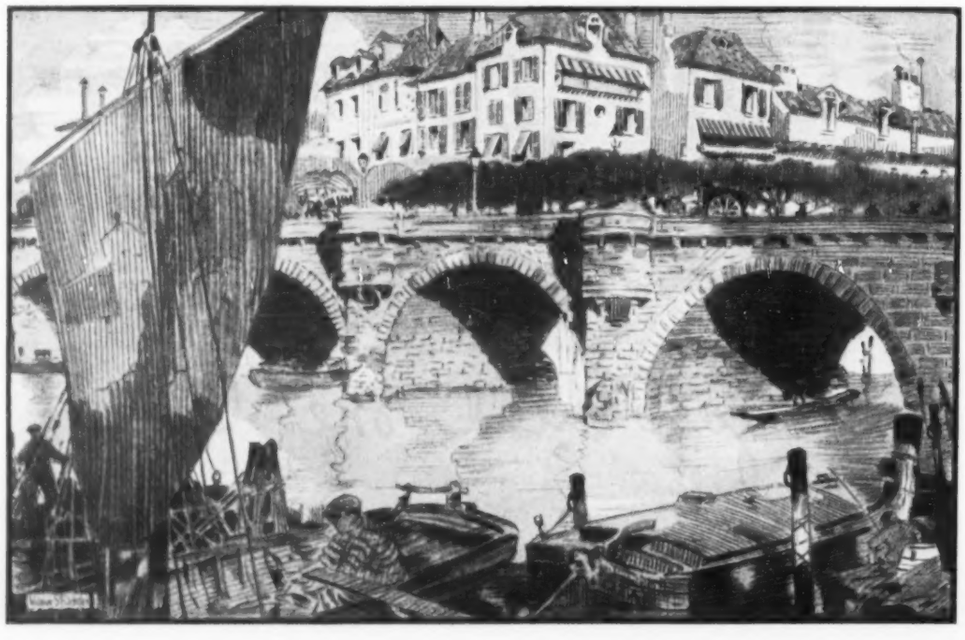
"Fine! I'm glad to hear it. Now, how about a little milk, hey?"

He held up the pitcher; then setting it on a shelf went through an expressive pantomime. First he hunched over, lowered his head, said "moo-moo," put his hands, the front fingers pointed, just over his forehead, chewed an imaginary cud with wide sidewise motions. Then getting a stool he sat down beside the table and lowering his hands made vigorous milking motions into the pitcher, then tilted the pitcher against his lips.

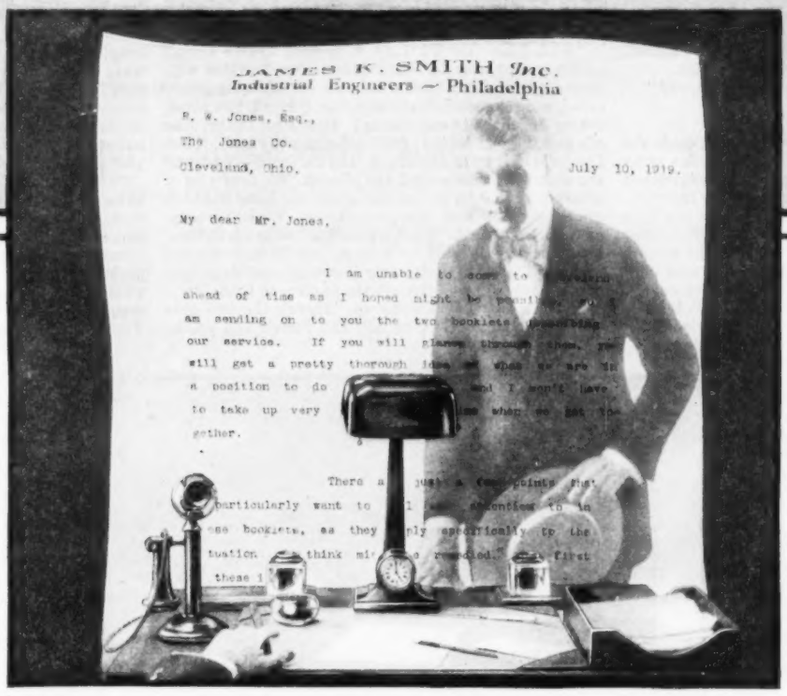
"Do you *compris*, Sweetness?" he asked. "I want *beaucoup* milk, *tout de suite*."

Sweetness, by this time weak with laughter, got him the milk, and when he held out a handful of coppers she took what she wanted.

"Some girl, Sweetness," he assured her. "How'd you like to go for a walk with me to-night, eh? After chow."



(Continued on Page 34)



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(Continued from Page 32)

He crooked his arm, put her hand into it, and promenaded the length of the shed. Then on his watch he indicated the hour of seven. He pointed to her and to himself and in the direction of the road outside the village.

"You and me, we go walking at seven. *Compris?*"

"*Marchons,*" she giggled.

"March; good enough, only we'll stroll."

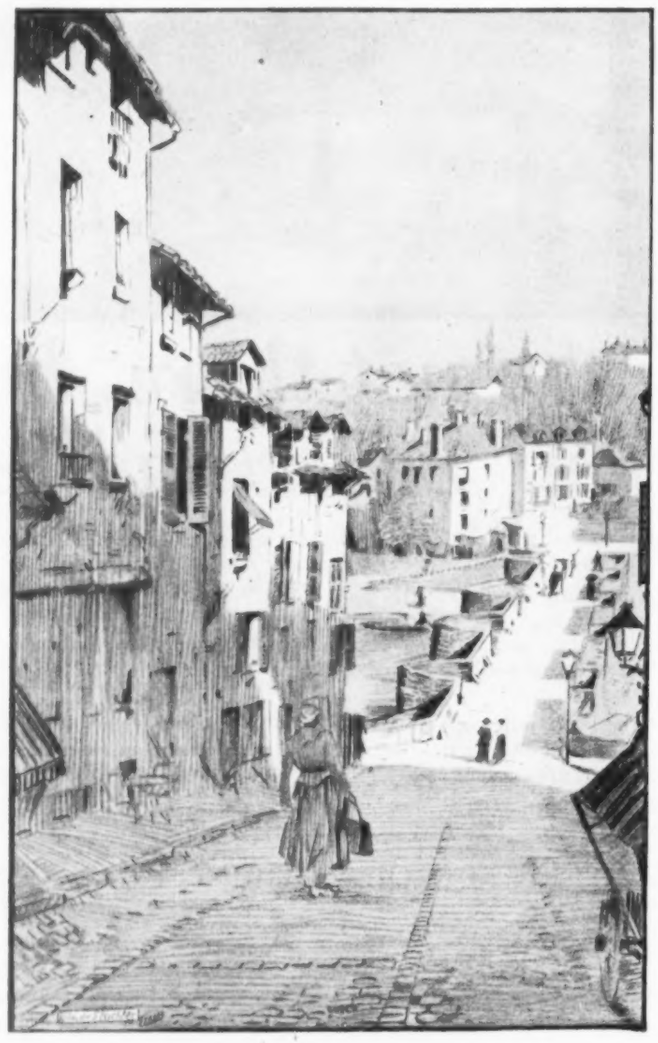
Sweetness looked fearfully over her shoulder, made the motions of an old man walking and peering, took a strap and lashed it lightly against her own plump person, tiptoed across the floor and made the motions of fleeing furtively.

"Aha, I see. Your old man would object, but you'll do a sneak and meet me. If I were your mother, Sweetness, I'd reproach you, but being your companion in crime I accept your terms. Only, Sweetness, if you're that kind I wonder how many others there have been before me."

I've no doubt that if they really took that walk the two were able to understand each other. As a knowledgeable top sergeant said of a string of couples wandering over the road that led to Mulhouse: "They only need speech up to a certain point anyhow. After that words wouldn't be expected any more than they would from young philanderers at home."

Sometimes pantomime could be misinterpreted. A buck private—my friend Michael, who in civilian life was a barkeeper on a street hard by the Bowery—told me, long after the event, of a time when misplaced confidence had given him an embarrassing afternoon.

"I'd looked over all the girls in the village," Michael said, "because I don't need to tell you that when there's five hundred fellows in a place, all waiting for the war to get a move on, and nothing to do except unnecessary details, and no amusements except the two cafés, and nothing to look at except the German woods over there and these here lousy stables and rich manure piles close at hand—why, I needn't tell you that the fellows got a line on all the people in the place, men, women and children. Naturally the girls are in the first row in the chorus."



The Methods of Angelique

"SO I LOOKED them all over, see? This Angelique, she takes my eye because she looks like a girl I used to go to school with. Mind you, I'd never even taken that girl to a movie, but over here anything that looks like anything at home looks good to me. So I sashay quite a bit to the place where this Angelique stays. She lives with her sister, who's married to a poilu. The poilu's brigaded with us, only not in this part—up Diefnatten way. There's two of the cutest kids about two years old—twins. Ever notice that the French don't run much to twins? You'd think twins would appeal to 'em. Sort of thrifty management. But the folks in that village seemed to think the twins were a joke on Angelique's sister. I took to the kids. They were about the size of my little niece at home. I used to play with them quite a bit. Kind of took the place of talk, and it pleased the two women. But, mind you, we'd talk. I know a few words of French, and I'd say them, and they'd nod and smile, and answer back a whole string of gabble, so I thought they understood me. I couldn't make out much they said, they talked so fast. But we got on all right, and when one just had to be sure what the other was driving at we made signs.

"Well, I'm strong for Angelique because of her looks, but she's the greatest little old collector of property you ever saw. The very first time I met her she begged for chocolate. Well, that was all right. Just a kid's sweet tooth. Pretty near every time I went there I'd have some Y chocolate in my pockets. But, gee! she'd not stop at that. She'd go through me and pinch half my cigarettes. She even took two cigars I had. I used to wonder if she smoked on the sly. Not only that. One time I was sporting a fine white silk handkerchief my sister gave me as one of her farewell presents. She pinches that. She takes my cigarette lighter, my cigarette case, my pocketknife, even my pencils. She salvages a gold ring I have. Not all at once, you know. She's got such a cute laughing way with her that at the time I don't make any kick. Sometimes walking back to billets when she hasn't even come across with a cup of coffee I say to myself that she's got a crust of her own, all right. But after all, I thinks maybe they're pretty poor, and maybe I'll be bumped off with a shell pretty soon, and somebody'll be going through my pockets whose fingers won't be as gentle as Angelique's.

"Well, I hear the Y. M. C. A. is going to give a swell entertainment over to Danne-Marie—Joe Lorraine with his songs and imitations that even the French could understand, and colored-chalk pictures. So, thinks I, how about asking Angelique to come along? First I get the promise of a pass, for you bet they don't grow on every bush. Then I go and put it up to Angelique. Her sister is sitting round and she seems some excited and pleased. We have a lot of jabber back and forth, and as I get it the sister wants to come along too. Well, that goes with me. We jabber some more back and forth. There's some talk about the kiddies. I explain that the kids can't come, but I'll beau the two women. The sister pretty near kisses me, and Angelique pats my arm and goes through the pockets on that side.

"So the next day I show up. There's the two girls waiting for me, dressed to kill, and there's two poilus; sister's husband and husband's brother. Husband don't interest me especial, but brother does, because he's wearing my ring; also he's got a corner of my white silk handkerchief sticking out of his pocket. He takes out my knife, and cuts the end of my cigar, and lights it with my lighter. Gosh! I bet he was gorged with my chocolate and sweet biscuits.

"I'm staring and trying to take it all in, the four of them all the time jabbering, husband and sister affectionate and innocent, but brother and Angelique having a kind of meaning in their grins. Then all of a sudden first thing I know sister loads the two kids in my arms and the four of them are off. Yes, sir! What they'd gathered was that I'd play nursegirl while they went to the show. Can you beat that?

"I kind of suspicion that Angelique had known all the time what I'd expected and had tipped off some of the fellows that could speak better French than I could. Anyhow, all the afternoon the fellows kept dropping in to guy me. Asked what was my formula for modifying the milk, and could they be present to help give the little darlings their bath, and was I going to have them say their simple prayers in French or in English. You can figure what a lot of dubs would say. Course I tried to pretend that I'd known all the time I was to take care of the kids, but it didn't go down, for, as they reminded me, a fellow doesn't get a haircut and give himself a shave just to play nursegirl. To add to my troubles, those kids acted like young demons, and the fellows egged them on.

"Oh, yeh, Angelique had a great sense of humor. Must have, when it ran bigger than her sense of thrift. Either that or she had a big share of vanity and thought she could make me stand for anything. Anyhow, after that I saved money, for you can bet Angelique never went through my pockets again. I learned a lesson, and after that if I wanted to be dead sure what a girl was saying I didn't depend on my own translation. I took an interpreter."

Young couples not gifted in pantomime or not yet advanced to the stage where silence is better than speech used to use English-French phrase books, which in the Army were almost as plentiful as bayonets. Cast an arrow into the air in those spring and early-summer days and it would be pretty certain to alight somewhere near a youth and a maiden sitting side by side beneath a grassy bank. His arm would be about her waist and her head would be against his shoulder. She would be holding a phrase book. An idea would strike him. With his free hand he would flip the pages of the book till he found a word or clause that would express his meaning. She would look at the translation in French and nod understandingly. Then she would go through the same performance. They did it like a game, each taking the proper turn. Somehow, even the most voluble person did not feel like being a monologuist under those circumstances.

Talking in Smiles

BUT even when no words and little pantomime were exchanged our boys got along very well with the French, especially in those early days. Just smiles and nods would answer, and each person seemed satisfied to permit the foreigner to express himself in his own language without let or hindrance. There was one buck private who had a lovely mellow voice and an impish disposition. He arrived in a town in Champagne and bought a meal at a little French inn. Presently he began to sing. The French crowded round delighted and impressed. He sang a joyful song and made them laugh. Then he took some shocking ribald words and sang them with a die-away expression, to a mournful tune, and had them all weeping, his like-minded companions having to put their own faces to quite a strain.

That same lad, next day, in a café across the road sat over coffee with a number of boon companions. He wanted to smoke but he could not make his lighter work. He apostrophized that lighter in the most awful language.

Then the French girl, who for a half hour had been hovering over their table with a perfectly blank face, said: "Possibly you have no essence in your lighter."

Ensued a dead silence as each man tried to recall exactly what had been said.

It was a relief to the soldiers when they met a girl who could speak English. There was one bright, good-looking girl who had learned our language in Chicago, and who felt that every American soldier belonged to her. She came to William Duff, the head of our Y. M. C. A. organization in Alsace, and said that her heart was torn because the café proprietor was charging our boys too much for wine.

"It is not right, monsieur," she said, "to charge two prices for the wine, so much to the poilus and so much more to the Americans. It wrings my heart, and so, monsieur, if you will give me the money I will set up a wine shop of my own, and of the profits I will let you have half!"

Our soldiers, by the way, were usually very discreet as to what they said to Frenchmen and Frenchwomen who could speak good English. They felt a natural interest in anyone with whom they could communicate freely.

One time in the Argonne drive I spoke to a sergeant about a French girl I had met in 1916 in a certain sector. He and I were sitting in a shell-torn house over a little

(Continued on Page 125)

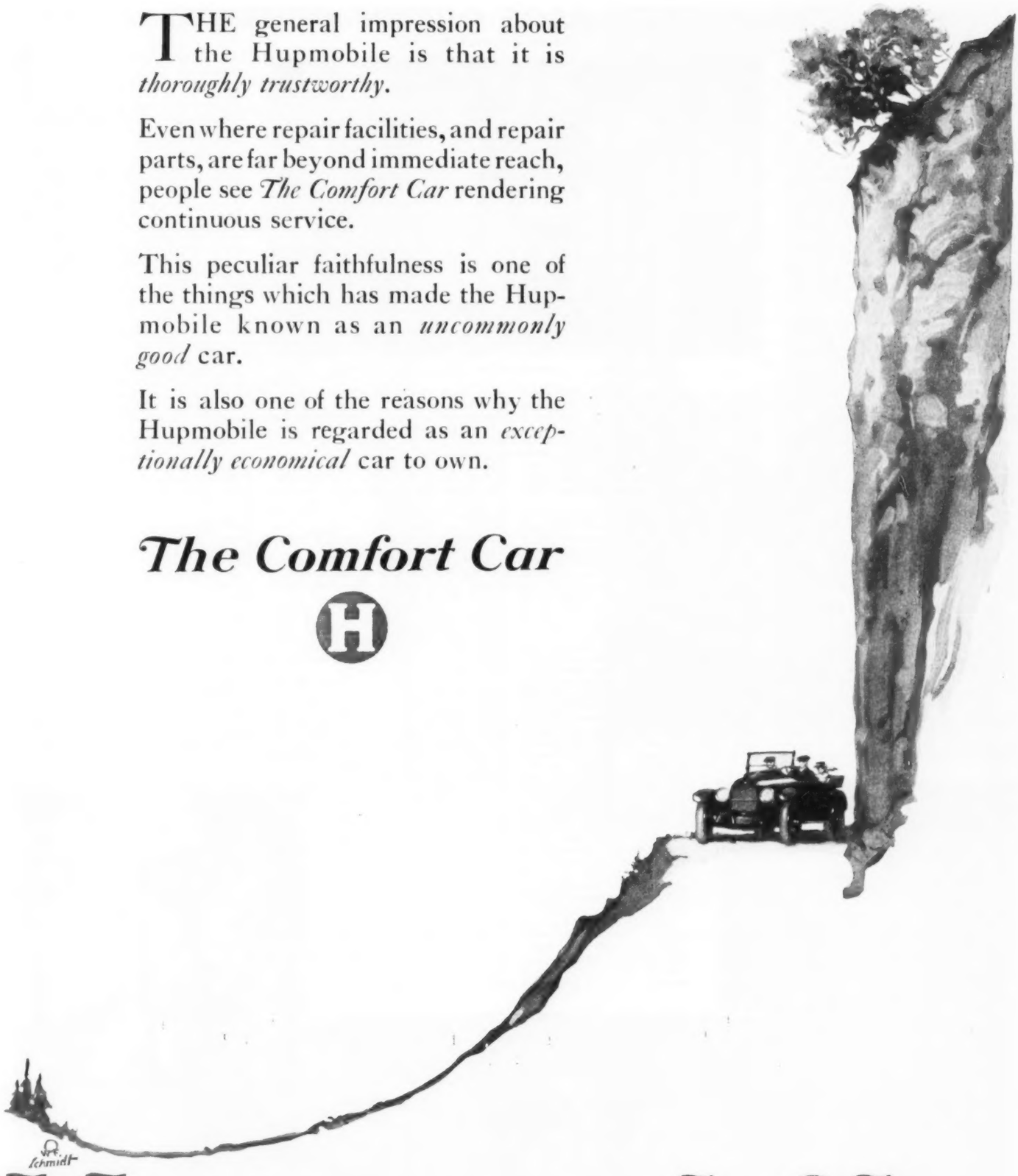
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BRINGING CHAOS OUT OF ORDER

(Continued from Page 17)

throw at me for thus attempting to work off a travelogue on them. I see them, and I confidently ask them to stay their hands. My motives are not so base as they might seem. I merely wish to get before my readers the picture of an army transport taking more than two days to steam down one side of the island of Luzón. I wish everybody to realize that Luzón is no peanut of an island. It is a large he-island, considerably larger than the state of Indiana. Mindanao, another island of the Philippine group, which runs Luzón a close second in size, is another two days south of Luzón. And scattered in between them and round them are islands and islands and islands. Exclusive of Luzón and Mindanao, there are 3139 Philippine islands; and a rapid and accurate calculator can figure from this that the total number of islands in the Philippine Archipelago is 3141.

Though I am not one of those persons who like to indulge in such mental debauches as proving that if all the eggs eaten for breakfast in the United States each morning were to be placed end to end they would reach from Booth Tarkington's double-furnaced home on the ridge at Kennebunkport, Maine, to Harry Leon Wilson's palatial residence in Monterey, California, with enough left over to make an omelet for a party of thirty-nine people—though I am no such exact scientist as that, I cannot resist stating that the entire Philippine group could be inclosed by an isosceles triangle with sides 1000 miles long and a base 500 miles long. That is—it could almost be inclosed. Even with that generous triangle the Sulu group of islands would be left out in the tropic sea, with the old Sultan of Sulu petulantly slamming the lid of his brass betel box up and down and wondering what sort of game the Manilamen were trying to put over him by not including his people in the triangle.

Let us plunge headlong at a few facts. The total land area of the Philippine Archipelago is 115,026 square miles—a greater area than that comprised in the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware. It is 27,000 square miles larger than Great Britain. It is a regular whale of an archipelago.

The very heart of the island of Luzón is filled with Tagalogs to the number of about two million. The Tagalogs are the most advanced of all the Filipinos. They are small men with rather high-pitched voices.



A Moro Dato and His Staff From the Southern Philippines

When the Americans took the Philippines in 1898 their advancement was almost a zero quantity. Ten per cent of them had a fair education and wore European clothes. The ninety per cent were illiterate, extremely superstitious, impractical, illogical, uninquisitive, unimaginative, uninventive, unresourceful. They would gamble away their last pennies in cock fighting; they were improvident.

That was how the Americans found the Tagalogs in 1898. In the twenty years that have elapsed since the Americans took hold, the Tagalog hasn't changed very much. In the cities there are more educated Tagalogs; and in the country districts they wear more clothes than they used to wear; and the children go to school; but in twenty years' time not much of a dent can be made in traits that have been common to a race for three hundred years and more.

So much for the Tagalogs. They are the most advanced of the Filipinos, remember. When the Philippines become independent, Tagalog politicians will occupy the positions of power. Yet the Tagalogs comprise only one-fifth of the population of the Philippines.

Northeast of the Tagalogs are the Bukidnons. The Bukidnons are savages, eating their meat raw and occasionally howling dolefully at the moon. When a Tagalog speaks to a Bukidnon his words mean no more to the Bukidnon than my words would mean to you if I should remark either earnestly or carelessly: "Wolla glub iffa bula-bulla willi glob glub." And conversely the words of a Bukidnon are as meaningless to the Tagalog as cubist poems are to me—and that, you may rest assured, is about the height of meaninglessness.

Also north of the Tagalogs are the Negritos, who originally populated the islands. The Negritos have an easy time of it, for they wear as few clothes as it is possible to wear. They have no neckties to tie and no socks to darn. They have no laundry bills whatsoever. A Negrito more than five feet in height is a giant. Negritos have weak undeveloped jaws, and they are wild; though so far as is known they are just naturally wild and have not been made wild by the acts of this or any other administration. This is probably due to the fact that they cannot read. They can't write either. The Negritos mentally are about as well off as a jellyfish. A Tagalog could talk to a Negrito all day without getting a single thought across—as the saying goes.

North of the Bukidnons and the Negritos are the Pampangans, to the number of almost half a million. The Pampangans have a dialect of their own, which cannot be understood by the Tagalog without special training, and their mode of life is about the same as that of the Tagalog. They are a little more illiterate; but they have the same general characteristics as their brothers to the south.

Also north of the Tagalogs are the Ilocanos, the Pangasinans, the Igorrotes, the Cagayans and the Zambalans. There are about a million Ilocanos, and the Ilocanos cannot understand Tagalog. What is more, the Ilocanos have several dialects, so that a lot of the Ilocanos can't understand each other. Consequently a Tagalog is out of luck when he falls in with an Ilocano and wants to ask where Mr. Jones lives or how much a quart of milk is worth or how he's going to vote next autumn. The mental development of the Ilocanos is considerably lower than that of the Tagalog.

There are half a million Pangasinans, who are about on a par with the Pampangans.

The Pangasinans have a language of their own, and can neither understand nor be understood by any of the other tribes or races.

The Igorrotes number upward of a third of a million. The Igorrotes are the gentlemen who used to go out with wicker baskets strapped to their waists and come back—if they had good luck—with the baskets full of their enemies' heads. They were known as head-hunters; and they not only were wild, but some of them still are wild, though not so wild that there is no method in their wildness. They have the most remarkable and wonderful systems of terraced rice fields in the world. The Japanese esteem themselves rather highly in the matter of building terraces; but when the Igorrotes start terracing they make the Japanese look extremely nauseated, not to say sick. An Igorrote thinks nothing of building a single wall fifty feet high for a terrace; and when he really gets the terracing fever he will run his terraces thousands of feet up the mountain slopes. And though the Igorrotes wear neither waistcoats nor detachable cuffs nor spats, and though the poignant agony of contemplating a luxury tax on underwear has never entered their gay untrammeled lives, and though most of them wouldn't know what to do with a pair of trousers, their thriftiness could not be improved upon if each one of them wore two hundred pounds or more of clothes.

Yes, indeed! The Igorrotes have been admirably successful at the gentle art of salting away the coin of the realm. The per capita wealth of the United States as of May 1, 1919, is $54.64, and we Americans—in a per capital manner of speaking—are universally acknowledged to be pretty well fixed. But one of the Igorrote tribes—the Ifugaos, of whom there are about 150,000—have a per capita wealth of nearly four hundred dollars.

Accompanying this article there is a photograph of the John D. Rockefeller of the Ifugaos. You will note that his entire wardrobe consists of a turban, a happy smile, a string of beads and a belt for his bolo. But he is well heeled with the widely advertised kale. Nor is this an old cabinet photograph that his wife dug out of a cedar box in the attic or ungummed from the family photograph album. The loose airy styles of his garments are not the styles which obtained years and years ago, in the eras when the Germans were supposed to be regular people, and before prohibition had reared its dry and scaly head above the dead grasses

(Continued on Page 38)



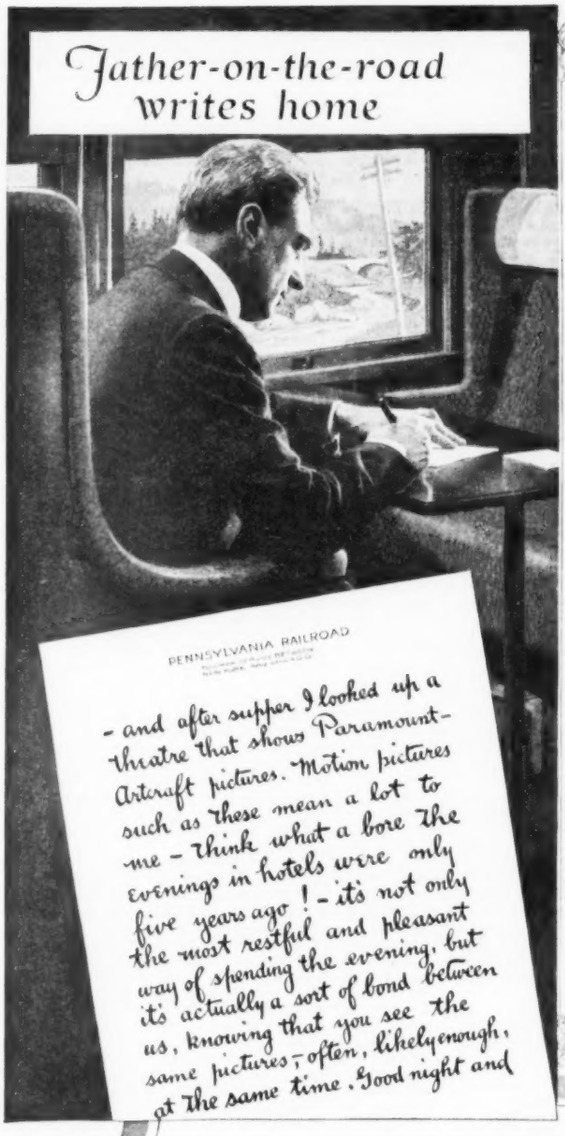
The Presidente of an Igorrote Town



A Family of Kalingas, the Most Warlike Division of the Igorrote Race



The Crœsus of the Ifugaos



Paramount-Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to June 30th. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore *in* "The Test of Honor"
Billie Burke *in* "Good Gracious Annabelle"
Marguerite Clark *in* "Girls"
Ethel Clayton *in* "Men, Women and Money"
Dorothy Gish *in* "I'll Get Him Yet"
Lila Lee *in* "A Daughter of the Wolf"
"Oh! You Women" A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
Vivian Martin *in* "An Innocent Adventuress"
Shirley Mason *in* "The Final Close-Up"
Wallace Reid *in* "You're Fired"
Bryant Washburn *in* "Putting It Over"

Thomas H. Ince-Paramount

Enid Bennett *in* "The Haunted Bedroom"
Dorothy Dalton *in* "Other Men's Wives"
Charles Ray *in* "Hay Foot, Straw Foot"

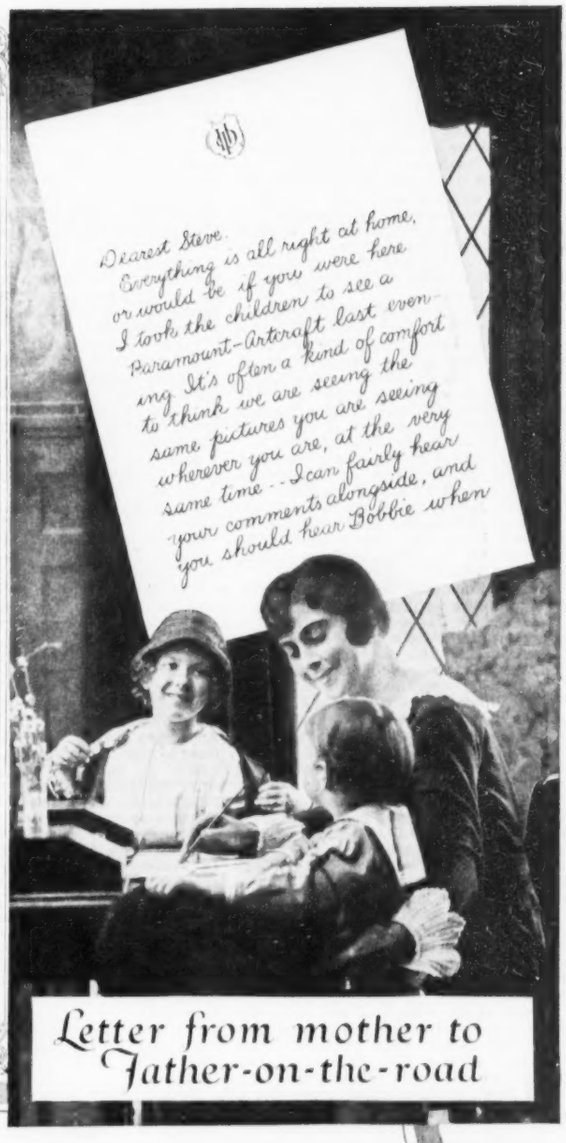
Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"Little Women" *(from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book)*, A William A. Brady Production
Maurice Tourneur's Production "Sporting Life"
"The Silver King" *starring* William Faversham
"False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me" Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel
"Secret Service" *starring* Robert Warwick
Maurice Tourneur's Production "The White Heather"

Artcraft

Cecil B. deMille's Production "For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks *in* "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "The Avalanche"
D. W. Griffith's Production "True Heart Susie"
***Wm. S. Hart** *in* "Square Deal Sanderson"
Mary Pickford *in* "Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone *in* "Johnny Get Your Gun"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince



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ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres* CECIL B DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 36)

and brown leaves of the scorching prairies. No. The styles so graphically portrayed in this photograph are 1919 models, and the picture was taken last January by Captain Riley, our intelligence officer in the Philippines. He ran across this wealthy old party on the trail and bought his bolo from him.

The Igorrote has a language all his own, which the Tagalog cannot understand; but the Igorrote has his opinions of the Tagalog, and those opinions aren't fit to publish. Whenever the Tagalog has had a chance he has always been guilty of the most extreme cruelties toward the Igorrote. And if the Igorrote ever gets a chance at the Tagalog—then, in the words of either Henry or Jesse James, good night!

The Cagayans and the Zambalans, last of those to the north of the Tagalogs, are less than one hundred and fifty thousand in number. The Cagayans have a language of their own, and so have the Zambalans. They can't understand each other and they can't understand Tagalog, and a Tagalog can't understand them—all of which appears to be satisfactory to all of them.

To the south of the Tagalogs on the island of Luzón are the Bicols. The Bicols are nearly as advanced as the Tagalogs; but their language is incomprehensible to the Tagalogs; and as a matter of fact they have so many dialects that they frequently become greatly mussed up while conversing with each other.

In the islands to the south of Luzón there are three peoples—the Visayans, the Moros and the wild men. There are 4,000,000 Visayans—twice as many as there are Tagalogs. The Visayans speak their own tongue. They are more illiterate than the Tagalogs, but quite like them otherwise. Some of them are quite civilized and educated. The Moros are the hard-boiled eggs who were addicted to the peculiar and racy habit of deliberately and with malice aforethought running amuck, binding themselves tightly with cords here and there so that a slash on one portion of the body would permit the other portions to go on functioning until they had done all the damage it was possible to do. They are also the parties who are responsible for our Army using a .45-caliber revolver instead of a .38. Half a dozen .38-caliber bullets in the body of a charging Moro didn't seem to disturb him at all; so the Army took to the .45, which will stop even a Moro with such unbridled vigor that he can never recall just what his intentions were at the moment he was stopped.

Those widely advertised bad men—the Malay pirates—have frequently been Moros. Even to-day, when things are slack for a rambunctious Moro, he is very apt to indulge in a little high-class pirating. Then half a dozen American enlisted men and a perspiring lieutenant climb into a motor boat that has a machine gun mounted in the bow, and proceed to chase that pirate round Moroland with such ferocity and attention to detail that he wishes his parents had made him study to be a clergyman instead of a pirate. Unless you have been in the Philippines recently you have probably never heard of that well-known Moro, the pirate Jikiri. Yet it was only a short time ago that Jikiri was indulging in ground-and-lofty pirating that would have made Captain Kidd, Morgan or Blackbeard offer him a ten-year contract and a share in the business. The Americans finally cornered Jikiri and his merry men in a cave in the crater of Patian Island—an old volcanic cone rising straight out of the sizzling Sulu Sea. They besieged him in his cave for two days and a night, and at times the Americans were fighting within ten feet of the mouth of the cave. Finally Jikiri and his men charged out, swinging their bolos at everything in sight. They slashed a few Americans, and then they died—all of them. Three of the officers who participated in the ruction received Congressional Medals of Honor, which demonstrates plainly that it was neither a basket picnic nor yet a tatting bee.

Not by any means do I wish to intimate that the Moros are pirates by inclination or by avocation. Under American supervision and tutelage they have made great progress. They are rapidly learning to speak English; and where conditions are right they are excellent workers. But underneath the skin they are still hard fighters and hard guys. They don't speak Tagalog and they don't understand it.

The savages and wild men of the southern islands are just naturally savage and wild, and that's all there is to it. They can be depended on to be wild, but they can't be depended on for anything else. A white man who succeeds in silently approaching a wild man and saying "boo!" to him loudly and abruptly will either receive a spear through the chest before the echoes have died away in the surrounding jungle or he will enjoy the unusual spectacle of seeing a human being run from him at such speed that he will cover the first hundred yards in eight and one-fifth seconds—which is one and two-fifths seconds faster than the time in which the record books admit that one hundred yards can be traveled on foot. There is nothing wilder than a wild man of the Southern Philippines. Needless to say, he knows no more about the Tagalog language than he does about the Freudian theory of dreams.

I have emphasized the fact that the Bukidnons, the Negritos, the Pampangans, the Ilocanos, the Pangasinans, the Igorrotes, the Cagayans, the Zambalans, the Visayans, the Moros and the wild men do not speak Tagalog. Nevertheless, the Tagalogs are the politically dominant people of the Philippines; and it is they who will govern or attempt to govern the islands if the Philippines are given their independence by the United States. There are ten million Filipinos, of whom two million are Tagalogs. If the Tagalogs rule the Philippines the great majority of Filipinos won't even know what the Tagalogs are talking about.

The United States in the past has figured that the Filipinos could not be self-governing until all the different tribes and races were able to speak a common language. Eighteen days after the Americans occupied Manila in 1898, General Otis started along those lines by opening seven schools with American noncommissioned officers as teachers. Ever since then the Americans have striven with might and main to give the Filipinos a common language. At one time nearly a thousand American teachers were instructing in Filipino schools. In another twenty years, if all goes well—and those last four words need italicizing—the Filipinos of the north and of the south will have a common tongue. In twenty years' time the Tagalogs will be able to put up an argument, and the Moros will be able to understand it. If the Tagalog is a good talker—and most educated Tagalogs are—he may so influence the Moro that the latter will be nice to him. They may even team up together. The lion and the lamb may eat from the same lunch box.

But that will be twenty years from to-day.

Twenty years from to-day, if the Americans are still in the Philippines with the policy of educating every Filipino in the islands, of making the Philippines as good a place in which to live as they can possibly be made and of giving the Filipinos complete independence in thought, in action, in commerce, in local government, in everything except the ability to run themselves into civil war or the attacks of grabby neighbors—then the Moro and the Tagalog can meet on the Luneta in Manila; and the Moro can say to the Tagalog in English that is marred only slightly by a Moro twang: "How's crops?"

And the Tagalog can reply in English that has a trace of Tagalog drawl to it: "Fine! Only we're watching our carabaos for rinderpest."

And the Igorrote can saunter up to the Moro and in his harsh mountain-dialect English remark casually: "How about sliding over to the hotel and having a coupla shots of the old hooch?"

And the Moro can reply with a pregnant wink: "Boy, you certainly said a mouthful!"

And on the way over they can pick up a Visayan and a Bicol and a Pampangan and an Ilocano, and the six of them can repair to the hotel.

And when all six of them are lined up in front of the bar and the Negrito bar boy is shining the top of it with a damp rag they will all understand the Negrito when he remarks: "What'll it be, gents?"

And the Igorrote will say: "Make mine a mango split"; and the Moro will yawn and observe: "Fix me up a nut sundae, Eddie"; and the Visayan will say: "One of the same, Eddie"; and the Bicol will fix Eddie with a piercing glance and whisper: "A little Jamaica ginger, Eddie."

And so it will go. Eddie will understand all of them and they will all understand each other; and there will be harmony and understanding and what the investigators and historians like to term homogeneity. They will have—or ought to have—a common language in another twenty years. To-day they haven't.

The United States wants the Filipinos to have a common language. It wants the Filipinos to learn how to govern themselves, and then to go ahead and do it. It wants them to be healthy and happy and peaceful and prosperous. It is exactly that toward which the United States has worked since 1898. In 1900 President McKinley instructed the Philippine Commission as follows: "In all forms of government and administrative provisions which they are authorized to prescribe, the commission should bear in mind that the government which they are establishing is designed not for our satisfaction, nor for the expression of our theoretical views, but for the happiness, peace and prosperity of the people of the Philippine Islands."





Acting Governor General Yeater of the Philippines and Some Igorrotes on a Trail in the Mountain Province of Northern Luzon

Above—Carabao, or Water Buffalo, the Principal Draft Animal of the Filipinos

The United States has made, as I have said, a fairyland of the Philippines—a possession that makes an American even prouder of being an American. It is schooling the Filipinos; it has given them wonderful roads, an excellent telegraph and cable system, fine docks, a first-class postal service, postal savings banks, sewers, electricity, good railroads and complete protection against trouble from within and without. To all intents and purposes the Filipinos are independent. The United States guarantees to them every right, privilege and liberty which is accorded to our own citizens. They have the right to free intercourse in their trade. They are protected—at our expense—from the follies and the designs of others. When the time comes the United States wants to take away its Army and go away from the Philippines and leave the Filipinos as free in name as they are in fact to-day.

Recently Washington has been visited by a Philippine Independence Mission, composed of forty Filipinos, for the purpose of persuading the American people that the time has arrived for the birth of a Philippine Republic. They want independence and they want it now.

My opportunities for observing this mission have been somewhat more varied than I had hoped for; for I watched them get ready for their trip to America, and then I traveled for a month on the same transport with them. I heard what the residents of the Philippines had to say about them; and I read the articles in the Manila papers telling what gaudy raiment they were buying in order to dazzle the Americans; and I read all the passionate speeches they made at the farewell banquets given to them. I watched the José Rizal Marching Club and the Manuel Quézon Chowder Association and the Jakosalem Coconut Splitters' Union and all the beauty and chivalry of Manila crowd down to the dock on the day the transport sailed and send floral horseshoes to them and sing songs to them and wave banners and shout farewells.

Some of the members of the mission were cultured and able and astute politicians, who knew what they wanted and why they wanted it; but others were amiable and well-dressed youngsters who hadn't the slightest idea as to what they were going to do—except that they were going to do as they were told. Three of these youngsters, after they had finished their missioning, were going to enter American universities. Another was hunting a good job in the United States. A large number of them were mestizos. That is to say, they were part Chinese or part Spanish or part English—not pure Filipinos at all.

Some of the members of the mission were very careful in their speeches to say nothing about asking for independence. They insisted and repeated that they were going to the United States to strengthen commercial relations between Americans and Filipinos. This puzzled me, and I questioned an American who has had very wide dealings with Filipinos from all parts of the islands.

"Most of them," said he, "don't want independence—not real independence. They want a guaranteed independence. They want to make treaties and have the United States stand behind the treaties. They want the American Army to go home; but if anything happens to disturb them they want the American Army to come back in a hurry, and straighten things up and then go right back home again. They want to be independent, but they want to be able to call an American policeman across 8000 miles of water at the slightest sign of trouble. If they were to get their complete independence they'd be frightened to death, most of them. I am speaking of the politicians now. They want to be independent, only they don't—if you know what I mean. As for those who are not politicians, a goodly percentage of them don't want to be independent for some little time yet. They know that they aren't ready to be."

One of the members of the mission—Rafael R. Alunan, representative to the Philippine legislature from Occidental Negros—made an interesting statement just before leaving Manila.

"As a member of this big delegation to the United States," said he, "I shall concentrate my efforts in coöperating with my colleagues on the mission to

(Continued on Page 40)

No One Quality Predominates in the New Hudson Super-Six

Its Four Years' Development Results in a Rounded Perfection That 60,000 Owners of Earlier Models Had Predicted

The names of certain automobiles call to mind definite characteristics of those cars.

Four years ago, when the Super-Six was introduced, Hudson meant a motor with 72 per cent greater power without added size or weight.

In another year its emblem, the White Triangle, marked the winning cars in most of the leading speedway, road racing and mountain climbing contests.

Then the name Hudson became a synonym for endurance. It meant longer and harder automobile service.

The growing number of Hudsons later gave it another distinction. The beauty of its various types was recognized everywhere. It became a familiar object on every highway.

Then Still Another Distinction

In each of these distinctions for which the name Hudson became symbolic, no forfeiture was made of earlier advantages. Each advance became an additional merit.

The new Hudson Super-Six encompasses all the wanted qualities. It is a powerful car, but every item of its construction measures up to the standard of its motor.

It is a fast car, but its endurance is equal to any task imposed. It is a beautiful car and every detail in finish and convenience matches its outward appearance.

For Every Type of User

The new Hudson Super-Six is the choice of the conservative town driver as well as of the hard driving tourist.

Those who demand high speed know the Super-Six will meet any situation. We have entirely withdrawn from racing but every important racing contest includes a number of Hudsons. They are entered by professional race drivers interested only in stake winning. The Super-Six is their choice car because they know its endurance.

The town motorist prefers the new Hudson Super-Six because of its flexibility. Its power range eliminates the necessity for much gear shifting. Traffic congestion is avoided because of the way the Super-Six can take advantage of every opening. Note how Hudsons, without exceeding the speed limits, slip in ahead of less flexible cars.

And those too, who choose cars of beauty and dignity because they reflect good taste as well as utility, prefer Hudsons.

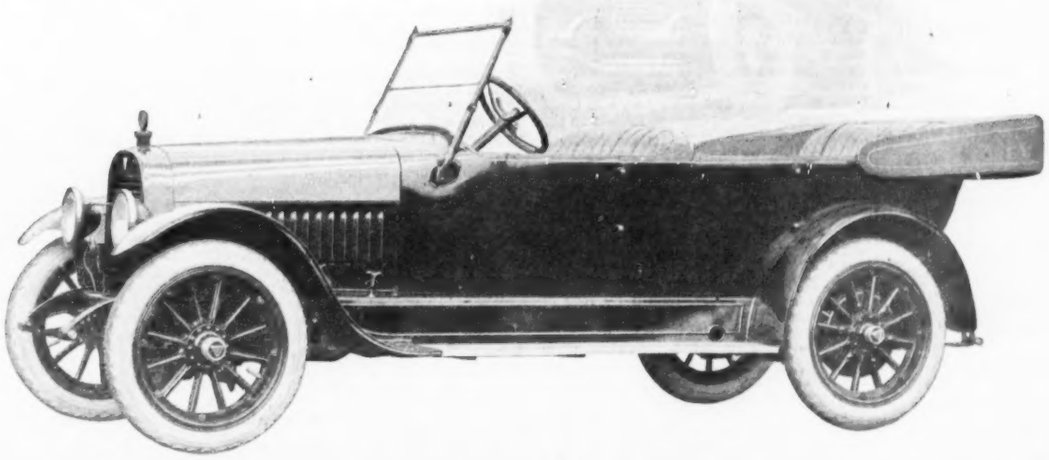
A glance at any general list of Hudson owners will indicate how it appeals to all users.

It is not a car of a single advantage. It meets all needs.

The way it satisfies 60,000 users, representing every automobile need, is a suggestion of its universal appeal.

Hudson Motor Car Company Detroit, Michigan

Besides Being an Improved Hudson, it Sells at a Lower Price, $1975 at Detroit



(1078)



There's a lot more than cleancut style in an "R & W" No-wate waist-line summer suit.

The cool airy fabrics will give you increased satisfaction and comfort.

You owe it to your health and appearance to own a couple of "R & W" summer suits.

Your dealer sells them.

PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Look for the "R & W" label—it's your protection. It will pay you.

Makers of good summer clothing, trousers, overcoats, raincoats, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, golf and automobile apparel.

Rosenwald & Weil
Clothing Specialties
CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 38)

work for whatever thing they may wish to obtain from the American people."

In San Francisco, however, awaiting the arrival of the mission, was Manuel Quézon, president of the Philippine senate and chairman of the mission. Therefore the missioners who didn't know what they were going to ask for were undisturbed. Quézon, they knew, would know exactly what to ask for. He had it all planned out; for he had been there long enough to find out just how far he could go. He would tell them what to do and what to say.

When the Philippine Independence Mission reached Washington all doubts had vanished. Presenting a front as solid as a concrete mud scow the mission asked for immediate independence for the Philippines.

Quézon, chairman of the mission, spoke for his fellow members, who were demanding independence for the Philippines because the Filipino people wanted independence and because they represented the Filipino people. He put it very well indeed too. When he spoke one could just imagine the 10,000,000 Filipinos back in the Philippines hanging round the bulletin boards and biting their finger nails nervously and threatening not to play unless the United States gave them immediate independence. In his speech before Secretary Baker in Washington Quézon said in part:

"Independence is the great national ideal of the Filipino country, and we believe this is the proper time to present the question, looking to a favorable and decisive action, because of the declared and uniform policy of America to withdraw her sovereignty over the Philippines and to recognize our independence as soon as a stable government has been established. There now is a stable government, and the fulfillment of this solemn promise you owe to yourselves, to us and to humanity at large."

After Quézon had told Secretary Baker what the Filipinos wanted Francis Burton Harrison spoke too. Francis Burton Harrison is the governor-general of the Philippines, but he hasn't been in the Philippines for some months. The Americans in the Philippines are not enthusiastic over Francis Burton Harrison.

At any rate, after Quézon had spoken before Secretary Baker, Francis Burton Harrison spoke. Francis Burton Harrison said he was convinced by experience that the obstacles to Philippine independence that appeared to exist a few years ago have now been cleared away. He also assured the mission that the opposition in this country to Philippine independence has virtually vanished.

This must have been cheering to Representative Alunan, for it sounded very much as though he wouldn't have to overwork himself in obtaining whatever thing his colleagues might wish to obtain from the American people.

IV

ON AUGUST 21, 1900, the Second Philippine Commission, which was composed of William Howard Taft; Bernard Moses, of the University of California; Professor Dean C. Worcester; Luke E. Wright, and Henry C. Ide, Chief Justice of Samoa, reported as follows to the Secretary of War:

"Replying to dispatch, commission reports: It has for two months and a half made diligent inquiries into conditions prevailing.

"Change of policy by turning islands over to a coterie of Tagalog politicians will blight their fair prospects of enormous improvement, drive out capital, make life and property—secular and religious—most insecure, banish by fear of cruel proscription considerable body of conservative Filipinos who have aided Americans in well-founded belief that their people are not now fit for self-government, and reintroduce the same oppression and corruption which existed in all provinces under Malolos government during the eight months of their control. The result will be factional strife between jealous leaders, chaos and anarchy, and will require and justify active intervention of our government or some other."

Barring the word "religious" and the phrase starting "banish by fear of cruel proscription," that report, if it had been written yesterday, would still be as true as it was in 1900—and it was very true in 1900.

V

THE following quotation is from the New York Tribune of April 5, 1919:

"WASHINGTON, April 4.—Members of the special mission of the Philippine legislature here seeking immediate independence for the islands were told to-day by Secretary Baker that he spoke President Wilson's mind when he said he believed the time had come to grant the complete independence desired by the Filipino people.

"The War Secretary also said he believed the mission would be able to carry home word that the American people loved liberty too dearly to deny it to others. He read a letter left by President Wilson when he went to Europe, expressing the hope that the mission would result in bringing about the desirable ends set forth in the joint resolution of the legislature.

"The mission, including forty prominent Filipinos and headed by Manuel Quézon, president of the senate, upon being received in Secretary Baker's office to-day, presented a formal memorial asking independence and pointing particularly to the record of the Philippines in the great war.

"In replying the Secretary read President Wilson's letter, addressed to him under date of March third. It was as follows:

"'Will you please express to the gentlemen of the commission representing the Philippine legislature my regret that I shall be unable to see them personally on their arrival in Washington, as well as my hope that their mission will be a source of satisfaction to them and that it will result in bringing about the desirable ends set forth in the joint resolution of the legislature approving the sending of the commission to the United States?

"'I have been deeply gratified with the constant support and encouragement received from the Filipino people and from the Philippine legislature in the trying period through which we are passing. The people of the United States have, with reason, taken the deepest pride in the loyalty and support of the Filipino people.

"'Though unable to meet the commission the Filipino people shall not be absent from my thoughts. Not the least important labor of the conference which now requires my attention is that of making the pathway of the weaker people of the world less perilous—a labor which should be and doubtless is of deep and abiding interest to the Filipino people.

"'I am sorry that I cannot look into the faces of the gentlemen of this mission of the Philippine Islands and tell them all that I have in mind and heart, as I think of the patient labor, with the end almost in sight, undertaken by the American and Filipino people for their permanent benefit. I know, however, that your sentiments are mine in this regard and that you will translate truly to them my own feeling.'"



Don Emilio Aguinaldo, Leader of the Filipino Insurrector Against the Spaniards and Later Against the Americans, as He is To-day

VI

THERE is one man in the Philippines who has been the idol of the Filipinos for many years. He was a great fighter against the Spaniards and against the Americans twenty years ago; and he is as greatly esteemed to-day as he was at the height of his military glory. He is a silent little man; but he misses none of the things that go on about him. While the independence mission was preparing to go to America he wrote in a letter to an American officer:

"There is this great difficulty with the preparation of the Filipinos to sail the ship of state: Most of the Filipinos who hold masters' certificates have never been to sea; and no one has made preparation for life-saving apparatus or for a commissary or for wireless to call for help in time of need. So can you wonder that those who of necessity will have to travel on a craft navigated by such people are a trifle apprehensive about the journey? Do you blame them for fearing that they may never make port?"

They say in Manila that Lt. Col. Dennis Quinlan, U. S. A., landed in Manila in 1898 and that exactly five years later he had shaken hands with every Filipino in the islands. That, I think, is something of an exaggeration, for it is my understanding that a number of Negritos and wild men consider it bad luck to shake hands with a white man. I think it is possible that some of the Negritos and wild men may have hid out on Colonel Quinlan. But I think he became a good friend of almost everyone else. He is particularly close to Aguinaldo; and he took me up to see this quiet, slender, simple, polite little man who was the terror of the Spanish Army from 1896 to 1898, and the despair of our own until captured by General Funston in 1901. He defeated the Spanish garrison at Cavite in 1896, seized Manila and was made the first president of the Filipino Republic. Then he insurrected against our troops, who fought him and fought him and fought him, and pursued him and pursued him and pursued him until his name and fame spread through the United States. Even the most ignorant among us know that Dewey and Aguinaldo are names that are somehow associated with the Philippines.

Like so many other Filipinos who fought us of old, Aguinaldo has lost all his resentment against the United States and is our friend. Don Emilio Aguinaldo, Jr., born less than two years after his father's capture by American troops, is attending one of the two largest preparatory schools in New England. Aguinaldo to-day is vice president of the Mindanao Oil Company, which obtains oil from coconuts. He lives in the most pretentious house in Manila—a house, by the way, originally built by an American enlisted man who made a fortune as a cigar manufacturer—and rides over to Cavite and up and down the Escolta and round the Luneta in one of the largest and shiniest and most imposing automobiles in all the Philippine Islands.

Colonel Quinlan took me out to meet him at nine o'clock in the morning of a hot, cloudless, windless February day. The doors and the windows of Liberty Hall, which is the name of Aguinaldo's home, were wide open. Through the doorway, in the cool spacious living room, I saw a small white-clad figure sitting at a table. As he rose and came toward us his pyjamalike coat impressed me as being the garb of a servant. I wondered whether it was Aguinaldo's secretary or his butler. As he drew nearer Quinlan began to speak to him in Tagalog. The little man smiled diffidently and held out a slender hand to me.

"This," said Quinlan, "is Don Emilio Aguinaldo. Doesn't look much like the sort of chap who could keep the whole American Army on the jump for a couple of years, does he?"

And he doesn't. He looks much more like the sort of person who should be in charge of the poetry shelves of a large public library.

He sat down and started to talk with us; but his pyjamalike jacket evidently

(Continued on Page 43)





Why Geared-to-the-Road Tires Give Ease at the Steering Wheel

MILLER TIRES ride on a high center ridge, which eases the driver's tension at the steering wheel, driving just like a plain tread tire. Yet the sides of the tread are **Geared-to-the-Road** by patented caterpillar feet that mesh like cogs with road depressions.

The Uniform Miller is the only tire that has this combination. It affords steering ease with great resistance to skidding and "whip-lash."

Geared-to-the-Road helps the car to *hold* the road, and produces positive traction, full power ahead, and safety.

Long Mileage in *All*—Not "Luck" in a Few

All Miller Tires are long-distance runners—casing after casing.

Fine materials and plenty of them are required, of course. But tires must be built alike, or they cannot wear alike.

Miller builders are trained to a single standard—there's no higher perfection than our championship mark. Each builder is rated on every tire he makes; if one comes back his score is penalized.

But instances of that are less than 1 in 100.

Only authorized dealers supply these Uniform Tires. If you don't know the Miller dealer, write us for his name.

The Miller Rubber Company, Dept. A-152, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—the Team-Mates of Uniform Tires
Also Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods, for Homes as Well as Hospitals

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GEARED-TO-THE ROAD
UNIFORM MILEAGE
Tires

Borden's Evaporated Milk



For Luscious Juicy Shortcake
-and every other use

Countryside milk of creamy richness—tested milk of guaranteed purity—ever-ready milk for every purpose—that's Borden's Evaporated Milk. Sweet whole milk with part of the moisture removed—the only change we make.

Use it for shortcakes—use it for muffins—use it for whipping—use it for all cooking that requires milk. For instant use—for continual use. No delays—no disappointments—no waste. Get a supply today from your grocer.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY
Established 1857
Borden Building New York

"The milk that cuts the cost of cooking"



Send for free Recipe Book

(Continued from Page 40)

bothered him. It was collarless and the words "Emilio Aguinaldo" were stenciled across the left breast in black script letters a quarter of an inch high—probably so that Juan Somebody or Marcos Somebodyelse wouldn't be tempted to annex it when the annexing was good. So in a moment he excused himself and went upstairs; and shortly he returned in a white military tunic with a high collar and was entirely at his ease.

We discussed the Laguna coconut groves and the new road to Baguio, the Simla of the Philippines, and the schools and colleges of the United States and the end of the war and various other matters bearing more closely on Philippine affairs. I regret to say that Aguinaldo was unwilling to talk for publication. I do not feel, however, that I am violating any confidence when I say that persons who know him well have stated that Aguinaldo is against independence for the Filipinos at the present time; that so far as they can judge he considers the time not yet ripe.

It is certain that when the independence mission was selected great care was taken to avoid carrying people who were strong Aguinaldo men. The mission didn't want anyone throwing monkey wrenches in the works by saying that most of the Filipinos aren't ready for their independence and don't want their independence.

The Moros, as I have said, live down in the southern islands—the country made famous by George Ade. The Moros hate the Tagalogs and the Tagalogs fear the Moros. The Moros would no more consider allowing themselves to be ruled by Tagalogs than they would consider trying to kill a wild boar by rapping him briskly on the snout with an overripe mango. And they don't want independence for the islands; partly because they refuse to be ruled by Tagalogs and partly because they want their children to understand English thoroughly before independence comes, so that the proceedings may be perfectly clear to them and so that they may have a voice—a loud, penetrating, ear-splitting voice—in the proceedings whenever necessary. But the independence mission wanted a Moro to carry along. So they looked the ground over and settled on Hadji Butu. Hadji Butu is the prime minister to the Sultan of Sulu—a position which requires tact and canniness, not to say caginess; and the mission figured that Hadji Butu had been hadjiing for a sufficiently long time to know on which side his bread was buttered.

But alas! Hadji Butu was only a Moro after all! He got off on the wrong foot by making a resonant reverberating speech, in which he declared with wide-flung arms and a nose pointed to the zenith that the Moros didn't want independence and didn't need independence and hoped the Philippines wouldn't get independence and wouldn't give two hairs from the end of a carabao's tail for all the independence on earth that was different from the independence they enjoyed under the United States.

This speech spilled the beans for Hadji Butu. Though the mission was due to sail for the United States in a few days the men higher up on the mission mopped from their brows the beads of cold perspiration that sprang into being when they thought of what might have happened if Hadji Butu had reached America with them; and then they proceeded to give Hadji Butu the sack as a missioner. They gave him a fine, large, out-size Number 1A sack; and when the mission sailed away from Manila with the bands on the pier playing Over There, significant of the hot fight into which the mission was going, Hadji Butu and his odd notions regarding independence remained firmly and emphatically in the Philippines, where they would never have the opportunity to disturb the great American people.

Captain Riley, a former New York lawyer, is our intelligence officer in the Philippines. In January of this year he made a trip into the mountain province of Northern Luzón—the Igorrote country. I am indebted to him for most of the photographs that accompany this article. They were taken by him during this very year; this very year when a mission of forty exquisitely garbed, excellently educated, eloquent, suave, refined Filipinos appeared in Washington as representative Filipinos and stated that independence is the great national ideal of the Filipino country.

Among the photographs you will find that of a man wearing absolutely nothing but a G string. He is the presidente of an Igorrote town—the big man of the district. The G string is his regular dress. He is doubtless wearing it at this very moment. And when the wealthiest rice planter of the town has a coming-out party for his young and beautiful daughter and all the first families are bidden, the presidente puts on a red G string and goes over and mingles with the first families. And when he has to get himself all dressed up to attend the biweekly lodge meeting of the Knights of Kaloongalunga he puts on—mayhap—a yellow G string. He carries no drawn work handkerchief with a dash of piquant jackrose perfume on it; nor does he wear immaculately pipe-clayed boots and large egg-shaped pearls in his necktie; but in his own puddle he's at least as big a man as are any of the independence missioners in their more commodious pond. Captain Riley asked him how his people felt about independence.

"We must all speak English," he replied, "before we can understand each other's problems; before our children can vote intelligently; before we can reach a point where every Filipino tribe will not attempt to fight every other tribe with which it comes in contact."

Captain Riley asked him how he had reached these conclusions. The presidente looked at him solemnly for a moment, and then replied: "By thinking."

One of the great drawbacks about the Philippine Independence Mission is that its members are viewed as representative Filipinos. Those who meet them get the impression that all Filipinos are like that. Those who see their pictures in the papers have the idea that all Filipinos are neat-looking, well-dressed, civilized people. Those who read their speeches visualize all Filipinos as folk who think as we think and speak as we speak. As a matter of fact the representative Filipinos on the independence mission are not representative.

I have said in another place that a large number of the members of the mission were mestizos—not pure Filipinos at all. This is not an insult. Frederick Chamberlin, traveler and author, years ago made the following observations on mestizos:

"The exhibition of any unusual ability by a Filipino is always the proximate cause of an inquiry into the man's ancestry, for the Filipino with a father of Chinese, Japanese, Spanish, French, British or American blood is usually a great improvement in ability upon his mother's people. The vigor of the foreigners is usually so much greater than that of the natives that an intermixture usually means a long advance in brain and character power."

Of the thirty-five members of the mission who sailed from Manila on our transport in February, six were Chinese mestizos, fifteen were Spanish mestizos, one was an English mestizo, two were of unknown descent and eleven were pure Filipinos.

It is unfortunate that the mission which seeks independence for the Philippines should be viewed as representative; for it represents only five per cent of the Filipino people. The remaining ninety-five per cent—the Malay of the nipa shacks and the rice paddies; the tao and the wild man of the hills—are voiceless. They know nothing of self-government; and under the guidance and leadership of the mestizo politicos they would have little chance of climbing the tortuous road of civilization. That appears to be the almost universal opinion of foreigners in the Philippines. But the ignorance in the United States concerning the Philippines is so colossal and so astounding that the forty members of the mission have probably succeeded in making this country believe that they are truly representative.

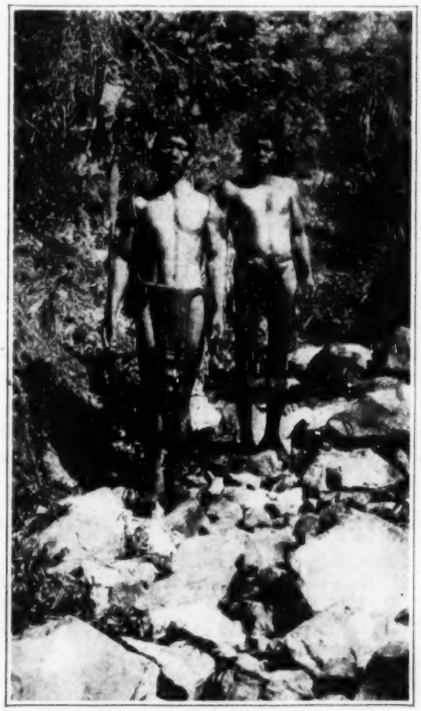
If you will turn back to the extract from the New York Tribune you will note that the mission presented a formal memorial "pointing particularly to the record of the Philippines in the great war." The ignorance in this country concerning Philippine affairs is so great that the mission could get away with such a remark as that before even the Secretary of War himself. It could stand round and point index fingers stiffly and persistently at the war record of the Filipinos; and the innocent bystanders would goggle admiringly at the fingers and pay absolutely no attention to the record.

I assume that when the mission talks about the record of the Philippines in the great war it is talking about the way the allotments in the various Liberty Loans were taken up, and about the division of Filipino troops which was to fight for democracy so gallantly. An examination of the different Liberty Loan lists shows that seventy-five per cent of the total subscriptions were from Americans and foreigners, who own but a very small percentage of the wealth of the islands. That, however, is nothing. Given time, the wealthy Filipinos probably would have come forward. The crux of the record in the great war is the Philippine division, now famous throughout the Philippines as the Bamboo Army.

Early in 1917 Manuel Quézon—the same Manuel Quézon who appeared before Secretary Baker to demand independence for the islands—went to the United States. On his arrival he offered the President in rounded periods and passionate phrases a Filipino division of 25,000 troops. He made his offer in behalf of the Philippine Government. The Filipino division was to go right over to France alongside of the American divisions and have a large firm hand in hammering the stuffing out of autocracy.

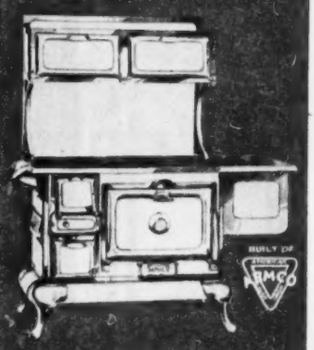
Much editorial enthusiasm was aroused in this country over Quézon's magnificent offer. When Quézon had finished speaking, away back in 1917, one felt that the 25,000 Filipinos who comprised the proffered division were encamped just across the street from the pier in Manila and that they were so anxious to get to France and start fighting that military police had to stand on the pier with dip nets and dip out the ones who had started to swim to the Front. One could imagine the glint of the sun on the thousands of bayonets; the rise and fall of the endless line of khaki-clad Filipinos, marching eagerly to fight our battles for us. One could hear the rumble of the caissons; the hoarse shouts of the seasoned officers; the tramp, tramp, tramp of the brave battalions. A lot of American editors were nearly thrilled to death over this Filipino Division.

(Continued on Page 45)



Men From the Mountain Province of Northern Luzon. On the Left a Bontoc Igorrote and on the Right an Ifugao Igorrote

"SANITARY CORAL"
SANICO
The RUST-PROOF
PORCELAIN RANGE
25 YEAR
GUARANTEE



The Cleanable Range

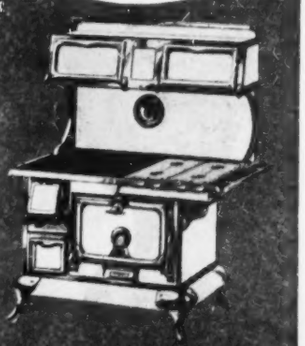
HANDSOMELY finished in Azure Blue, *Snow* White, Dark Blue or Black and White Porcelain with heavy, plain nickeled trimmings. Built of Armco Iron. A full size range, not skimped in any way.

As rust-proof and as easily cleaned as a china dish. Requires no blacking or polishing, merely wipe with a damp cloth. Two styles—combination for gas, coal or wood, and coal or wood only.

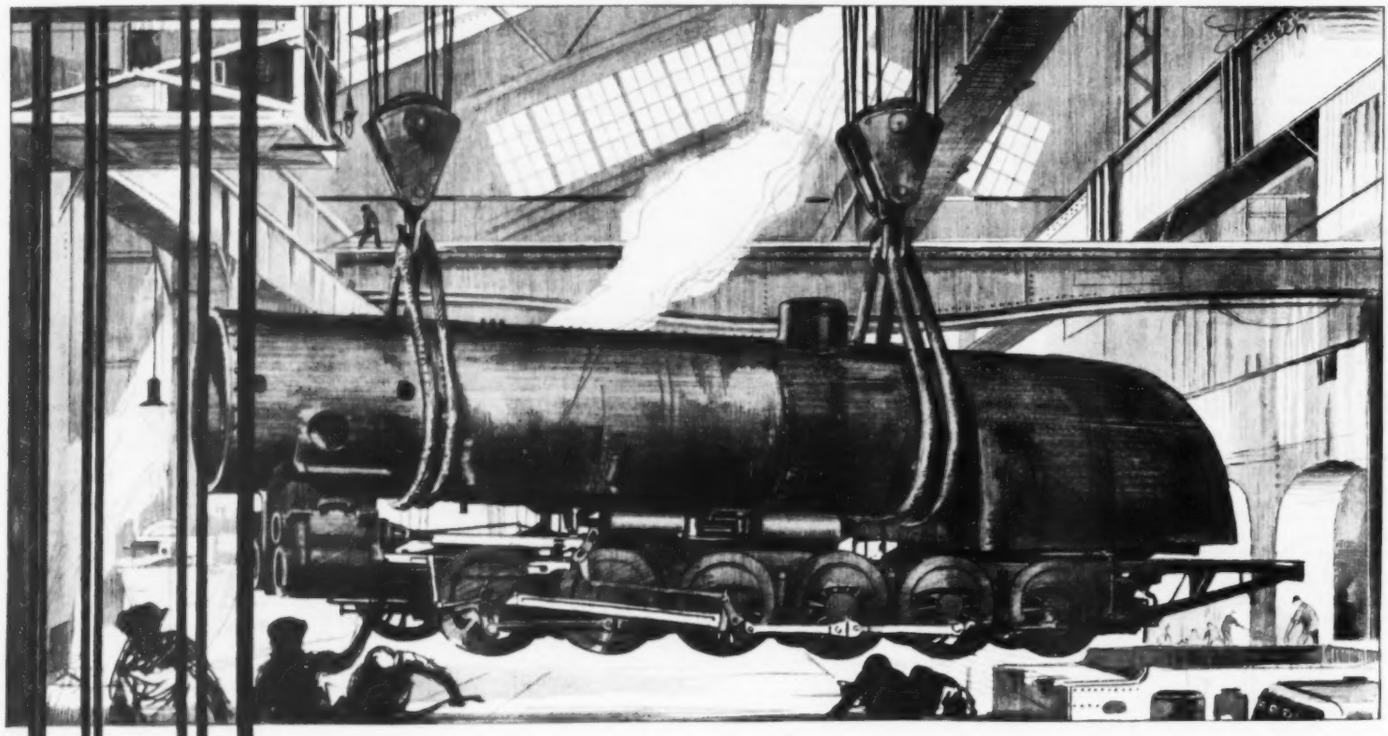
Write for catalog and a sample of this wonderful porcelain. Put it to any heat test. See how far it will bend before chipping or cracking. Please give your dealer's name. Dealers everywhere are putting in this wonderful range. If your dealer's stock has not arrived, we will see that you are supplied.

Dealers—Write for agency proposition and profit sharing plan

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2 COMPLETE RANGES IN 1



Slender as a Woman's Wrist Stronger than a Giant

JUST a cluster of wire ropes, no thicker than your wrist! Their strength seems slight, compared to the mountainous mass of the locomotive. But watch! Slowly, surely they raise the monster—it hangs in the air—then, quite as easily, it is moved along and lowered for further construction.

In the world's workshops, **wire** has become indispensable. Not only in the form of rope for hoisting. Wire lathing reinforces walls and makes them proof against cracking. Factories have wire fences, gates, elevator cabs and safety guards for machinery of all kinds. In the homes of the people are window screens, clothes lines, garden trellises and picture cord, all made of **wire.**

More than a generation ago, Wright Wire Company began making wire and wire products. The story of this company's progress is practically the story of the American wire industry since 1883. Its activities include every branch of brass, copper, bronze, iron and steel wire manufacture. Everywhere its Excelsior products are known and appreciated for quality.

From the sturdy iron ship's hawser to wire cloth woven of wire as thin as a hair, every Excelsior product is reliable through and through. It is standard-made. That this standard should be accepted by wire-buyers in general is proof of inherent value.

Ask for Excelsior products and your wire requirements will be filled to your entire satisfaction. There are Wright Wire warehouses in the principal cities.

Dealers: Write for new 1919 catalog of Wright Wire products.

EXCELSIOR WIRE

WRIGHT WIRE CO.
WORCESTER, MASS.

(Continued from Page 43)

"Think of it!" they raved. "Such a courageous people, so appreciative of what we have done for them, so passionately fond of liberty—and still we do not allow them their freedom!"

The facts, however, were as follows: When Manuel Quézon offered the President a Filipino Division on behalf of the Philippine Government the Philippine Government had never authorized Quézon to make any such offer. The Philippine Government knew nothing whatever of Quézon's offer until the news of it was cabled back to Manila from the United States.

And when the Filipino Division was offered there wasn't any Filipino Division at all. There were no guns, no caissons, no ammunition, no uniforms, no horses, no officers and no men. Not a Filipino was trying to fight our battles for us. While the newspapers of the United States were picturing the Filipino Division as sitting on the pier at Manila, the component parts of the division were padding through the gray dust of the country districts.

Only a few of the people on the extreme inside knew that Quézon was to make his offer. It was a very neat political move; a handsome move. For it won great admiration from Americans for the aggressiveness, preparedness and loyalty of the Filipinos; and it won loyal support for Quézon among the Tagalogs because he was the one who would appoint the officers for the division.

After Quézon had delivered himself of his outburst and obtained the credit for doing it the home folks went to work to raise the 25,000 men which the Filipino Division needed.

But bless your soul, the Filipinos weren't interested in the war! Instead of being 3000 miles away, as the war was for Secretary Baker at one time, it was 11,000 miles away for the Filipinos. For that reason the 25,000 men that Quézon had offered never materialized. There never was a full Filipino Division. But by straining every nerve and by waiving a strict medical examination 15,000 men were finally gathered together. But they were not gathered together until the very month that the war ended—November, 1918; and they were not organized until after the war was over.

In June, 1918, five months before this near-division was assembled, one of the solidest and best-informed newspapers in New York City had a few well-chosen words to say about the Filipino Division. Like everybody else, this newspaper thought the division existed. It thought the Filipinos were all ready to hop in and snatch the Kaiser bald-headed. It therefore said that there was some doubt as to whether the Filipino Division could be used in France; but since most of the Filipino troops spoke English and Spanish fluently they could be used to advantage on the Mexican border.

This was a fair sample of the ignorance which obtains in the United States concerning Filipino affairs. The division didn't exist; and when it finally came into existence in its bobtailed form half a year later, a great majority of the recruits were from the provinces and of the poorest and most ignorant types. More than half of them spoke nothing but their native dialect. They could no more speak English and Spanish fluently than they could discuss the relationship between a Greenwich Village free-verse poet and a doctor who has never studied medicine.

A great percentage of the Bamboo Army—my information comes from one of the highest officers in it—had never had on shoes until November, 1918. When the semidivision paraded through Manila after its organization many of the rank and file put on their shoes when the parade started and removed them and hung them about their persons as soon as they had passed the reviewing stands. At no time did the division have more than 3000 rifles, though it was able to boast of 5000 wooden guns.

When the war stopped, the Bamboo Army felt that it was out of luck. The officers and men began to wail for fear they wouldn't get their pay. The division was federalized on December 2, 1918, as of date of November twentieth. About December fifteenth the Philippine legislature, on the advice of the Philippine Militia Commission, enacted a law continuing the training period of the Bamboo Army from December 20, 1918, to February 20, 1919, so that the officers and men could get three months' pay. This money was paid out of insular funds. About January first the legislature enacted another law authorizing the militia commission to give a bonus of one month's pay to the whole division, officers and men alike.

My idea in thus giving the facts concerning the Bamboo Army is not to hold the Filipinos up to ridicule. That idea is furthest from my thoughts. My idea is to show that when Manuel Quézon offered a Filipino division to the President he was offering something that didn't exist. My idea is to show that when Quézon claims that the Philippines should be given their independence because of their record in the great war his claims are not so well founded as he would have Americans believe. My idea is to show that the statements of the Philippine Independence Mission concerning the Philippines should be taken with a teaspoonful of salt.

Quézon belittles the Japanese question. In statements given out in Washington early in April he declared that there are probably only 7000 Japanese in the Philippines.

"Recent sensational reports that the Japanese were pouring into the southern islands of the Philippine group," said he, "are not true."

When I visited the intelligence office of the Philippine Department of our Army in February of this year, I was told that there were 15,000 Japanese in Mindanao alone. Mindanao is second to Luzón in size, and it is a far richer island than Luzón. Its population is also much smaller. This is a small point. If Japan wants the Philippines and if the Philippines become independent, she could help herself whenever she felt the urge. But Quézon says there are only 7000 Japanese in all the islands. Is he right or is our intelligence office right? And is he right when he declares, as he does in his statement given out in Washington, that the modern Japanese have no imperialistic designs upon the Philippines?

Sometime between February ninth and February twentieth of this year the Manila Cablenews-American carried the report of a speech made by a member of the independence mission.

"If the United States," said he in effect, "won't give us our independence, then there is a nation to the north of us which will be only too glad to see that we obtain it."

I clipped that speech from the Cablenews-American and dropped it in my portfolio. Somehow or other it has been lost, which is rather embarrassing; but if the State Department, for example, should want to cable for that interesting speech, which to all intents and purposes declares that Japan will make the Philippines independent if we don't, it would be found in the Cablenews-American between the dates I name. And politicians don't make such speeches as that unless a vast amount of conversation on the same subject has been bandied about by the most persistent and advanced bandiers in the vicinity.

During the past year a great deal has been done to nullify the countless good things the United States has done for the Philippines in the past twenty years. Governor-General Harrison retired so many Americans from the various bureaus and supplanted them with Filipinos that inefficiency looms ahead for departments which have been built up through years of careful and conscientious labor. At that rate it wouldn't take long to ruin beyond redemption the civil service evolved by successive governors-general—a civil service which would do credit to any country and to any people.

At the Army and Navy Club in Manila I met an American lawyer who has spent years in the Philippines. He is an excellent observer, a careful student and a fair-minded man. Here is the prediction he makes as to what will happen in the Philippines if complete independence be granted to the Filipinos and American authority and protection be withdrawn:

"Within the term of five years from the day Philippine independence starts, the following things will happen:

"Practically every vestige of what the United States has done for the common people—the taos—in the way of teaching them something of their rights and privileges will be wiped out and be but little more than a memory.

"English will not be spoken outside of the commercial centers, and most of that will be of such hybrid character as to be practically unintelligible. Even to-day, through the emasculation of the school system, it is almost impossible to understand the English being taught in the

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Underwood Deviled Ham Sandwich

1 small can Underwood Deviled Ham or Tongue, 1 tablespoon melted butter, a few drops lemon juice, 1 teaspoon chopped chives, thin slices white bread.

Mix the Underwood Deviled Tongue, melted butter, mustard, chives and lemon juice to a smooth paste. Spread evenly on the slices of bread. Cut in triangles, narrow strips, circles or fancy shapes.

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SOME taste for summer—this taste of piquant ham—or delicate tongue—cooked tenderly, chopped fine, and seasoned with chef-like skill to the supreme point of appetizingness! *Some taste* to put in sandwiches, stuffed eggs, salads, omelets, croquettes, etc.!

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Went to War! Home Again.

primary schools of the islands. When independence comes the natives will revert to their local dialects, and that homogeneity which we hoped to establish through a community of language and which is so absolutely necessary for true self-government will have gone by the board.

"Epidemics and bodily ills and infirmities of all sorts will infect and infest the populace; for the best of the Filipino people lack the executive and administrative ability to carry out any settled or constructive policy, particularly when it runs counter to the ignorance and superstition of the masses.

"Justice will be bought and sold, and will be subject to every personal and political influence, as in Spanish times. We have not been in the Philippines long enough to wean the people from their old practices; nor have they the character or stability of purpose to achieve such a result for themselves.

"Public works, roads, markets, artesian wells, post and telegraph routes, transportation and all those other agencies which we have installed and fostered in order to improve the material well-being of the people will be neglected, and the money now spent thereon will be diverted to projects in which the individual legislators are interested."

VII

ONCE upon a time a wealthy man fell heir to a semidefunct business. It had great possibilities and large holdings; but years of mismanagement ——

But you know that story. I told it to you in the beginning and asked you what you thought of that wealthy business man. I have some friends in the Philippines; and I told them the story too, and asked them what they thought of him.

They said that generally speaking any man who acted as he acted deserved to be put right up at the top of the dub class. But they also pointed out that if the man lived far away from the business and didn't give it his personal attention; and if dirt and disease and incompetence were creeping in to such an extent that they were well on their way to becoming public nuisances again—then, they pointed out, the wealthy man would be somewhat justified in turning over the business to the workmen. If he intended to run it, let him run it; but if he sat round and let it go to seed while it was still in his possession, so that all his friends and enemies had to snicker at him and call him an old fool, then let him give the business to the workmen and take his experts away and stop having his name connected with it and generally wash his hands of it.

Let him give the business to the workmen, even though he knew they would wreck it completely in no time at all. Better that they should wreck it than that it should be wrecked while he still owned it and had to take all the blame for the wrecking.

Under such conditions, my Philippine friends pointed out, the wealthy business man would be a dub, but not so much of a dub as he would be if he let the business go to rack and ruin while it was still in his possession. His idealism would have fluttered away to the distant land where the actinidia arguta twineth and the filliloo bird twittereth its mournful lay; but he wouldn't have entirely lost face. He would have saved his nose, maybe, and a cheek and possibly an ear and a half. He would have lost a good deal of face; but he would have saved some; and as the poet said, half a souse is better than no drink.

That's what my friends in the Philippines thought about the man. I remember their opinions distinctly, because we were sitting in the Army and Navy Club at the time, and the air was hot and moist and fragrant with the evening scent of bougainvillæ and other tropic blooms; and white-clad figures sauntered along the Luneta, which used to be a muddy pest hole before the Americans came; and on the other side of the Luneta we could see in the moonlight the velvety expanse of golf links that the Americans laid out in the shadow of the lowering walls of the old walled city, right where the slimy stinking waters of the old moat used to breed foul odors and pestilence; and from the towering pile of the Manila Hotel across the spacious boulevards which used to be pest holes there came the faint handclappings and cheers of the banqueters who were bidding farewell to the Philippine Independence Mission and wishing them luck in their efforts to have the Americans sent home.

Planters PENNANT BRAND PEANUTS



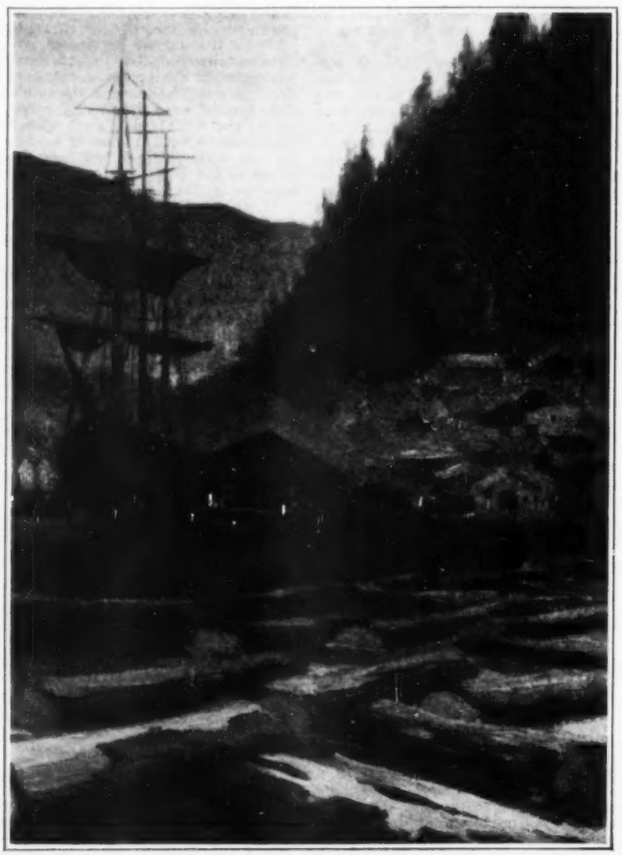
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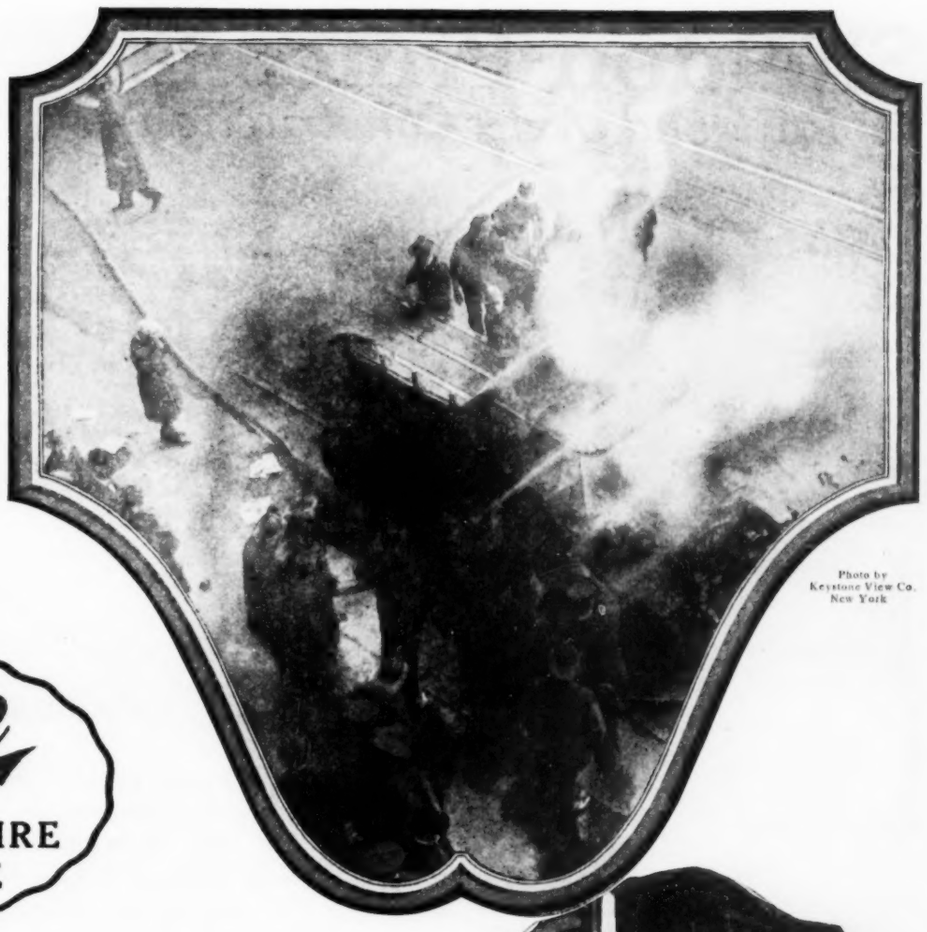


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Pyrene
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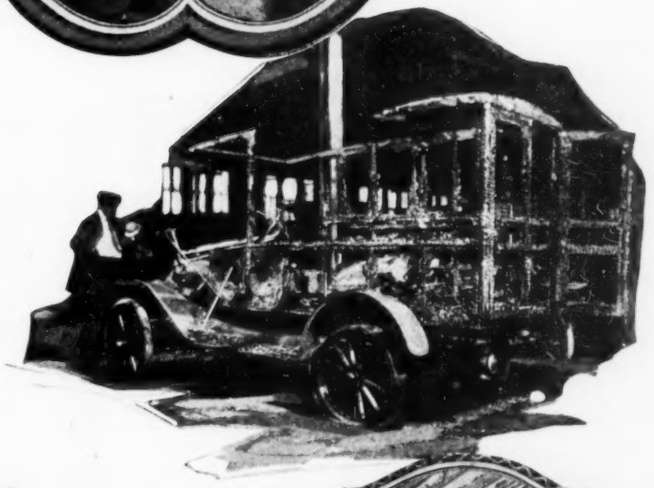
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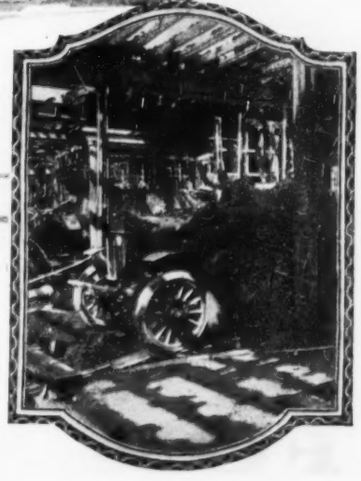
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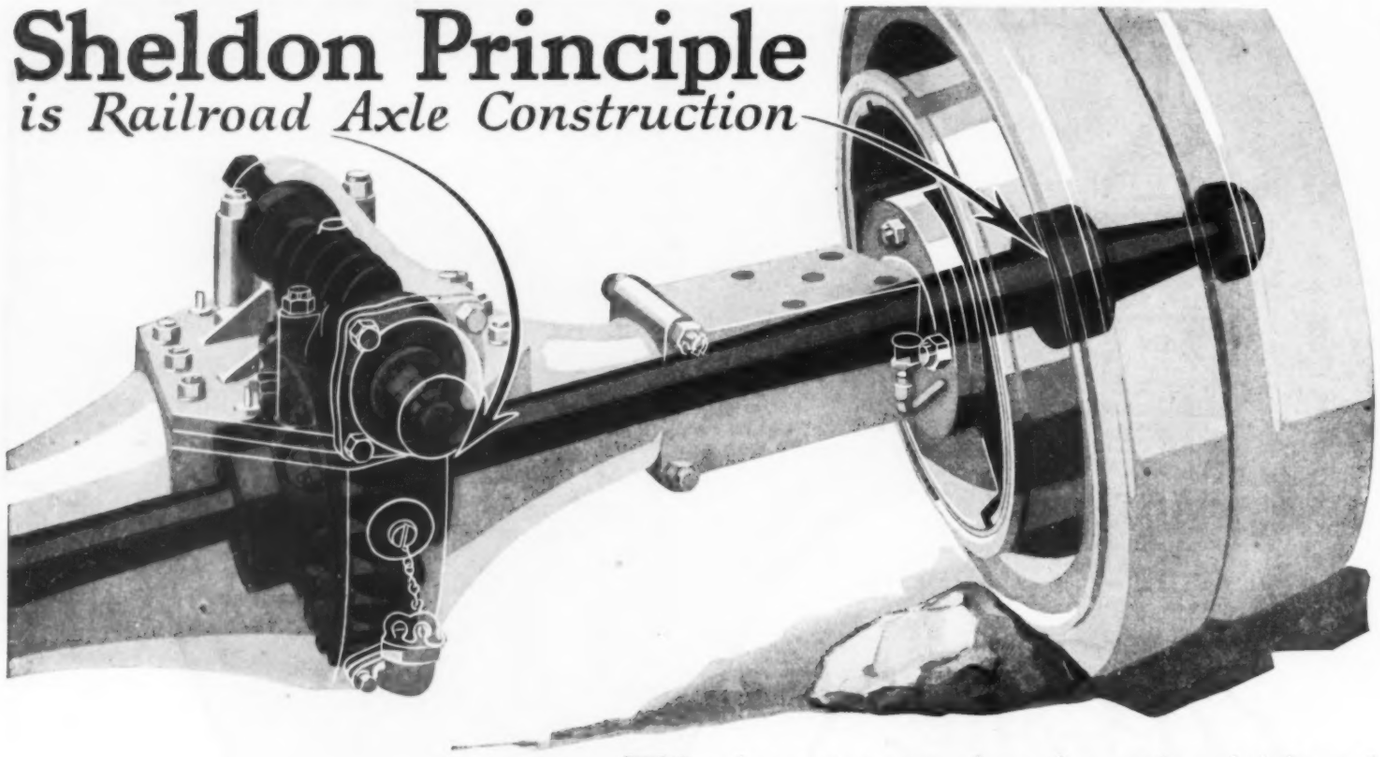


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TO gain greatest strength on locomotives, freight, and passenger cars, the wheels are fixed rigidly to the revolving axle. This permits of wide spread of bearings and a long leverage to hold the wheels steady against side strains.

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A bearing at the hub and one at the differential end of the axle give the long leverage that means stability. It is the difference between locomotive and animal-drawn construction.

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Sense and Nonsense

Port Said

SAND and wind and whirling dust, rickety docks and piers,
Cheap bazaars with gaudy goods unchanging through the years,
Heat-rimmed skies and heat-scorched moons, desert green and gray
Hem in the city of old Port Said, that stands by the waterway.

Native dhows from along the coast, with heavy crimson sails,
Bound for Aden and a hundred ports up shallow-water trails,
Saunter up the brown canal with idly squatting crews
Turbaned in white and blue and red, with gorgeous Persian shoes.

Trading schooners from seven seas slip through to Eastern ports,
Rusty red from their keels to the monsoon-battered thwarts.
Troopships out to India, brigantines for green Ceylon
Pass from sapphire sea to brown between the dusk and dawn.

Here the crossroads of the world, where West gives way to East,
Where pleasure and time both meet and time is but the least,
Where dawn is but a lightning flash and dusk an hour or two
And the crimson dhows go sailing down a sea of changing blue.

—*Gordon Malherbe Hillman.*

What Congress Didn't Do

THE last Congress adjourned March fourth on the keen lope and in the midst of a general confusion during which no one knew which way was north or what was which. Here are some of the things which that extraordinary body of gentlemen did not do for the people of the United States: They did not provide any appropriation for the new Grand Cañon Park, without which appropriation it cannot be administered by the Interior Department, which now will have it in charge; they did not pass the Mondell Bill providing for Greater Yellowstone Park, which was thought certain of success; they failed to pass the bill for the extension of the Old Sequoia Park, to be known as Roosevelt National Park. All of the foregoing measures had been watched with keen interest by the sportsmen of America. There are five million sportsmen and ninety-five million Americans who are interested in seeing all of those bills go through. They are great constructive measures.

Vacations

HERE is an absolute economic law, though it is not in any of the text-books: The more a vacation costs the less it is worth. A man's ability to get pleasure out of a vacation is in inverse ratio to his ability to spend money for one. If he is able to spend a great deal of money he has been about everywhere he really cares to go and can take a vacation about when he wants to. It is no thrilling adventure to him but only a debatable question as to whether a given plan will yield more enjoyment for his money than discomfort and boredom.

A friend, in whose discretion we have much confidence, tells us the best vacation he ever had or expects to have lasted twelve days and cost thirty-six dollars for himself and wife; but they spent six weeks in exciting study of advertisements, time-tables and resort literature, and from that alone got more pleasure than a millionaire could derive from anything short of a trip to Mars.

On the other hand, a vacation is something that anybody with any margin of income can well afford. Here are conditions for getting the greatest pleasure out of a vacation: It must be a question whether you can really afford it; there must be pros and cons to weigh about that; you must set the limit that you will spend, and come back with a little of it unspent. Where you go is relatively of no importance at all. There is just as good a vacation twenty miles away as twenty thousand. The important thing is change, a break with your daily routine and the illusion of being out of harness, irresponsible, a free agent at large in space, with no hours to keep and nothing hanging over you. Relatively speaking you can get that in one green open place as well as in another. It is something everybody ought to get once a year.

A Draft of Honor

THE Federal Board for Vocational Training, to which has been intrusted the task of fitting wounded soldiers for new work in civil life, is making every effort to reach a higher degree of efficiency than was found possible by similar boards in either England or France. Official figures from these countries indicate that only about twenty-five per cent of the men who really need training have taken advantage of the courses offered by the British and French Governments. This state of affairs is thought to be due to the fact that so many men in their haste to get back to work obtained temporary and often ill-paid employment before it was possible to interest them in the retraining program.

Our own board has found no short cut or simple formula by which it can accomplish its work. The problem is a human one. Each case differs in some respect from every other case and it is impossible to obtain the best results without a great deal of intelligent personal study.

This means that each man has to be seen several times by his adviser. His confidence must be won, he must be led to talk of his past, his future, his ambitions and his own personal gifts or faculties. Furthermore, an adviser must feel reasonably sure that the course of training chosen is within the applicant's mental limitations. He must be equally certain that the applicant does himself justice and chooses the highest form of work for which he can be made capable.

It is highly necessary that the representatives of the board be prepared to exercise a vast amount of tact, sympathy and good judgment. They must display resource and imagination and untiring good will if they are to make the most of the program of reconstruction intrusted to their execution. It is in this way only that the board can assist the Government to make practical payment of what Mr. Wilson has called "a draft of honor which the United States of America accepted when it selected these men and took them in their health and strength to fight the battles of the Nation."

Mexican Policy

THE UNITED STATES intervened in Mexico to overthrow Huerta—not by force of arms, but effectually in the long run just the same. It intervened to encourage Villa and then to support Carranza. All this happened under an announced policy of strict nonintervention. The United States and Mexico are so situated that letting Mexican affairs absolutely alone and exerting no influence upon them is practically impossible. What we do or don't do is bound to be a factor in them. What nine Americans out of ten want with respect to Mexico is just a government that will preserve order along the border and fulfill its treaty obligations, and a settled social state so that we need bother no more about the internal affairs of Mexico than about those of Canada.

Until Mexico is in that situation our relations with her cannot be just what they are with Canada. If we were obliged to keep troops along the Canadian border what we did or did not do would be decidedly a factor in Canadian affairs. Sensible Americans who are not biased by personal interest hope to see Mexico progress steadily to a condition where there can be no notion of our intervening there. Armed intervention is the last thing any unbiased American wants.

But current press reports, probably more or less colored, give an impression of further revolutionary activity down there. If any such further activities develop the United States ought to adopt one simple point of Mexican policy and make it unmistakably clear—namely: That American soil and subjects have got to be respected by everybody concerned or else everybody concerned will see the United States taking whatever steps are necessary to full self-protection. There ought to be no more patience with raids across the border.

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THE SPRING SUIT

(Continued from Page 19)

Yes. His voice was cold. His manner was distant. And a dull disapproving look was in his eyes.

There was a momentary silence. They stood aside to allow a stream of diners to go in. Rosie looked at the women. They were walking reproaches to her. They were smart. They glittered. A sudden panic came upon her. Something told her that George would be ashamed to be seen with her in a place like the McAstor.

"I say, Rosie!"

There was embarrassment in George's voice. He gave a swift look over his shoulder into the crowded prismatic lobby of the restaurant.

"I don't know that I'm so crazy to have dinner here," he said awkwardly. "How about going somewhere else?"

The blow had fallen. And, like most blows that fall after we have been anticipating them, it had an unexpected effect on its victim. A moment before she had felt humble, ashamed of herself. But now, when George had come out into the open and as good as told her in so many words that he shrank from being seen with her in public, a fighting spirit she had never suspected herself of possessing flamed into being. All her unhappiness crystallized into a furious resentment. She hated George, who had humiliated her.

"I don't mind," she said.

"Darned noisy crowded place," said George. "I've heard the service is bad too."

She despised him now, besides hating him. It was pitiful to see him standing there, mumbling transparent lies to try to justify himself.

"Shall we go to Giuseppe's?" she asked coldly.

The question was a test. Giuseppe's was where they always went, one of the four hundred and eighty-seven Italian restaurants in the neighborhood of Times Square which provided sixty-cent table-d'hôte dinners for the impecunious. The food was plentiful, especially the soup, which was a meal in itself, and they had always enjoyed themselves there; but if George could countenance the humble surroundings of Giuseppe's on his birthday, on the night they had been looking forward to for weeks as a grand occasion, then George must indeed have sunk low. For George to answer "Yes" was equivalent to an admission that he had feet of clay.

"Yes," answered George; "that's just what I'd like."

Rosie put her finger in her mouth and bit it hard. It was the only way she could keep from crying.

Dinner was a miserable affair. The constraint between them was like a wall of fog. It was perhaps fortunate that they had decided to go to Giuseppe's, for there conversation is not essential. What with the clatter of cutlery, the babel of talk, the shrill cries of the Italian waitresses conveying instruction and reproof to an unseen cook, who replied with what sounded like a recitative passage from grand opera, and the deep gurgling of the soup dispatchers, there is plenty of tumult to cover any lack of small talk.

Rosie, listening to the uproar, with the chair of the diner behind her joggling her back and the elbow of the diner beside her threatening her ribs, remembered with bitterness that George had called the McAstor a noisy crowded place.

When the ice cream and the demi-tasses appeared Rosie leaned forward.

"Did you get tickets for a theater?" she asked.

"No," said George; "I thought I'd wait and see what show you'd like to go to."

"I don't think I want to go to a show. I've a headache. I'll go home and rest."

"Good idea!" said George. It was hopeless for him to try to keep the relief out of his voice. "I'm sorry you've a headache."

Rosie said nothing.

They parted at her door in strained silence. Rosie went wearily up to her room and sat down on the accommodating piece of furniture that was a bed by night and by day retired modestly into the wall and tried to look like a bookshelf. She had deceived George when she told him she had a headache. Her head had never been clearer. Never had she been able to think so coherently and with such judicial intensity. She could see quite plainly now how mistaken she had been in George. She had been deceived by the glamour of the man. She did not blame herself for this. Any girl might have done the same.

Even now, though her eyes were opened, she freely recognized his attractions. He was good-looking, an entertaining talker, and superficially kind and thoughtful. She was not to be blamed for having fancied herself in love with him; she ought to consider herself very lucky to have found him out before it was too late. She had been granted the chance of catching him off his guard, of scratching the veneer, and she felt thankful. . . . At this point in her meditations Rosie burst into tears—due, no doubt, to relief.

The drawback to being a girl who seldom cries is that when you do cry you do it clumsily and without restraint. Rosie was subconsciously aware that she was weeping a little noisily; but it was not till a voice spoke at her side that she discovered she was rousing the house.

"For the love of Pete, honey, whatever is the matter?"

A stout, comfortably unkempt girl in a pink kimono was standing beside her. There was concern in her pleasant face.

"It's nothing," said Rosie. "I didn't mean to disturb you."

"Nothing! It sounded like a coupla families being murdered in cold blood. I'm in the room next to this; and I guess the walls in this joint are made of paper, for it sounded to me as if it was all happening on my own rug. Come along, honey! You tell me all about it. Maybe it's not true, anyway."

She sat down beside Rosie on the bookcase bed and patted her shoulder in a comforting manner. Then she drew from the recesses of her kimono a packet of chewing gum, a girl's best friend.

"Have some?"

Rosie shook her head.

"Kind o' soothing, gum is," said the stout girl, inserting a slab into her mouth as if she were posting a letter, and beginning to champ rhythmically, like an amiable cow. "Now what's your little trouble?"

"There's nothing to tell."

"Well, go ahead and tell it, then."

Rosie gave in to the impulse that urged her to confide. There was something undeniably appealing and maternal about this girl. In a few broken sentences she revealed the position of affairs. When she came to the part where George had refused to take her into the McAstor the stout girl was so moved that she swallowed her gum and had to take another slab.

The stout girl gave it as her opinion that George was a cootie.

"Of course," said Rosie with a weak impulse to defend her late idol, "he's very particular about clothes."

The stout girl would hear no defense. She said it was Bolsheviki like George who caused half the trouble in the world. It began to look to her as if George Mellon was one of these here now lounge lizards that you read pieces about in the papers.

"Not," she said, eying Rosie critically, "but what that certainly is some little suit you've got on. I'll say so! Nobody couldn't look her best in that." She gave a sudden start. "Say, where did you get it?"

"At Fuller & Benjamin's."

"No!" cried the stout girl. "But it is! I thought all along it looked kind o' familiar. Why, honey, that's the suit we girls call the Crown Prince, because it oughtn't to be at large! Why, it's a regular joke with us! I've tried to sell it a dozen times myself. What? Sure I work at Fuller & Benjamin's. And—say, I remember you now. You came in just on closing time and Sadie Lewis waited on you. For the love o' Pete, why ever did you go and be so foolish as to let Sadie wish a quince like that on you?"

"She looked so tired," said Rosie miserably, "I just hated to bother her to show me a lot of suits; so I took the first. It seemed such a shame. She looked all worn out."

For the first time in her career as a chewer, a career that had covered two decades, the stout girl swallowed her gum twice in a single evening. Only the supremest emotion could have made her do this, for she was a girl who was careful of her chewing gum, even to the extent of parking it under the counter or behind doors for future use when it was not in active service.

When she bought gum she bought the serial rights. But now, in the face of this extraordinary revelation, swallowing it seemed the only thing to do. She was stunned. A miracle had happened. With her own eyes she had seen a shopper who had consideration for shopgirls. Diogenes could not have been more surprised if he had found his honest man.

"Well, if that don't beat everything!" she gasped. "Wherever did you get those funny ideas of yours about us salesladies being human? Didn't you know we was just machines? Now you listen here, honey: There's certainly something coming to you for that, and here's where you're going to get it. I've the cutest suit all tucked away down at the store, just ready and waiting for you. Honest, it's a bird! What's your size? Eighteen misses', I should judge. Why, it'll fit you just like mother made. I sold it this morning to a dame who went dippy over it."

"It's sold!"

"Don't you worry about that. It hasn't been sent off yet. And I know the dame that got her hooks onto it. She's one of the Boomerang Sisters, the kind you send goods to and have 'em come whizzing back to you. She's a C. O. D. lizard. She ain't worthy of that suit, honey; and she ain't going to get it. She'll get the Crown Prince instead and be told that's what she ordered."

"But won't you get into trouble?"

"There you go again, worrying yourself about the poor working girl! Say, that habit's going to grow on you if you don't watch out! I won't get into no trouble. She'll let out a squawk you'll be able to hear as far as White Plains, I've no doubt; but I should manifest concern! I'm quitting on the seventeenth. Going to be married!"

The stout girl sighed dreamily.

"Say, there's a fellow that really is a fellow! Runs a dry-goods-and-notions store back home where I come from; been crazy about me since we were kids; has a car, coupla help, half-acre lot back of the house, twenty-eight chickens, and a bulldog that he's been offered fifty dollars for, and grows his own vegetables. I'm the lucky girl, all right. Not a thing to it!

"Well, you look in at the store bright and early to-morrow morning, ask for me—Miss Merridew's my name—and I'll have that suit waiting for you. I'll say good night now. Got to write to my boy before I hit the hay. See you later!"

The stout girl withdrew. Presently Rosie heard her through the wall singing Poor Butterfly. A little later there came an imperious banging on the floor above, from the room where the long-haired young man lived who was supposed to be writing a play. The singing stopped. Silence reigned.

George was dealing with a poetess in his suave manner when Rosie reached the office of the Ladies' Sphere at noon next day. In a few moments the poetess had receded like a brightly colored wave that rolls down the beach. The elevator engulfed her and she was no more. George came over to Rosie.

"Hello, kiddie! Where did you spring from?"

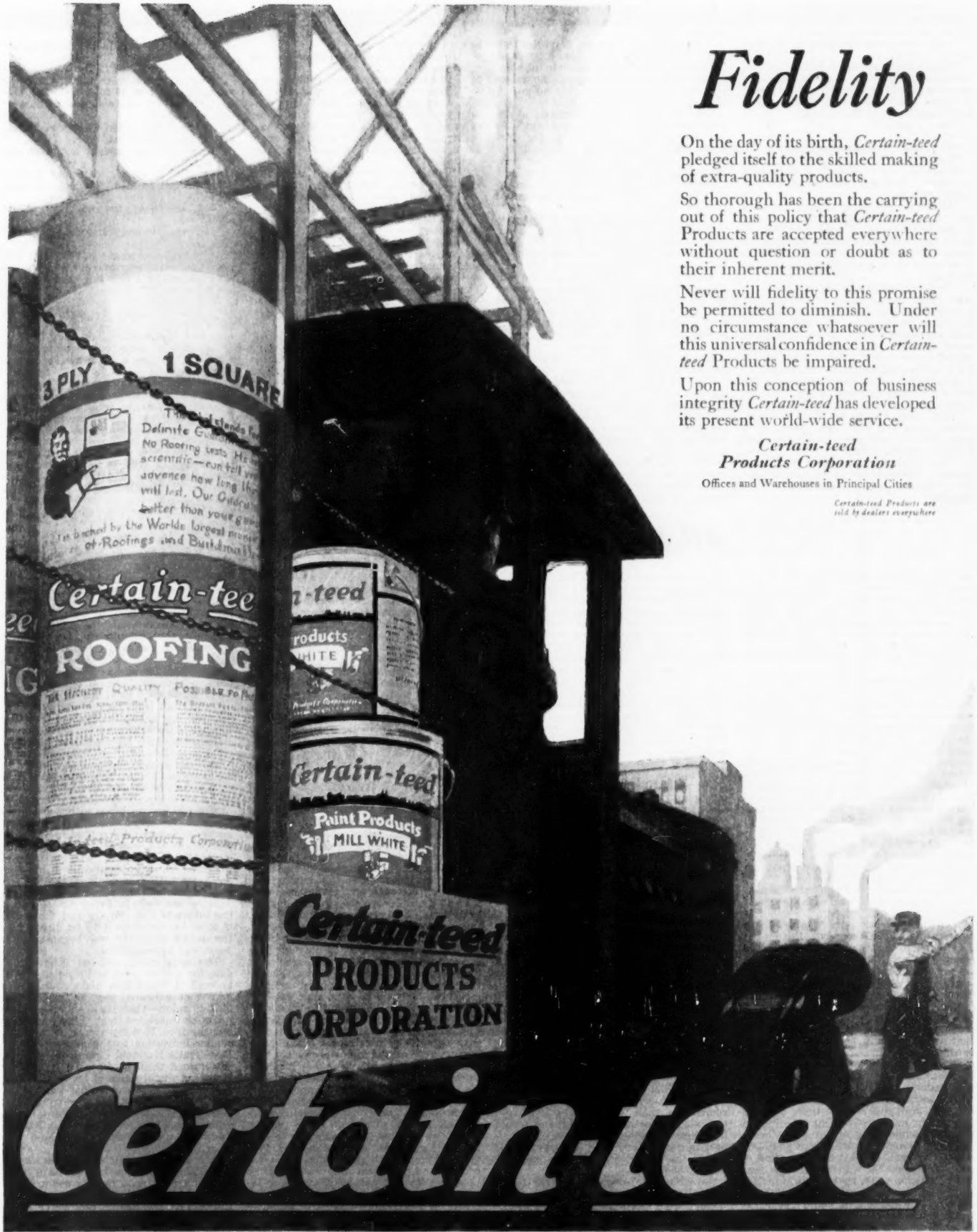
This was quite a different George. His eyes shone with pleasure at the sight of her. His animation had returned—a very different George from the dull-eyed disapproving critic of last night.

Rosie looked at him steadily, without an answering smile. She was a very different Rosie, also, from the stricken creature who had parted from him yesterday. The new suit was all and more than Miss Merridew had claimed for it. Navy blue, with short shoulders, tight sleeves and wonderful lines, it was precisely the suit of which Rosie had dreamed.

She felt decently clad at last. From the smart little straw hat, with its flowers and fruit, to the black silk stockings, with their white clocks, and the jaunty patent-leather pumps, she was precisely all that a girl would wish to be. She could hold up her head again.

And she did hold up her head, with a militant tilt of the chin. She was feeling strong and resolute. Before she left, the engagement would be broken. On that point she was as rigid as steel. If her

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Fidelity

On the day of its birth, *Certain-teed* pledged itself to the skilled making of extra-quality products.

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PAINT VARNISH ROOFING & RELATED BUILDING PRODUCTS

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outward appearance was all that George valued, she had done with him.

"I came to say something to you, George," she said quietly.

George did not appear to have heard her. He looked about him. From behind doors came the click of typewriters and the sound of voices, but nobody was visible. They had the anteroom to themselves.

"Say! I got it!"

"Got it?"

"The raise! Another fifteen per."

"Yes?"

He seemed not to notice the coolness of her voice. This man was full of his own petty triumph.

"I'll tell you one thing, though," he went on: "I don't know who Elmer Otis Banks is; but he's a prune! That dope of his may be all right with some people, but when it comes to slipping one over on Mr. Hebblethwaite it's about as much good as a cold in the head.

"Yesterday afternoon I breezed into the boss' office, looked him in the eye as per schedule, and said I could do with a raise. According to the dope he ought to have come across like a lamb. But all he did was to tell me to get out. I got out. The way I figured it was that if I didn't get out then I'd be getting out a little later for keeps."

A caller intruded, desirous of seeing the editor. George disposed of her. He returned to Rosie:

"Well, back I go to my chair out here, feeling good and sore; and presently a dame blows in and wants to see the boss. I tell her nothing doing.

"'You evidently don't know who I am,' she says, looking at me as if I was just one of the common people. 'I am Mrs. Hebblethwaite.'

"She had a book under her arm and it looked to me like a sample. I wasn't taking any chances.

"'Sorry, ma'am,' I says, 'but the last Mrs. Hebblethwaite that made a play round the end and scored a touchdown in the boss' private office was a book agent. So unless you have an appointment, it's no go. I value my job and I want to hold it.'

"'I shall speak to my husband about your impertinence,' she said, and beat it.

"I thought no more about it. And that night, while I was waiting for you in the McAstor lobby, I'm darned if the boss didn't come in with this same woman; and I heard her ask him if he'd remembered to put the cover over the canary's cage before they left home.

"Gee! By the time you arrived I'd made up my mind it would be the gate for me first thing this morning. I don't suppose you noticed anything, but I was feeling so sick I just wanted to creep away and die."

Rosie leaned boneless against the rail. The reaction from her militant mood had left her limp. The thought of how she had wronged her golden-hearted George filled her with self-loathing. She had no right to be engaged to the most perfect of his sex.

"Oh, George!" she gasped.

George misinterpreted her emotion. He patted her hand encouragingly.

"It's all right, kiddie! I told you there was a happy ending. This morning the boss sent for me.

"'What's all this I hear about your refusing Mrs. Hebblethwaite admittance yesterday?' he said. I was feeling that all was over now except the tearful farewells. 'She told you who she was,' he said. 'What did you keep her out for?'

"'I thought you were busy, Mr. Hebblethwaite,' I said. 'And it's always been my idea that if callers hadn't appointments you weren't to be disturbed on any account.'

"He didn't say anything for a bit; then he kind of glared at me.

"'How many were there after the job when you got it?'

"I told him twenty-seven, counting me.

"'Then let me tell you, young man,' he said, worrying his cigar, 'that I don't consider you one of twenty-seven. You're one in a million! You've a head! Weren't you boring me yesterday with some silly story about wanting a raise? What do you want a raise for?'

"'Want to get married, sir.' He looked at me in a pitying sort of way.

"'You don't know when you're well off,' he said. 'Oh, well! Give this to the cashier.'

"And he scribbled something on a bit of paper. And ——"

George broke off and slid nimbly to intercept a fair creature in mauve who was trying to buck center.

"Have you an appointment, madam? Then I fear —— Mr. Hebblethwaite is extremely busy. . . . The magazine goes to press to-day. If you will leave a message ——"

He came back.

"What was I saying? Oh, yes. He gave me a note to the cashier for another fifteen a week. So there we are! Say, I happened to be passing a shop a few days ago and I saw in the window some parlor furniture ——"

Rosie gulped.

"But, George, why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you? I have told you!"

"Last night, I mean."

George laughed a little sheepishly.

"Well, after the way I'd been blowing to you about what a marvel I was and what I was going to do to the boss when I got him alone, I kind of felt you'd think me such a darned fool. Besides, I didn't want to worry you."

"But you did worry me. I nearly died."

George stared.

"Eh? How? Why?"

"Why, I naturally thought, when you suddenly didn't want to go into the McAstor, that you were ashamed to be seen there with me."

"Ashamed to be seen with you! Whatever gave you that idea?"

"I thought you thought my dress was too awful."

"What's the matter with your dress?" asked George, puzzled. "It looks all right to me."

"Not this one; the one I wore last night."

"Isn't that the one you wore last night?" said George.

"I never notice what you've got on, kiddie. You could wear overalls and make a hit with me. It's you I'm in love with—not the scenery."

Rosie blinked.

"You're the most wonderful man on earth!"

"Sure! But don't tell anybody."

"But all the same, you're pretty awful not to see that this is the cutest spring suit ever made."

George looked into her eyes. Elmer Otis Banks himself never directed into anybody's eyes such a steady whole-hearted gaze. Looking over his shoulder again to make sure that their privacy was still undisturbed, he kissed Rosie.

"Anything you wear looks that way to me," he said. "Well, as I was saying, I was passing this shop, and there in the window was the swellest set of parlor furniture ——"

AN ADVENTURE IN PROGNOSIS

(Continued from Page 20)

has not a united support from the Democratic Party. Further, he never has had. This is especially true in Congress, where his party, just now coming into the minority, has been in the majority since he began his first term as President. His party fellows in Congress to a considerable number obeyed him, but they did not and do not like him.

His going to France, his participation in the Peace Conference, his work there, his subjection to necessities, his compelled compromises, his ideals, now studded perforce with European political practicalisms, the failure to present to the people just what has been done over there, the withholding of facts—all these things and many others have given ground for criticism, especially the long delay in making peace. The old partisan dislike of the President has fed on these things, and notwithstanding the fact that the President's labors in France have been—as time will discover—for the benefit of all the people of all the world, according to his lights, it will be a long time before any just verdict on this phase of his career will be set forth.

My own opinion of President Wilson is that he is a very great man with very great faults. He lacks the coöperative mind, as Mr. Holman so aptly puts it, especially in matters of American concern. But on the other hand, as the true history of the peace negotiations will show, he has a faculty for coöperation and even for compromise that is astounding, when his displayed proclivities in Washington are considered. His own description of his mind is that it is "a single-track mind." That is possibly correct, and there is considerable evidence to the effect that that single-tracked mind is broad-gauged at times and narrow-gauged at others. He has courage and a sort of sublime stubbornness. For example, in March, 1918, eight months before the armistice came and when it seemed inevitable that the war must continue until this present time, at least, I heard him make a statement concerning a certain possible phase of peace contingencies and demands and express his emphatic opinion thereon and his determination of procedure when the war ended. One year later, in Paris, when that identical matter was under discussion, the President acted exactly as he had said he would a year previous, expressed the same opinions, which were the result of matured convictions, and did not abate a particle in upholding those opinions; nor has he yet.

Laying aside his ill-considered attempt to put the war on a partisan basis before the congressional elections last fall, which will be political material for a long time, the considerations of the President in all fairness must be based on what has happened since the armistice, because whatever mistakes he made during the war—being human—did not affect the victorious result. Those are water over the dam.

Before casting a tentative horoscope for him, let us survey briefly what has happened in Paris. The outstanding project of the President in Paris has been his League of Nations. He has subordinated all else to that. No person in the world, except himself, knows all the difficulties he has encountered.

Some of these were of his own making. For example, his peace commission. He deliberately set up for himself opportunity for opposition, criticism, even abuse by his selections—not that the gentlemen selected are not estimable citizens, but that their selection predicated concerning the President in the minds of the people a certain egoism, a certain lack of coöperation, a certain disregard of domestic circumstances, a certain irritating and mistaken indifference for public opinion, as well as an astonishing ignoration of—almost contempt for—available material.

He might have saved himself and his country considerable difficulty, both present and future, by putting on the commission one or two Republicans distinguished in the public mind as such. Instead, he called from retirement, as a Republican, Henry White, who had had a mediocre diplomatic experience, who was totally unknown to ninety-nine per cent of the Republicans of the country, and who has not gained any further public acquaintance since he went to Paris. Certainly there are twenty Republicans in the Senate, say, and some in the House—to say nothing of men like Elihu Root and William H. Taft—who would have added more weight to the commission than White did or does; and the selection of any two of them would have been beneficial not only to the President during the course of the negotiations but to the United States at this moment and in the future.

So with the others—Lansing, House, Bliss. Excellent persons, no doubt, but tiny beside Lloyd George, Balfour, Cecil, Clemenceau, Pinchon, Orlando, Sonnino, Makino, and so on. This gave the people the impression that the President was deliberately undertaking to settle not only the future difficulties of the United States but of the world solely by himself, so far as we are concerned—an ineradicable impression of an egoism, a contempt for counsel, a domination of his fellow citizens that is now having its inevitable reflex because it has so flagrantly affected the self-esteem of the people in general. They resent this assumption of omniscience and omnipotence. I have no information on the subject, but it is my opinion that if the President had it to do over again he would not be quite so self-sufficient.

He has another trait, which is that apparently he considers only what a man says; or—to be more explicit—the line of a man's indicated or expressed thought, when taking him to counsel on such occasions as he takes counsel. Notable examples of this preference to words over deeds may be observed in his Cabinet. Also in those who have access to him both in Washington and in Paris. That is the only way some of his few intimacies and many of his appointments can be explained. Together, these difficulties of his own making, added to the difficulties made for him by the European politicians, and combined with the third ingredient of an idealism that has suffered several infractions, have made the President's stay in Europe one of enormous and heartbreaking labor, tremendous obstacle, incredible arduousness and lessened result. The real history of his part in the peace negotiations can be written only by himself and it is doubtful if he will be so great an iconoclast as to write it. Because while the outside of it has been subject to ample criticism—and will be—the inside of it is so far from being known and so beset with selfishness, intrigue, political tergiversation, lack of candor, and deceit as to be easy cause for political upheavals in every country represented and concerned.

More than this, the President has been forced to combat compromises made by his own pet and pampered compromisers that have affected his general policy; to operate on the theory that the end has justified the means, to give in order that he might get—a mess from beginning to end, and nothing more. He has labored with great patience, with great skill, with great courage and with great Americanism, as he conceives it; and naturally, as he has labored alone, he is now subject to great criticism, which will require all his philosophy to combat, because he undertook an impossibility, as he laid it out, and has been forced to adopt a possibility, which is quite natural and was to be expected, inasmuch as all the elements concerned are crassly human and not spiritualistically idealistic.

Whatever the results of his labors may be, and the criticism thereof, there can be no serious dispute of the fact that the President has been actuated by high ideals; that he alone comprehends the difficulties he has had; that assaults on the results at this time are necessarily based on incomplete information; that whether he has won or whether he has failed can be determined not by political opposition but by time alone. A good deal of his trouble will come not from his material results or from the method and manner of them but because of his evidenced—if not defined—assumption of the super-rôle over his fellow citizens as the arbiter of their destinies. If a man—even a President—sets out to be a superman he must be a superman or be prepared to be flouted when his recorded works show that he is human after all.

When he arrives home with a victorious war and the high—or hollow—results of his peace negotiations behind him, he will still be one of the most interesting figures in contemporaneous life; and his course as President until the expiration of his term on March 4, 1921, undoubtedly will be predicated on two things: The first is the work he has done in Paris; the second is the future of this country and the people in it as he conceives it to be directed by the events since the war began and the peace was accomplished.

The initial inquiry will be: Is he a candidate for a third term as President? Who knows? I heard him make a statement once that indicated that he has no such idea in mind—that is, a statement that might be translated thus. That was fifteen months ago. It is reported that he gave a similar indication to the members of the Democratic National Committee when he entertained them at dinner at the White House on the occasion of his brief visit to this country in March. That was a statement, as I have had it quoted to me, that is translatable into a lack of desire for another term. In a recent speech in Paris he said that the presidency is behind him. That is about all.

It is probable that he does not care to run again. However, he may have to. A situation may arise in this country that will force him to go out as champion, with the definite goal of the presidency as the victory point of his labors in France. All that is tentative, except the probable truth that if he desires the nomination for President no one can keep it from him. Nor will precedent bother him. He is the great

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The plug with the Green Jacket



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They cannot chip, crack, or break because they are insulated with India ruby mica (an indestructible material).

This mica, in thin sheets, is wound laterally around a conical electrode and forced into a bushing so tightly that the windings become, in effect, a solid mass, proof against oil, compression and current leakage.

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Some engines require special plugs. Be sure you get the right Splitdorf plug for your engine—our illustrated booklet shows the right plug for your engine.

If your dealer cannot explain to you why Splitdorf Spark Plugs will give you unlimited service, send for our booklet and let us have the dealer's name. We'll convince him.

At your dealer's or jobber's.

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"My wife will never do the washing."

So says the doughboy from over there. He's been washing his own clothes and *knows* what drudgery washing is.

He'll buy *her* a BlueBird. He won't permit the health and youth of his wife to be blighted by washboard slavery.

BlueBird will do her washing—it will take everything from the finest garments to the heaviest quilts and wash them all *clean* in a few minutes—without the slightest work or wear. The whole washing will be done in about an hour—clothes will be "on the line by nine"; she will be free for the day.

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Heavy copper, extra large tub, can't discolor clothes. Inside perfectly smooth, nothing to tear or wear things.

Washes by perfect rock-a-bye action; quickest, most thorough way.

Built for a life-time of service; extra strong, rigid frame, simple, dependable mechanism.

Large power driven wringer, swings to any position; adjusts automatically for light or heavy things.

Highest grade guaranteed motor—powerful, dependable.

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BlueBird
ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

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precedent smasher of our age—take his six months' absence from the country as an example. He'd smash the third-term fetish as easily and quickly as he broke the unwritten law that Presidents must stay within the borders of the country.

It is an axiom that the only way the future may be judged is by the past. Unique in many other ways, the President is unique in this regard also. His future is not to be judged by the past. Its basis of assay is only in the future. Hence the case is hypothetical. It is mostly by virtue of an "if"—mostly, but not all, because he has already demonstrated some portions of his future so plainly that all who are wise may read.

Politically the President returns to face a country loud in its dissatisfaction with his party—the Democratic Party—for many reasons, but principally because of onerous taxes, which hit hard at the purse of every man. These taxes could not be avoided, because of the war; but now that the war is over the burden of them is laid to the Democratic Party, which imposed them. Effect, not cause, is the great political determinant in this country. Also, there is the burden of high prices. Further than this, the President is faced with a Congress controlled by the Republicans—by two votes in the Senate and a workable majority in the House of Representatives. It is wise political opinion that holds that the Republicans would be in far better shape to win in 1920 if they had not carried this Congress; but that is a matter that concerns the Republicans, not the President.

Now this Congress, Republican and in opposition to the President in majority, is more than that. It is filled with active—even if secret—political enemies of the President in his own party. In round numbers—the exact figures are not at hand—there are two hundred and fifty Democrats in the present Senate and House. Nearly all of these will obey the President when it comes to an open party matter, but it is doubtful if in the number there are fifty loyal friends of his—or any other kind of friends, except when they want something he can give. The President never said a truer thing than his reported comment on the Democrats in Congress during the time the Democrats were in power there:

"I have had a majority on the floor, but never a majority in the cloakroom."

There are ten reasons for this, but after it is pointed out that the first reason is the President himself, the remaining nine reasons become immaterial.

The One Useful Course

But looking at the congressional situation in its obvious light, the Congress is Republican and the President is a Democrat. Wherefore the President, being a politician as well as an idealist, and having one astute politician in close relations to him, had one useful course to take and he took it. He simply, almost casually, put the public legislative requirements up to the Republican majority in his message and let it go at that. He told what is needed, but made no suggestions as to how the needful is to be accomplished. He gracefully allows the Republicans to work out their own salvation. He generalized eloquently, but failed to be specific in any perplexing instance—urging woman suffrage and repeal of the luxury tax, and so on; but was there ever a more adroit passing of the buck than is found in the sentence: "The railroads will be handed back to their owners at the end of the calendar year"?

How? With what restrictions? In what circumstances? With what support? With what financial settlement? Nothing on these points; simply the bald statement that the railroads will be handed back—and drill, ye Republican tarriers, drill, to find out how to do it!

Observe his admirable tactical position. He will be President in any event until noon on March 4, 1921. He has the veto power. All he is required to do is to sit at ease and let the Republicans sweat under the heat and burden of the political day. If he doesn't like the result of their work he will veto it. He isn't responsible. It is up to them. I repeat, it is wise political opinion that says the Republicans would have been lucky if they had lost the congressional elections in 1918 instead of winning them. Fancy trying to get enough money to pay a four-billion-dollar budget each year for the next twenty years and respond to the howl for decreased taxes at the same time!

The President has no cause to worry. He has his League of Nations for adoption and will work for that, but that is a thing aside and it will not be easy or safe for the Republicans to make a partisan measure of it. As for the other legislative requirements, the Republicans are responsible and the President has the last word—the veto. An admirable tactical position.

The Republican attempt will be to keep the President on the defensive for his League of Nations, and the probable action of the President will be to start a counter-offensive. Indeed, that strategy is partially developed now by the organized effort to create favorable sentiment for the League throughout the country now in progress and by the announcement of a bipartisan conference after the President returns to push forward the project and influence the opposition in Congress. Though the President did not consider things bipartisanly to any great extent when he began his peace negotiations, these steps and others will develop; will show that he is somewhat chastened after his experiences in Europe and not at all averse to any help he may be able to get. His future, both as a world statesman and as a domestic statesman, is considerably entangled in the League at the present time.

Presidential Alternatives

It will not be surprising if he considers the League of Nations of sufficient importance to the world to cause him to run for President in 1920 in order to obtain—if possible—a popular indorsement of both the League and himself. This may easily develop. It all depends on just how formidable and protracted and honest the opposition to the League in Congress is, and what home sentiment develops in the district. At present that opposition seems to be largely conversational, and old observers of Congress are inclined to the belief that after a sufficient amount of partisan hot air has been exuded the League will go through. Still, it may not. Perhaps the opposing statesmen will continue to the end. They never have in a crisis of this sort, but they may.

If they do the President has the alternative of running again in 1920 or of delegating someone to run and becoming that person's active proponent. If he makes up his mind to run himself we shall observe presently house-cleaning signs in Washington that will point to that determination. One of these will be the reorganization of his Cabinet.

It will be interesting to watch what happens. If the President retains those Cabinet officers against whom there is strong public opposition he can be considered only passively in the race, but if he discharges them he may be considered an active candidate. If he does not dismiss them—or one of them, at least—he will undoubtedly fall back on the storm that raged about Daniels before the war as a reason. The fact that the Navy made good for Daniels saved Baker when the great drive was on against Baker. The presidential position then was that Daniels had arrived despite the criticisms of him and that similarly Baker would arrive. Whether or not either circumstance came to pass is of no moment. The argument and the official examples survive.

There is some other housecleaning to be done that will be done unless the President is firmly of the determination not to run.

No particular inside knowledge or personal contact is necessary to outline in a broad and general way his future steps, provided the outliner can keep track of each Wilsonian two and two as they come along. One policy or premise or initial step is plainly in evidence. That is the assiduous attention the President is paying to labor in the present contingency. On May second, of this year, for example, Mr. Tumulty gave out the following presidential statement, received by cable from Paris:

"The labor program which the Conference of Peace has adopted as part of the treaty of peace constitutes one of the most important achievements of the new day in which the interests of labor are to be systematically and intelligently safeguarded and promoted. Amidst the multitude of other interests this great step forward is apt to be overlooked, and yet no single thing that has been done will help more to stabilize conditions of labor throughout the world and ultimately relieve the unhappy conditions which in too many places have prevailed. Personally, I regard this as one of the most gratifying achievements of the conference."

Allowing that to sink in for a time, the President then devoted a considerable portion of the first part of his message to Congress—also cabled from Paris—to labor. The nubbin of that communication as to labor was this paragraph:

"The object of all reform in this essential matter must be the genuine democratization of industry, based upon a full recognition of the right of those who work, in whatever rank, to participate in some organic way in every decision which directly affects their welfare or the part they have to play in industry."

There is the hint of something in those paragraphs, and when they are read in conjunction with a paragraph or two of the Memorial Day speech in France the hint becomes almost a direct statement.

"You are aware, as I am aware," he said, "that the airs of an older day are beginning to stir again; that the standards of the old order are trying to assert themselves again." And made his corollary the "attempt to insert into the counsel of statesmen the old reckoning of selfishness and bargaining and national advantage."

Those allusions were specific to the Paris negotiations, perhaps, and perhaps not. No person who is in the least familiar with the workings of the presidential mind is under any illusion as to whether they were or were not. The fact of it undoubtedly is that though the immediate reference of the words was the peace situation the wider application of them the President sought to convey was the warning that not only will the old order not prevail in peace counsels but that the old order will not prevail in political and governmental and economic affairs of the United States.

Putting these and other demonstrations of what is in the mind of the President in a row and adding them up, we come to the sum of it, which is this: The President of the United States is preparing to become the leader of a radical party in this country; by that I mean an advanced or liberal party, not a Red, or socialistic, or revolutionary party; is preparing to make his fight along lines of procedure for the United States that he is laying down now; is preparing to stand at the head of a new alignment of the political forces of this country.

The New Alignment

The medium of that new alignment may or may not be his own party—the Democratic Party. He typifies whatever is radical in that party, which, roundly, on these policies and proposals is not more than forty per cent of the same mind with him. Moreover, the appellation Democratic to his party means no more than the appellation Republican to the opposition—and neither means anything. President Wilson is beholden to the Democratic Party for nothing, and the Democratic Party is beholden to him for all real vitality it has and for everything it at present represents. All the old Democratic tenets are on the dust heap—tariff for revenue, states' rights, all of these are in the limbo of discarded policies. New conditions are here. New times have arrived. A new world is in the process of forming and within it a new United States.

The situation of the Republican Party as to label is identical. It means nothing *per se;* and of its membership not forty but sixty per cent are radically inclined.

Therefore, what is more politic, what is more apparent, what is more opportune for a man of the President's known and often-expressed ideas than to attempt to formulate a new political creed in this country and either to lead or direct the enforcement of that creed upon the conduct of American affairs?

Somebody is going to do it. Somebody will formulate a set of political and economic propositions upon which the naturally radical elements of both old parties can unite in an attempt to bring vitality to our political divisions. Somebody will realize the truth that the only logical advanced political division of this country must be into the opposite camps of radicalism, in the sense of a cognizance by its members of the changes that have been made in the world and in the manner of the world's belief, and conservatism, in the sense that the old order is sufficient for our needs, perhaps with some adaptations, but as opposed to the trend of much of the political and economic thought of the times. Somebody will realize the futility of trying to govern a country partisanly on a two-party system that is really a four-party system, inasmuch as the present Republican Party is made up of two distinct bodies of voters—radicals and conservatives—and the Democratic Party is made up of two similar bodies of voters—radicals and conservatives.

The obvious, necessary, intelligent thing to do is to discard old party nomenclature and old party fetishes and reorganize into two new parties—one radical and one conservative.

This may not be exactly what is in the mind of the President, for he may endeavor to radicalize his own party and allow it to continue historically the same but contemporaneously different.

It is inconceivable, after he has labored so long in Paris and has succeeded in impressing his ideas on the world, that he will not return to impress those ideas and the procedures they entail on the United States. His work would not be finished if he failed to attempt that. Wherefore—and this is prediction only, to be proved or disproved by the course of time—it is more than probable that when the President returns it will be discovered that his attempt will be to align all radicals under his banner and either to lead them himself or direct the leadership of them. He will be lacking in correct counsel and in political sapience if he takes the actual leadership in the sense of becoming a candidate.

The Path for Radicals

His platform, so far as the labor end of it shall go, is, in its broad terms, set forth in the conclusion of the labor section of the Peace Treaty, as follows: Labor not to be regarded merely as a commodity or article of commerce; the right of association of employers and employees; a wage adequate to maintain a reasonable standard of life; the eight-hour day or the forty-eight-hour week; a weekly rest of twenty-four hours, which should include Sunday when practicable; abolition of child labor and education and proper physical development of children; equal pay for equal work as between men and women; equal treatment of all workers, and a system of inspection in which women shall take part. Add to this his plan for the democratization of labor and capital as set forth above, and you have his general labor thesis.

Combine with that the government control of the raw things—oil, coal, minerals, water power, forests, lands—and the rationing of raw materials by the Government, and you have gone a long way on the path over which the President will seek to lead the radicals of this country. There are other phases, both economic and political, that he will develop, but these will suffice to show what he most probably has in mind. The best evidence of the present is that the idea of government ownership of public utilities, the organized and corporate machinery, now privately owned, for transportation, communication, light, heat and power, will not be attempted, nor proposed, but that a certain paternalistic supervision will be advocated. This present demonstration of government ownership, in the way of government direction of the railroads, telegraph, telephones and express service, has been rather discouraging to the promoters of that advance toward nationalization.

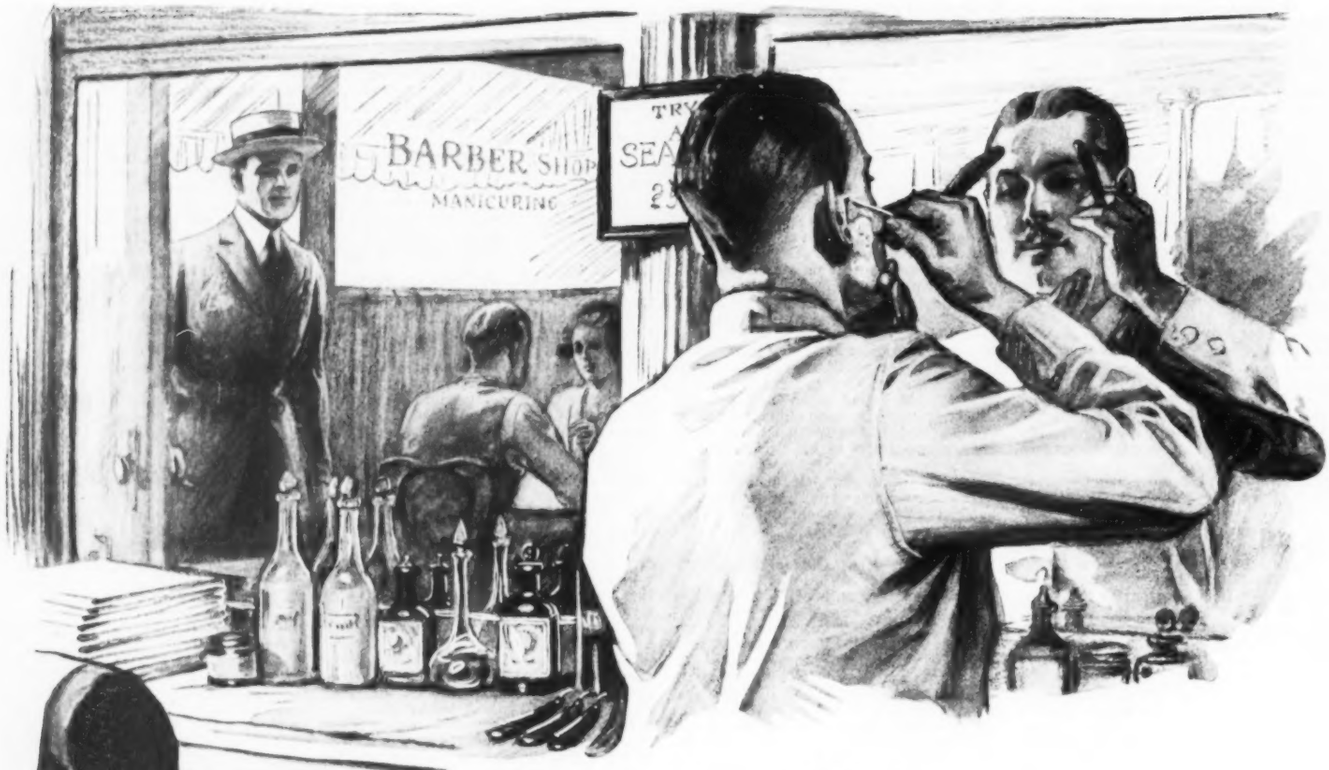
What has been set down here, it must be understood, is a series of propositions formulated on certain symptomatic indications, and certain putting of this and that together—prognosis simply, and presented as such.

The statement that isn't prediction, that isn't argument, that isn't deduction in this conclusion, but is a bed-rock truth, is this: Inevitably the politics of this country will separate into two divisions—one radical and one conservative.

The fight in 1920 may be under the old designations, but the results will not be; for even if we go to battle at the polls as Republicans and Democrats in November of next year we shall go to battle none the less as radicals and conservatives, using old party terms merely because of precedent or as convenient designation and not at all because of belief in them or acknowledgment of their obligations in a party sense.

All but the blind old-timers in both parties see that and know it.

And President Wilson is not a blind old-timer. Wherefore, watch him closely when he returns and observe what you see.



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ENEMY PROPERTY IN THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 9)

a foundation and as a justification for the most unbelievable transfers and alleged sales of enemy property in the United States. Vast industrial enterprises here, almost by word of mouth, traded their holdings in Germany for the property of Germans here, leaving balances to be adjusted when the war conditions might permit either a confirmation of the transfer or a resumption of the former business status of the parties. In fact, every device known to the law, as well as many unknown to the law, served the purpose of evading the consequences of war between Germany and the United States; a war, incidentally, which German business men seemed to have foreseen from the time when Germany found more than half of Europe arrayed against her in 1914.

In working out their plans the Germans often had the assistance of capable American counsel, who in most cases, be it said, carried out the details of the transaction in entire good faith and without knowledge of the underlying purposes of their clients. Most of these lawyers, realizing that the interests of their own country were paramount to those for whom they acted and from whom they accepted fees, assisted us in the development of the facts from which we were enabled to form our conclusions as to the actual ownership of the properties in question.

In very few instances have we discovered American lawyers who were knowingly active parties to conspiracies to defeat the belligerent rights of the United States or who were willing to assist in hiding the property of our enemies from the governmental authorities.

Whenever our investigations convinced us that the transfer of property was made in anticipation of the war and for the fixed purpose of avoiding enforcement of a Trading With the Enemy Act, or in the manifest expectation of resuming the antebellum status at some future time, the Alien Property Custodian found it necessary to act with decision. Contracts, conveyances, obligations and trust agreements by which the parties attempted to conceal their real designs were swept aside. The property was declared to be enemy owned and was dealt with on that basis. To have taken any other course would have been to permit many millions of dollars of German investments to remain actually under the control of enemy owners. This we proved, for in most cases, after our intimate examination, many parties involved made confessions which verified our suspicions and absolutely justified the conclusions we had reached. It must be added, however, that powerful resistance was met in a few cases and the persons interested stubbornly protested against what they claimed to be an autocratic invasion of their rights. In only two cases, however, did the protests made reach the point of litigation.

The Test of Residence

This was true in the months preceding the signing of the armistice. When hostilities ceased many persons whose property had come into our possession or whose ownership was under investigation assumed that the war was over; that peace had actually been declared; and that it was no longer the part or the duty of the Federal Government to protect itself against its enemies from within. In consequence an attitude of opposition, not to say defiance, developed on their part, making their cases sometimes difficult to handle. Certain lawyers who while the war was in it fighting stage would have been unwilling to lend themselves to any such movement boldly intervened to defeat the demands of the Government.

The aid of the courts has been invoked in many cases to sustain transactions which the Alien Property Custodian distrusted. It was plainly the intent of Congress that all enemy property, concealed as well as disclosed, should be separated completely from its former owners and placed beyond their influence or control. And until the treaty of peace has been signed and the formal declaration issued by the President lawyers should be no more inclined to interfere with the war agencies of the Government than prior to the signing of the armistice. Be that as it may, neither litigation nor threat of litigation was successful in staying the hand of the Alien Property Custodian when he found it his plain duty to act. The law, it should be added, makes the fullest provision for the protection of American citizens whose property may have been seized in error. Their claims and their rights are recognized.

In this connection it might be stated that the law in defining enemy property makes residence and not nationality the test of enemy character. All persons of whatever nationality, including partnerships and corporations, residing or engaged in business in the territory of enemy nations or in the territory occupied by the armed forces of the enemy are deemed to be enemies of the United States. The law also puts the allies of our enemies in the same class with the enemies themselves. This means that the Alien Property Custodian was actually empowered to demand or seize the property of Austrians, Hungarians, Bulgarians and Turks, if that property had its situs in this country. The same is true of those portions of Belgium, France, Russia and the Balkans which were occupied by the armed forces of the enemy at the time the property was reported to the Alien Property Custodian. This official was authorized to act within his discretion, under certain general rules and regulations, and not always along rigid lines as affecting individual cases. As a result the property of subjects of Bulgaria and Turkey, which countries are legally classed as allies of the enemy, has not been taken over at all, except in a few instances where, for special reasons, certain Bulgarian property required sequestration.

Claims by American Citizens

Regarding Turkish property in this country a somewhat different policy was adopted. It was assumed that any interference with such holdings by our Government would result in cruel reprisals upon American citizens and American property by Turkey. Rather than invite or encourage or even give a small excuse for such barbarity as was to be expected it was felt that the small amount of Turkish property in this country need not be taken over by the Government. The property of American citizens resident in enemy territory was not taken over by the Alien Property Custodian except in those cases where the residence of such person had continued for so long a period or his social, family or business relations with Germany were so intimate as to leave no doubt that he had actually expatriated himself, notwithstanding the fact that he may have retained American citizenship. The property of no American who was detained in Germany against his will or whom circumstances prevented from leaving was deliberately taken over by the Government.

The right given to the Alien Property Custodian to take the property of persons resident or doing business in the areas occupied by the armed forces of the enemy was exercised only in such instances as were dictated by the manifest disloyalty of the persons in question to the Allies. There may be found a few cases where injustice resulted because of our inability to ascertain all the facts. But this will cause no loss or expense and very little inconvenience to the owners of the property. Once such a person loses his enemy character by reason of the withdrawal of German forces from occupied territory, he may make a claim for his property and it will be restored to him intact. Similarly, American citizens may divest themselves of their technical enemy character by removing from enemy territory into that of neutral states or into the United States. In such cases the Department of Justice is authorized to assume jurisdiction and to define the status of the nonenemy. No property of persons who were adjudged to be enemy solely on account of residence has been sold or will be sold. This property is being carefully conserved and administered and may be reclaimed upon proper evidence of citizenship and of loyalty.

There were many instances of American citizens whose property in this country was taken over by the Alien Property Custodian while they were resident in enemy territory.



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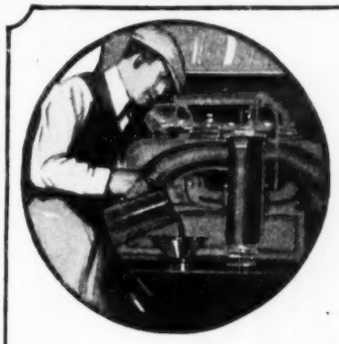
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Some are too thick, slowing up acceleration and increasing engine heat instead of minimizing it. Others are too thin, wearing out and allowing destructive friction.

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Quaker State Medium costs a trifle more than ordinary motor oils. But compare the insignificant cost of a whole year's supply of the best oil with the charge for a single repair necessitated by poor oil.

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This course had a double effect: It made it utterly impossible for Germany to exert any pressure upon the American citizen caught within enemy territory to compel him to part with any of his property for German purposes; for the American was able to answer such demands with the statement that his Government had taken his property from him. It also had the interesting effect of causing a very rapid repatriation of such American citizens; for immediately upon learning their property had been sequestered by the United States Government they made diligent and generally successful efforts to get out of German territory into the land of their citizenship.

George Ehret, a wealthy New York brewer and American citizen of German birth, had been in Germany for some years when the war came, and being thus of technical enemy character his very extensive properties in this country were taken over by the Alien Property Custodian, who found himself operating large breweries and controlling a great many liquor-selling establishments in New York. A trust company was named as a codepository with Mr. Ehret's son, and these managed his properties in his absence with just the same care as he would have exercised if at home. Mr. Ehret on finding that his property had been taken over by his Government was able to get out of Germany and come back to the United States, where he filed a petition averring his citizenship and loyalty, which were readily admitted by the Government and his large properties were promptly returned to him.

Another notable case was that of Mrs. Lilly Busch, widow of Adolphus Busch, a St. Louis brewer, who had gone to Germany with her husband in 1913 and occupied their residence there. Mr. Busch died in Germany and his wife remained there. Without casting any reflection upon her American citizenship her property was taken over and carefully preserved and administered during her absence, thus protecting it against any attempts by Germany to extort from her any financial support for the war. One of her American attorneys made a trip to Switzerland and succeeded in getting Mrs. Busch across the line into that neutral country, whence they traveled at the height of the war to Spain and returned home by way of Havana, a seven months' undertaking of great difficulty for both Mrs. Busch and the attorney. Upon her return to this country she thus divested herself of her technical enemy character and her petition to have her property returned was granted by the Department of Justice.

Difficult Cases

In many other cases American citizens suffered some temporary inconvenience by reason of their location in enemy territory; but none suffered real financial loss or serious difficulty. There were cases, however, where American citizens had been living in Germany so long as to indicate their preference for that country. In these cases the property was taken by the Government and their claims will have to be adjusted when the war is finally over.

There has been much interest in this country as to the property of wealthy American women who married German or Austrian subjects, and some sentiment was built up in favor of treating these women of American birth with some special consideration. Under every rule of law, however, they were clearly enemy persons on account of their marriage, even if their sympathies were with the land of their birth, and in all such cases their property was treated as that of other enemy persons.

Probably the most difficult cases to handle, without doing injustice to the parties, were those persons of French and Belgian citizenship whose residence or place of doing business was in the territory occupied by the armed forces of the enemy and who had investments in this country. While Belgium and sections of France were being occupied by the German Army much inaccurate information came from the occupied territory with reference to the loyalty to the Allied cause of such persons. This was to be expected and it was confusing here; for it was difficult for us to determine whether we were complying with the spirit of the law to take such property. Wherever there seemed to be evidence that such persons were at all sympathetic with Germany we did not hesitate to take their property, and after much consideration we finally concluded it to be the safest course to take the property of all such persons with the assurance that upon the evacuation of the occupied territory they could easily get their property back upon proof of loyalty to the Allied cause.

One curious effect of the working of the law arose out of the inability of many American depositories to state with accuracy the ownership of such property. Many New York banks reported funds and securities belonging to German banks or to banks and institutions doing business in the occupied territory. These reports were made under oath and accepted as true, and the property demanded and received. When conditions in Europe became settled after the armistice we began to learn of many mistakes in such reports, and it developed that frequently property that was reported as owned by enemy persons in fact belonged to French or Belgian or other Allied citizens. Unfortunately before the claims of any persons against such funds may be allowed by the Department of Justice it is necessary to secure "the assent of the owner." In cases in which property was taken as of the real owner this was a simple and easy matter; but it was difficult to make the Belgian subject or French citizen understand where such an error had been made that in order for him to have his property returned he must get the assent of the German bank or other institution in whose name it had been reported.

The history of the settlement of all manner of war claims in the past has been marked by vexatious delays, which have frequently worked great injustices, and it was part of the plan of the Alien Property Custodian that so far as possible this should not be repeated after this war, and that every possible step should be taken to expedite the allowance of all proper claims on the part of nonenemy persons. The requirement of the assent of the owner put a block in the path of this plan, which it has so far been impossible to remove and which will require additional legislation to correct.

Belgium Under an Alias

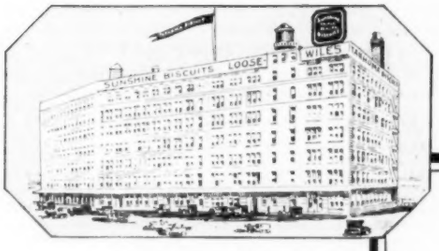
Any trust-company official will understand how it is impossible to avoid error in accumulating a business involving 35,000 separate trust estates of an aggregate value of three-quarters of a billion dollars. Such mistakes as did occur were promptly corrected upon a proper showing of the facts, but doubtless there are many others that will require attention in the future. A curious example of this was found in the case where an American bank reported that it owed $50,000 to L'Etat Belge. The clerk in the office of the Alien Property Custodian who handled this report assumed the enemy person to be a woman with that peculiar name, and it was only when the Belgian Minister called attention to the fact that a sum of money owing to the Belgian Government had been taken over by the Alien Property Custodian that it was discovered we were dealing with friendly and nonenemy property. We were able, however, very promptly to deliver to the Belgian Minister a Treasury warrant for the amount of debt and interest, accompanied by the apology of the Alien Property Custodian.

Some very curious pieces of property were from time to time reported as enemy-owned. A German canary bird "interned in a cage" was the subject of one report. Another case, a child's tin bank tagged "For the widows and orphans of Germany," was sent to the Alien Property Custodian by mail, and when opened was found to contain one cent. A German-born school-teacher in a Middle West city had accumulated a small fortune—though how she had done it on the salary of a schoolteacher is something of a mystery. Upon her death her executor reported she had bequeathed $10,000 to Von Hindenburg. We took that. We invested it in Liberty Bonds; of course these were used to buy munitions of war and I presume the legacy was delivered in that shape.

Thirty thousand dollars' worth of silver plate in a warehouse in Washington belonging to Von Bernstorff was not touched because the personal property of an ambassador; though the fortune of Countess Von Bernstorff, deposited in a New York bank, was of course taken over as the property of an enemy person. The German Embassy in Washington was left in charge of the Swiss Legation, because it has been the immemorial custom in all countries in all wars to respect the embassies of belligerent powers. But a valuable piece of

(Concluded on Page 61)

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Gainaday

Washer Wringer

(Concluded from Page 58)

property in the northwest section of the capital city, purchased by the German Government for the purpose of building an embassy, was taken over and is now used for a public playground.

Imperial German notes to the value of $1,200,000 were taken from the Appam when she put in at Norfolk. After the vessel was sold the proceeds were declared forfeited by the United States Court and delivered to the Alien Property Custodian along with these Treasury notes, which had evidently been sent over for purpose of sale. An entire art gallery located in San Francisco, filled with pictures of an insurable value of nearly $300,000, belonging to Austrians, is now in charge of the United States Government. One string of pearls, German-owned, was found in New York which was later sold for nearly $75,000. And indeed all manner and sorts of property, real, personal and mixed, located in every state in the Union, Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Panama, Hawaii and the Philippines, were dumped into the lap of the Alien Property Custodian, who if he had got it all together could have exhibited the most amazing curiosity shop known in history.

The enemy property that is now being sold was all demanded and taken possession of many months before the armistice was signed. The proceeds, representing a fair and adequate value of the assets liquidated, are being deposited in the Treasury of the United States and held for exactly the same purposes that the physical property itself was held. The policy of the Government in continuing these sales is based upon very much broader considerations than the technical right to take over the property as a result of a state of war. More than once I have referred to the importance and the necessity of securing independence of American industry by exiling the German investor from our shores. Moreover, Germany has sequestered all the American property within her bounds and has, we know, liquidated or sold to German subjects a very considerable part of it. It is not conceivable that American investors will expect or desire to resume business in that country where they left off when the war began. Certainly they will not be put by their own Government to the necessity of seeking redress or recovery from the German courts or the German Government. They have a right, of course, to look to their own Government for the fullest consideration of their claims, and they know that it has the assets of enemy subjects with which to meet such claims without taxing its own citizens a dollar.

In subsequent articles I shall show in more detailed fashion how the German influence became powerful, sometimes all-powerful, in many lines of American industry. I shall undertake to show how it strangled American effort in similar lines, and how the Americanization of these industries will open wide the throttle for their speedy growth and development in the hands of Americans. I do not advocate any trade boycott out of a spirit of revenge or in retaliation for injuries done the United States and its citizens by a ruthless and a remorseless enemy. I do not urge that war be continued after the war. I am for peace in the fullest sense of the word. I believe that the one overshadowing result that has come from this war is the assurance of a peace that will endure among the peoples of the world. I would not consciously interfere with such a consummation by contributing one thought to a program of war after the war is ended. The German military machine has been palsied by the terrific blows of the Allied Armies. But her territory was not invaded, and if she can come clear of the wreck with her home territory intact, rebuild a system of government, and still have the world's market open to her exploitation, by means no less foul than those that she employed on the field of battle, we shall not be safe against her future onslaughts.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Palmer. The next will appear in an early issue.

DUDS

(Continued from Page 23)

very nice. I promised her some stuff about the Bolsheviki."

A moment later the buzzer sounded and the door of the antechamber was opened by the raven.

"Show the lady in," bawled Rosenthal.

To Phineas' astonishment Miss Melton entered.

At sight of him the wide crooked smile whipped up the corner of her mouth and there was that characteristic lifting of the left eyebrow which he had previously observed.

The two men rose and Rosenthal took the small hand which had so astonished Phineas. His great bulk eclipsed her, as if she had stepped behind a safe; and deep rumbles came out of him.

"Ha, little von," said he, "you look very nice. Permit me to present my young friend, Mr. Plunkett."

"We've already met, baron." She gave Phineas a friendly nod. "I'm afraid I'm interrupting ——"

"I vish you would interrupt me every day. So you vant to know about the Bolsheviki movement in America? You haf come to the r-right shop. There is one!" He made a stabbing gesture toward Phineas. "He gave up his chob to serve his country, and now the Government has gifen him the sack. He vould like to get even—make moonshine or smoogle diamonds or some-t'ing. You cannot blame him."

Phineas listened in astonishment to this vociferous string of inventions. But he knew that Rosenthal was not the man for idle utterance, and held his peace. Miss Melton's amber eyes flashed him a yellow gleam and she gave her elfin smile.

"You can't be sure of anybody these days, can you, baron? But joking aside——"

"But I am not joking, my dear," roared Rosenthal. "One does not joke about Bolsheviki—any more as one jokes about Spanish influenza made in Chermany. This country has them both, and bad. Our fr-riend the captain is in great danger. He has just shed his heavy uniform and his pores are all open for anarchy."

"Is that really true, Captain Plunkett?"

"I'm afraid the baron has said it." Phineas had taken his cue. He guessed that Rosenthal must have some sound reason for wishing to deceive this girl. "I feel that I've had a pretty raw deal. So do thousands of others in my position. Why couldn't the Government have taken a leaf from England's book and demobilized us only as fast as it could find us jobs? Now we've got to make our own—and they may not always be to our dear uncle's liking."

"Sapristi! You see?" roared Rosenthal. "Here is a Bolshevik in the making—in the aldehyde stage. And there will soon be t'ousands, by chingo! What you expect? To gif up a chob to fight for a country and then when you are no longer needed to haf it kick up by the pants? There vill be tr-rouble. There vill be many men desiring new things, like Chulius Cæsar said. But come, I vaste your time. What vould you like to know?" He turned to Phineas: "Excuse me for a little minute, captain. Do not go."

He ushered the girl into a sort of study en suite, for the old fellow's apartment was a regal one, and for about a quarter of an hour there came from behind the closed doors a sort of drone, as from many busy hives, occasionally punctuated by a yell, probably when some reflection roused the baron's ire. Then the humming ceased and a moment later Phineas heard the front door open, a few rumbling words, and it shut again. Rosenthal entered from the antechamber, rubbing his great paws together, and his eyebrows working up and down.

"Sapristi! A clefer gir-rl. I tried to fill her full of prunes about you, but I am not sure."

"What was the idea, baron?"

"Zut—to fool her, of course. I haf a notion that she is of the French secret police, and if so she may be vor-rking with the American. In such a case it is better that she should t'ink you a malcontent."

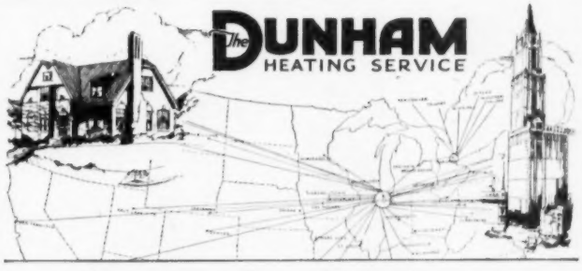
"But why?"

"Oh, come, my poy, it is clear as mud. There are so many leaks. If the police suspect you your vor-rk will be much safer. It vill get to the organization you are after, and the vor-rd will be passed that you are von of t'em."

"I see. I'd never thought of the police in just that way."



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Across the Continent


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The same reasons which made the engineers of the Woolworth Building prefer Dunham Heating Service are the same logical reasons which will appeal to you. These engineers knew that air and water stop the circulation of steam and that radiators cannot be efficient until these heat-wasters are removed; this is the big problem, always.

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"Listen. You are now to t'ink of yourself as von of this gang. Do not forget. You must not get arrested if you can help, but you must be under suspicion. That is the only way to go about it. But I am not sure that we haf fooled this girl. She is perhaps more clefer than we. She has some'ing—a sense—a *flair*. Well, we shall see what we shall see."

VIII

ON LEAVING Rosenthal, Phineas went to Karakoff's to report his return to town and that he was ready to get to work. He did not go to the apartment but to the shop, where he found the proprietor, who received him with his characteristic politeness, neither formal nor effusive.

Rosenthal's information that Karakoff was actually a Russian nobleman, exiled some twenty or thirty years previously, gave Phineas a different feeling about him. It explained the naturalness of his easy gracious manner, his uncommon good looks, and a certain air which one felt to be inborn and not assumed. He had probably been as a young man an amateur of *objets d'art*, connoisseur of antiques, especially in regard to ancient jewelry and small bibelots, and on being exiled to America he had turned this knowledge to practical use.

Karakoff now took Phineas into his private office and handed him a check for his first month's services.

"Keep a general account of your expenses," said he. "It does not need to be itemized unless the item is a considerable one, running, let us say, over a hundred dollars. We are none of us disposed to regard the cost if only it promises to lead to results. If at any time you are pressed for money you have only to send me a wire. Have you thought of any method of procedure?"

"I've outlined a general scheme," Phineas answered, "but it is one which ought to pay its own operation. I'll tell you about it a little later when I see how it promises to work."

"All right. Go about the business in your own way and let me hear from you now and then. Steer clear of the official authorities. We want to manage this thing on our own until the time comes. There are too many francetireur detectives nowadays. It is the fault of the Government for inviting everybody to get in the game and it has messed up many a delicate job. Good luck, and take care of yourself."

Phineas returned to his former hotel and going to his room spent about an hour in concentrated thought. The result of this was the decision to make a thorough canvas of the city's curio and antique shops, especially those dealing in semiprecious articles, with the idea of forming some conjecture as to the source of their supply.

To many people antiques are merely antiques and the costly rubbishry displayed by one dealer looks like that of the next, but to the eye of the connoisseur the different wares have an especial significance. Phineas in the days of his prosperity while studying for the Beaux Arts in Paris and motoring extensively about Central Europe had become something of an authority in *objets de vertu*. He had learned not only to tell the true from the false but to recognize the *fabrique*, its epoch and geographical origin. He knew cameos and enamels and miniatures and snuff-boxes and *horlogerie*—clocks, watches—and had also some general knowledge of antique art jewelry and work in precious metals.

Realizing however that it would not do to enter a shop in the guise of a rich young man with a fad for collecting and then return later as deck officer in the merchant marine with a smuggling proposition he confined his research to an inspection of show windows. For the first few days this proved very discouraging and did not promise to get him anywhere at all. Then on a side street in the forties over near the North River he came upon something more interesting. This was a shop sandwiched in between rooming houses, and over the show window was a large but dingy sign:

DURAND BROTHERS
IMPORTERS OF ANTIQUES

The building was slightly higher than those on either side, the top story being apparently a loft. The exhibit in the window was principally of clocks, and Phineas observed immediately that they were all French clocks of unquestionable value; ormolu and buhl and vernis Martin and onyx and the like; such clocks as furnish part of the *garniture de cheminée* in French châteaux and rich bourgeois houses; family heirlooms, and as essential a part of the house furniture as the kitchen sink. The watches also were mostly of French manufacture, though with a fair sprinkling of Swiss.



Then on a Side Street Over Near the North River He Came Upon Something More Interesting

It seemed to Phineas that the place was less of a retail establishment than a distributing agency for small dealers. He thought immediately of the well-known predilection of the looting German soldier for clocks, a singular mania which had been one of the war's grim jokes. Cartoons and caricatures in Parisian comic papers like Le Rire and Le Sourire and Pêle-Mêle and Culotte Rouge invariably depicted the plundering boche with a clock or two pendant from some part of his bulky person. It struck Phineas that here might be something worth investigating.

The family clock was about the first thing that the enemy would grab and the last that the unfortunate victims would sell.

The next idea to occur to Phineas was that since it would probably take him some time to find a seagoing billet he might as well room in one of the houses next door, where he could keep the place more or less under observation. They were precisely the sort of quarters to be occupied by a young ship's officer out of a billet and low in funds. He decided to return to his hotel, shift into one of his old sea-stained blue yachting suits and make the change. It was then about four o'clock, and on entering the office he heard himself being paged. There was a lady waiting to see him, and on entering the parlor he was not greatly surprised to find Miss Melton.

But it was an entirely different Miss Melton. Phineas experienced a shock similar to one he had received some years before at the Bal des Quatre Arts when the girl with whom he was dancing and whom he thought to be some pretty model or demimondaine had accidentally slipped her mask, discovering herself to his astonished eyes as a young American wife of his acquaintance, prominent in fashionable society of New York and Paris, and whose reputation would have been scrapped in about two seconds if it were known that she had assisted at that saturnalia without her husband.

For Miss Melton was transfigured.

All the insouciance of her fairy face had disappeared.

It was eager and intense, and her tawny eyes, opened to an astonishing width, blazed at Phineas with a sort of feral avidity. She seized him by the wrist.

(Continued on Page 64)



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(Continued from Page 62)

"I need you right away! There's not a moment to lose! I know all about you. We're working on the same job. Get a heavy overcoat and cap, and a pistol and pocket torch if you've got them, and come with me."

"Where?"

"I'll tell you on the way—or when the time comes. I want you to run a motor boat. For heaven's sake, don't stand there with your mouth open! Hurry! We haven't a second to spare. You are not afraid of me, are you?"

"Not yet. All right; just a second."

Phineas dashed up to his room, slipped into a heavy ulster, and grabbing a golf cap, his pocket torch and automatic sped back to the ladies' parlor. In the same breathless way Miss Melton rushed him out of the hotel and into a long high-powered motor car drawn up at the curb. She leaned forward and said to the chauffeur:

"Now go to Babylon, Long Island; and drive as fast as you can without getting us arrested."

The man nodded and they moved quickly away, arriving at the ferry just in time to catch a boat. Crossing the ferry their chauffeur got down to smoke a cigarette. Phineas looked curiously at his abductress. She was enveloped in a thick burberry, which gave her a bulky appearance, and wore a round sealskin cap which might have been a man's and could be turned down to cover all but the face. In the bottom of the car was a small valise.

"Now suppose you tell me what this is all about," said Phineas.

"We are going out to meet an incoming ship."

"Where?"

"At the Fire Island Light vessel. That's ten miles off shore. There is a motor boat waiting for us at Babylon."

Phineas reflected for an instant. "If it's a boat of any size and ordinary draft we will not be able to get across to Fire Island Inlet unless the tide happens to be high."

"It does happen to be high."

"How do you know?"

"They told me so in the office of the Line. Do you know how to run every sort of a marine motor?" She looked at him with an anxious gleam in her amber eyes.

"I understand all the ordinary types."

"This must be an ordinary type, as the boat is a big open one used for taking parties out in the season."

"Then I can manage it, I guess. In that case it is probably very light draft, as all those Great South Bay boats have to be to get about. How did you know that I was a seagoing chauffeur?"

"Mrs. Crosby told me. She said that you had been a keen yachtsman and understood all sorts of boats. Do you think you can find the inlet in the dark?"

"Yes, if it's clear. We get the back shine of the light, and the snow should give us bright landmarks. Besides, it won't be very dark. There'll be a half moon behind that muck. But this southeasterly wind is pretty sure to bring in the fog if it freshens. Even if it does we can manage it if the boat's got a chart and a compass."

Miss Melton looked rather worried. "I ordered everything put aboard that we would be apt to need," said she. "If it has not been done we shall simply have to make the best of it. There is no time to hunt up anything. As it is we may be too late. The ship I want to intercept passed Nantucket at eight o'clock this morning."

"What's her speed?"

"They told me at the office that she might be counted on doing about sixteen knots."

Phineas had sailed so often up and down the coast on the little schooner he formerly owned that distances and courses were fixed in his head with fair accuracy. He proceeded to make some computations aloud. "Two hundred knots from Nantucket, less forty; one hundred and sixty, which at sixteen knots makes it a ten-hour run. That would put her abeam the lightship at six. I don't remember the distance from Babylon to the inlet, but I should say at a guess it was about five miles."

"Nearer eight."

"Eighteen miles, then, to the lightship." He glanced at his watch and shook his head. "Supposing that it takes us an hour to make the run to Babylon your launch would have to do twenty knots to keep the date. Being a party boat she will probably do about ten."

Such a spasm of bitter disappointment crossed her face that he quickly offered a word of cheer. "Just the same, I think it more than probable that we can make it."

"How?"

"Because ships coming in at that hour usually slow down. It doesn't make much difference what time they get up to quarantine as they have to wait until morning for the health and immigration officers. We've still got a sporting chance if it stays clear. Even if it thickens up we should hear her whistle. We might hear several though. I suppose you want to pick up something chucked overboard?"

She did not answer and Phineas looked curiously at her face, then asked: "Why did you pick me out for the job?"

"I didn't. The men I had picked were not available by the time I got word."

"So that was it! How do you know that I may not double-cross you? Not that it would be quite that, however. You know the character the baron gave me."

She turned sharply, looked intently at his eyes, then threw back her head with a mocking little laugh.

"That's what gives me confidence. Any fool could have told that the old dear was trying to put me off the track."

Phineas smiled. It struck him that the wily old Jew was right in doubting the success of his stratagem; that this girl was not of the ordinary. For the first time since meeting her he was forced to admit that Evelyn Crosby was right about her beauty of face. Excitement had stripped away its teasing elfin mask so that now it seemed to thrill and scintillate with some vibrant temperamental quality. Her eyes were like points of golden flame, her cheeks a delicate pink and her lips a scarlet streak. She roused in him something more than mere admiration. It was that same perverse impulse to lay hold of her; to compel some recognition of himself as a masculine personality.

They bulked into the slip with a complaining whine followed by the chatter of the pawls, and a moment later were threading their way through the ramshackle suburb, then out onto a road which proved fairly fast. It was one of those raw humid days in late winter when the snow appears a vehicle for filth, and shabby edifices look most dreary and forlorn. Darkness was not far away and their driver was pushing the strong car a little beyond the safety limit on the greasy track. Phineas was watching the weather anxiously. He knew that fog would make their task not only difficult but dangerous. This might be counted on almost with certainty if the wind freshened from its present quarter.

They passed through several towns and arrived in Babylon just as it was getting dark. A drizzle of rain had begun to fall and few people were about. The chauffeur appeared to know the way and drove down to a wharf where a bulky motor boat, broad of beam and about thirty feet water line, was moored head out to a staging which was almost awash.

"Sylph—that's our boat," murmured Miss Melton. "Hurry now, before anybody comes. We've no time to waste talking." She handed the chauffeur a bill. "Back to the garage."

Thoroughly infused with her excited haste Phineas whipped up the suitcase, stepped aboard and stowed it in the small trunk cabin, which was scarcely more than a locker or possible shelter in case of rain. He observed as he did so that there were sailing lights, compass, horn and a large dinner bell in a rack, but he did not see anything in the nature of a chart. Still, that might be in one of the lockers, and what was more important, there were stowed up in the forepeak an anchor with a coil of line and three five-gallon tins of gasoline. A quick examination showed the fuel tank to have been filled.

The motor was a simple and powerful two-cylinder affair with make-and-break ignition, noisy but dependable, the sort of engine on which the fishermen and lobstermen along the coast hang their lives in offshore work. It seemed to Phineas that it ought to kick the shallow tub along at a good ten-knot gait. The boat itself though battered and dingy appeared to be sound and staunch so far as one could see.



"That's It," She Panted. "There, I've Got It! Now Haul Me In"

Nobody appearing on the scene Phineas cast off from the staging and started the motor, no lady's undertaking. At the third or fourth heave of the heavy flywheel it got away with a series of barking coughs and they headed out across the bay.

Night had fallen, but there was, as Phineas had anticipated, a luminosity to the early darkness, and the tide being at the flood he cut straight across for the dull intermittent glow of the Fire Island Light. The boat ran strongly and well and Phineas gave the engine full gas, knowing from experience that one of its primitive sort was not apt to suffer from being driven but on the contrary was inclined to run more evenly. He did not rig his side lights, there being no danger of collision, but he asked Miss Melton to light them and close the doors of the cabin.

She went inside and presently emerged with a bottle of red wine, some sandwiches and hard boiled eggs.

"I may drown you, but I don't intend to starve you," said she.

"Happy thought. One drowns more comfortably after having dined."

"It would be a cold business though." She looked at the black water and shook her head. "And the worst is it might easily happen."

"Are you trying to get my goat? Because I keep it in a perfectly safe place."

"I don't know anything about your goat, but I might as well tell you now that we are not the only ones out to scavenge behind this ship."

"What do you mean?"

"It's a smuggling trick, an old one worked in a new way. Somebody aboard drops a string of little boxes fastened together at long intervals, and his accomplices following the steamer in a boat pick them up. At least I suppose that is the way it is managed."

Phineas stared at her in dismay. "But, good Lord, then we've got a fight ahead! This is no woman's job."

"It is my job—and yours, as it happens."

"Sure! How did you get on to it?"

"Coming in on the last ship. The sailing was delayed. I was looking for something of the sort. Leaning over the rail on the port side I saw half a dozen or more of these little boxes dropped out of a porthole. They seemed to be fastened together. Once in the water they probably stretch out over

(Continued on Page 67)

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HARDMAN RUBBER CORPORATION

New Brunswick, New Jersey

HARDMAN TIRES

(Continued from Page 64)

a considerable distance. Of course there is a notice posted forbidding anybody to throw anything overboard, and there are watchmen on deck. But they can't very well prevent a person from unscrewing a porthole and shoving something out."

"Did you report it?"

"No. I located the stateroom and found that it belonged to three perfectly harmless Y. M. C. A. workers who were peaceably eating their dinner at the time. Somebody slipped into their room and did the trick. The ship was short-handed for stewards and they were all serving at table."

"Did you hear or see any boat following?"

"I thought I heard a motor, but could not be sure. Of course there must have been a boat. This was about twenty minutes after we had passed the lightship."

Phineas was silent for a moment, then asked: "Have you any particular reason for thinking that the same trick may be worked this trip?"

"I think that it will be tried," she answered in her limpid voice, "but I do not think that it will be worked."

"Why not?"

"Because, my dear confrère"—the cool voice held a note of mockery—"you and I are out here to prevent it."

For a moment Phineas was strongly tempted to put the boat about and head back for Babylon. Having his full share of courage he had no fears on his own account. But he reasoned that a crew of smugglers in a craft probably similar to their own were not going to give up their plunder without a struggle.

No, it was a job for at least half a dozen well-armed men. And here they were—one man who would have his work cut out handling the boat, and a young girl who without reference to her ability with a pistol would stand an excellent chance of getting shot. Phineas gave her credit for the common sense not to have planned it thus. She had referred to the men on whom she had counted, and who had failed her. Lacking their aid she had calmly decided to take a chance, a very sinister chance, and tackle the ugly business with his sole assistance.

It was in a way a compliment to both his honesty and his ability, but it was not one for which he greatly cared. He said as much to his companion, rather heatedly. A little to his surprise she made no attempt to defend her position.

"You are quite right, captain," said she. "I had hoped to manage it much better, but we are none of us infallible. My plans went wrong at the eleventh hour. I realize that it seems foolish to go ahead with it, but there are two excellent reasons for our doing so: One is that if people in our employment were to shirk a job because it was dangerous they would never accomplish anything at all; anyhow we are in danger all the time. The other reason is that I believe a haul like this to be a very rich one. The stake seems to justify the odds, and for all we know there may be some clew as to what is actually going on."

"All the same, I'd feel like a criminal to let you risk it."

"Why? It's all in my day's work. Since we are pals I don't mind telling you that I am an agent of the French Secret Service and detailed at present to discover whether war loot, either enemy or stripped from the enemy, is being shipped out of France. I am working this end of it. We are not particularly interested in the defrauding of Uncle Sam's revenues, but we want to know if this is an established commerce directed by some organization, and if so, what sort—German or French or what. I have instructions not to take the American Secret Service into my confidence if it can possibly be avoided."

"Why not?"

"We think that there are too many in it; that it is over-recruited with amateurs. Where that happens there are bound to be leaks. You, I imagine, are working privately for Rosenthal and some of his former associates among the dealers. He was at one time a big independent gem broker himself—may yet have a hand in it for all I know. But Rosenthal is honest. He used to be a gory pirate but he is all right now."

"A reformed pirate?"

"Scarcely that. A retired pirate. But he was always a pirate in a legitimate way; a fearful person in a deal but a man of his word. Everybody admits that."

"Well," said Phineas, "if you insist we'll go ahead with the devilish job; but I must say I hate it like poison—on your account, of course."

"There is no reason why you should any more than if I were a man. I think that there is something rather fine about exposing oneself to danger in an effort to return their property to the poor people from whom it was looted. Probably in many cases it's about all they have left. A few thousand francs might make the difference of life and death. You must think about my position as you would about that of a nurse or Salvation Army woman going ahead with her work at the Front with bombs and shells and things dropping round her."

"I think you're a corker. We'll put it across." Phineas held out his hand. "Never mind the strength test."

They were by this time more than halfway to the inlet. It was several years since Phineas had been in the Great South Bay, that big shallow puddle where in most places a man capsized might stand on bottom and right his boat, this built somewhat on the lines of a flounder and able to float in a heavy dew. The two and a half feet of tide made it possible for them to hold a straight course and presently Phineas was able to see the white gleam of the snow on Sexton Island and the strip of sand beyond, while the faint easterly draft of air brought the dull roar of the Atlantic swell as it boomed upon the beach outside.

The tide had begun to ebb and soon the boat caught the suck of its swift current and rushed seaward with half again the speed. She struck the breakers and squattered through them like a wounded duck, then commenced to rise and fall on the long rhythmic ground swell.

"Are you as good a sailor as you are a sport?" Phineas asked.

"I know nothing whatever about small boats, but I've never been seasick."

"More than I can say, but there's nothing here to bother one. Can you swim?"

"No, but I don't need to." She pointed to the life preservers, which the law now requires all sail and motor craft to carry.

"It might not be a bad idea to put one on. That kapok is good to stop a bullet."

"All right; let's. In our business it's just as foolish to take an unnecessary chance as it is not to take any at all. And, captain ——"

"Mam'selle?"

"If it comes to shooting, we're to shoot to kill."

"Right-o. Anybody trading in stuff looted from war victims needs killing out here just as much as at the Front."

"More. It's just about the meanest of all mean businesses. The soldier risks his life and may feel that he has some right to the spoils of war. These slinking hyenas count on enriching themselves at the expense of war victims without running any danger."

"Quite so. Robbing a savings bank is fairly decent compared to their graft. Don't worry, mam'selle. If it comes to a scrap you will not find me a conscientious objector. Neither shall I behave like the noble movie hero who gets the villain where he wants him, then magnanimously lets him off to serve him a pup soon after. There is the lightship dead ahead. I just got the glow. Lucky this is drizzle instead of fog. This swell is getting bigger and shorter. Must be a breeze of wind not far to the eastward."

"Do you think that we are in time?"

"Yes. The weather is probably thick farther out and up the coast and the ship running at reduced speed. It is more probable that she may be a couple of hours late than that she has already passed. How did you happen to become a French Secret Service agent?"

"Through doing journalistic work. I was reporter for a socialist sheet, La Fraternité. That got me mixed up with the police. Though I am of American parentage I was born in France, and not having declared myself American on coming of age I am French in the eyes of the French authorities. My passport is French. They took me on the first year of the war. You see, I knew a good many uncertain people, and I speak French and German and Italian and English, so they thought I would be useful."

"They thought right. There's a ship out yonder, but it is not ours. Some tank or freighter."

"Why so?"

"A liner would be showing deck and cabin lights, now that the submarine danger is over. We'd get the glow of them. Here comes the breeze—out of the northeast."

"It's beginning to snow."

"Yes. It will be sloppy out here in another hour or two. Jolly boating weather, I don't think! And we can't get back into the bay until daylight, I'm afraid. Life is full of surprises these days. I thought that my chance of adventure was finished with the war. I should weep."

The big boat was pounding steadily seaward and before long the lightship was close aboard. Phineas ran some distance outside it, then stopped the engine. "No use wasting gas," said he, and emptied one of the five-gallon tins into the fuel tank. The wind was freshening in a strong steady draft and it was growing colder. The snow had become fine and driving but not thick enough greatly to obscure the atmosphere and Phineas thought that a steamer's masthead lights should have a visibility of two or three miles at least.

For about an hour they drifted, the beamy boat wallowing in the short chop which crossed the long swell. Twice Phineas started the motor and worked back to their position. He did not like the look of things. The wind was growing harder, seemed to promise a gale, and the snow was beginning to assume the aspect of a blizzard. The low tide with the line of breakers across its mouth would bar the inlet to them for the next ten hours and he doubted that they had fuel enough for the run of nearly fifty miles to the shelter of Gravesend Bay.

Then as they were floundering about he heard the distant muffled bellow of a big ship's whistle. Again it sounded, and twice more, each time closer. He started the engine and headed cautiously out in that direction. Suddenly there came a blast startlingly close aboard, which was answered from the lightship, and through the flying snow they saw a vivid glare. Phineas put his helm hard over and, when the steamer had passed about four hundred yards away, turned again to cut across her wake. Strains of music reached their ears faintly and emphasized the dreariness of their position.

Directly astern of the ship he swung into her course, which was easy to follow both because of the sudsy brine eddying in her wake and their running squarely before the wind. He was by no means sure that he could keep the dull glow of her taffrail light in sight, this depending on her speed, which might be a little more than they were able to make; but he soon discovered he had either underestimated that of the motor boat or, what was more probable, the steamer had reduced her own, as he was obliged to slow down a little to keep from overhauling.

And so for nearly an hour they tagged along astern, keeping a sharp lookout on the bland swirling water and with spirits sinking lower and lower as no floating object appeared to reward their venturesome efforts. The weather was getting worse and worse but the sea was not troublesome, partly because they were running before it and partly because the great bulk ahead flattened it out in her displacement. Phineas began to wonder if they would have gasoline enough to follow the ship in to the pilot-station boat, then cut across for Gravesend Bay. The present danger was in running out of fuel and then the wind backing into the northwest to blow them out to sea.

Giving Miss Melton the wheel he measured the gasoline in the tank, then shook his head and poured in the contents of the second tin. The powerful but primitive motor swilled its food like a swine. Phineas was pondering the situation when the girl reached out and gripped him by the arm.

"There's another motor boat ahead!" Phineas stared forward into the murk. For a moment he could see nothing but the seething water and the faint glimmer of the steamer's taffrail light. Then in an eddy of the driving snow he caught a glimpse of a dark bulky object as it rose on the swell about two hundred yards ahead. At the same moment he heard the whir of a rapidly revolving motor distinctly audible between the staccato barks of their own exhaust.

There could be no doubt. It was the smugglers' boat, which must have cut in close under the steamer's stern. Phineas did not believe that those aboard her had discovered the Sylph. Their attention would be riveted upon the big ship and her wake. Then, to see the Sylph they would have to stare into the storm with its blinding snow while the steady rattle of their own fast-turning jump-spark motor gave no interval in which to hear the Sylph's more widely punctuated cough.

Something had to be done, and that quickly if they were not to fail. The smugglers had probably flashed a signal, and at any moment the contraband might be dropped from a cabin porthole. Phineas doubted that there would be more than two of them. The fewer the better for such a job, and the fewer among whom to divide. In fact, there might be but a single man. At any rate it was a chance that had to be taken. They were in too nasty a position to give up without a struggle. He gave the boat full gas, then a couple of spokes of wheel and took a sheer to starboard.

Miss Melton read wrongly his maneuver. It seemed to her that he was giving up the attempt; that his nerve had failed at the crucial moment. She sprang toward him, and even in the darkness he caught the flame in her wide eyes.

"What are you doing?"

"Get your pistol ready. I'm going to make a loop and bear down on them from abeam. If they beat it, all right. If they don't, I'll try to dump their apple cart."

His plan was a sound one. The Sylph was heavily built, broad of beam, with bluff bows and low freeboard. Phineas did not know of what type the other boat was but thought it probable that she was of a fast cruiser model with no great amount of stability. He was certain that if he could work out and make his turn so as to bear down upon her from a little forward of the beam and strike her amidships with the swell of his starboard bow she would crack like an egg and roll over like a log.

He did not dare risk a ram head-on. From ahead this might capsize them both, and to cut into her broadside at the speed she was making would probably tear off or open up his own bows. He must strike her a heavy but glancing blow at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Such a collision ought not greatly to risk his own boat, Phineas thought, as the Sylph was half-decked forward, while the flare of her run would take the shock on the level of her sheer strake.

Wherefore, with the engine running full, he started to edge off and work ahead. But Phineas in his impatience—for he reasoned that the contraband might now be dropped at any moment to be hooked up by the other and faster boat—took too close a distance, and as he hauled abreast about two hundred yards ahead the smugglers sighted him. Their boat swerved sharply to port and with a sudden acceleration of the motor dived into the gloom and was lost to sight.

"Bluffed out, by Jiminy!" Phineas howled triumphantly.

He turned the wheel a few spokes and was swinging back into the steamer's wake when Miss Melton gave a ringing cry.

"Look! There! There!"

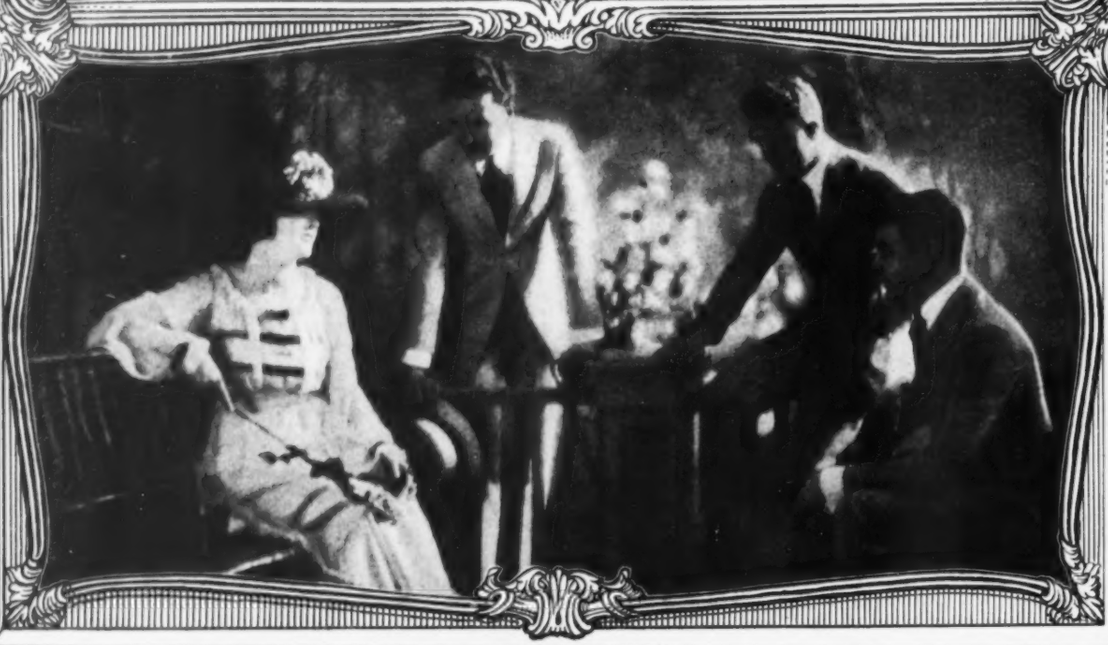
She was pointing to the water off the port quarter, and staring in that direction Phineas saw what at first sight resembled a number of small puffs of spume. Then he discovered that they were rectangular. The boat had already passed them and a second later they had disappeared from view. But Phineas had them located and he nearly twisted off the wheel in an effort to put immediately about. The result was to slow and nearly stop the heavy tub, which turned slowly, then headed back in the ship's wake.

And then an unexpected thing occurred. Whether the smugglers had sighted the jettisoned loot or whether they were merely maneuvering for a surprise attack Phineas could not have said. Perhaps their purpose was precisely what his own had been—to strike bow on. At any rate as the Sylph was gathering way again their speed launch came slipping out of the smother headed straight for the floating contraband, her broadside presented to the other boat.

There was but one thing left to do. "Stand by for a ram!" yelled Phineas, and grabbed up his automatic. Not fifty yards separated the two, and the Sylph had struck her gait. Bluff bows to the gale she bore down upon the launch. If those aboard her realized the danger they had no time to dodge, either to shoot ahead or avoid a ram by going hard astern. They tried to swerve and take a slanting blow but were too late. Phineas caught a fleeting glimpse of two figures and saw the flame lick out from their barking pistols. He felt a violent tug at the kapok life preserver he had on.

Then the Sylph struck the launch full amidships with a fearful grinding crash.

(Continued on Page 69)



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(Continued from Page 67)

Half through the light shell she went, at the same time rolling it under keel. A yell rang out, was choked, and the two boats ground together with the heave of the angry chop. Phineas reversed and the Sylph seemed to shake her head and haul away as though reluctantly. She backed off into the murk and Phineas grabbed at his companion, who appeared to have fallen across the coaming, halfway out of the boat. He thought that she was shot, probably killed, and felt for a moment as if he were suffocating. No treasure was worth such a price.

The motor gave a grunt and stopped. Phineas scarcely noticed. Hauling desperately to get his shipmate inboard he thought his heart would burst when he heard her cry: "Don't pull. Just hold me by the legs." She squirmed farther across the coaming and he gripped her round the knees. "That's it," she panted. "There, I've got it! Now haul me in."

Phineas obeyed. He gave a mighty heave just as a big wave heeled the boat, and he landed on his back with the girl sprawling across him. As he struggled up she lay there laughing, and the mellow lilt of mirth coming thus on top of tragedy struck Phineas as weirdly strange. He glanced down at her and saw that she was holding up one of the white boxes for him to take.

"I'm—out of—breath," she gasped. "They—are all fastened—together. Haul them in."

Phineas did not immediately obey. He stared to windward, listened, but could neither hear nor see anything but the wind and waves and swirling snow. Seized by a sudden thought he dived into the cabin and crept forward, one of the sailing lights in hand. There were trickling sounds, a swashing underneath, and he was shocked to see the water flowing through the opened seams in broad flat bands. The lateral wrench had started the boat to leaking badly; just how badly he could not immediately tell.

Clambering out of the cabin he found Miss Melton tugging vainly at the strong cod line to which the boxes were fastened, like a trawl.

"It's jammed or caught or something!" she cried; and with a sudden shock of alarm Phineas realized what had stopped the motor.

"We fouled the darned line and wound it up on the tail shaft when I backed off," said he, and looked over the side.

Another box was bobbing against the boat. He picked it up and started to haul in the line to which it was made fast. One end of this was jammed under the stern. On the other length there was a box about every thirty or forty feet. There were ten of these in all, and as he drew the last aboard Miss Melton clapped her hands.

"We've done it!" she cried exultantly.

"Yes," growled Phineas, "we have done it. The boat is leaking like a sieve, and the propeller's jammed, and it's starting in to blow a gale, and we haven't gas enough to get in out of it. Hooray!"

He wrenched up the flooring, flashed his torch at what was underneath and gave a gasp of dismay. The boat was filling rapidly.

"Get that bucket in the cabin and start bailing," said he. "Unless I can get this coffee mill to grinding pretty quick we're apt to stow this loot in Davy Jones' locker."

As the shaft had wound up the line while going astern he now tried to unreel it by turning the engine over ahead, but this effort was unavailing. Switching on the current he managed to get a revolution or two, then the motor stopped firing. There was no time to be lost in vain endeavor. The water was gaining rapidly. The bucket was quicker than the pump, but Phineas knew that at the rate they were filling both together would not keep them very long afloat. He ripped off his life preserver, slipped out of his ulster and opened his knife.

"What are you going to do?" Miss Melton paused in her bailing.

"Get overboard and try to cut us loose. Don't stop! Keep at it for all you're worth! It's our only chance."

He lowered himself over the stern and for a moment or two the icy water was paralyzing. Then he got his breath and set desperately to work. Fortunately the boat was light of draft so that he did not have to get head under, but the small tough line seemed twisted and plaited and hard as wire cable. Phineas was in an agony of fear lest he break a blade of the small pocket-knife or that it slip from his numbed fingers. After the first few minutes he did not seem to feel the cold. The sensibility of his skin was deadened.

Meanwhile as he worked to cut through and unreel the line the storm was getting worse and the heavy boat drifting sluggishly before it. Having no headway the motion was not enough to interfere greatly with his efforts and presently he had cleared the last strand and called for Miss Melton to help him clamber aboard. He had expected this to be a difficult job, but to his amazement the girl gripped him under both arms and as he put out as much strength as he was able she swung him up across the stern with no more apparent difficulty than if he had been a child.

"You're not quite human—your strength, I mean," he panted.

"Don't talk nonsense. You had better lose no time in starting the engine. The water is gaining fast."

Phineas looked down and saw that it was so. The cockpit flooring was awash. Another six inches and it would reach the carburetor. He primed the cylinder, gave a heave of the crank and the motor started with a roar. Phineas flashed his light on the compass, noted the bearing of the wind and laid the boat abeam to it.

"Take the wheel," said he to Miss Melton, "and steer jus' as we are heading now."

"I don't know how to steer."

"You'll soon catch on to it. Turn the wheel a little toward the side you want to go."

"But I don't know where I want to go."

"Well, keep right across the waves."

"Are you trying to be funny? The waves are everywhere."

Phineas gave a groan. It was no use. "All right; keep on bailing, then, and I'll pump and give her a twist from time to time."

"How do you know where to go?"

"I don't. But if we steer west nor'west we should bump the beach at the nearest point. That is good enough for me. I am not particular about the choice of a seaside resort this moment."

The wind, as Phineas had feared, was backing into the north and it was getting rapidly colder. But he had slipped his ulster over his wet clothes and this and his exertions kept him from getting chilled. But the water gained upon them steadily, and fearing that the heaving wallow of the boat might swash it into the air intake of the carburetor Phineas picked up one of the boxes, cut the line away and knotted it together. These boxes were of the sort that fashionable jewelers use for the packing and shipping of such small articles as christening cups and the like, neatly made of pine or poplar, and in this case they had been rendered waterproof. It was Phineas' idea to cut a hole in the top of the box, take out the contents and fit the carburetor into it.

He was working at the thin wood with the point of his knife when Miss Melton looked round to see why he had stopped pumping. For an instant she seemed petrified. The next that Phineas knew he found himself sprawling on his back across the wheel, the box snatched from his hands. Scrambling up, astonished, he saw his girl shipmate facing him, half crouched as though to spring at the least offensive on his part, and her eyes seemed to be of an uncanny incredible width and their glare to burn through the snow and spindrift.

As Phineas stared at her his startled amazement was swept away in a gust of furious anger. He realized what had inspired her act of violence. She had evidently thought he had taken advantage of her vigorous bailing to pilfer the contents of the box. The blood surged into his head. If it had been a man there would have been trouble in that moment. Even as it was this may not have been far removed. There was nothing feminine about the force with which he had been flung across the wheel. The spokes had punched into the small of his back most painfully.

For a moment or two he swayed there, fighting for his self-control. The impulse to fling himself upon her was almost irresistible. Their precarious position seemed insignificant in face of this insult. Its injustice infuriated him after the service which he had rendered her; was still rendering. Of course he was not for the moment quite himself. The turmoil through which they had just passed and the chaotic wildness of their surroundings made violence in order.

With a tremendous effort he got himself in hand. The boat, also, required his immediate attention. Under full power she did not run quite true, but carried a slight starboard helm, and this now released she began to haul into the wind. A heavy wave broke against her bluff bow and swept them with a sheet of water. Choking back his rage Phineas grabbed the wheel and paid her off. As he did so the girl reached in her pocket, then flashed her torch on the box. She looked curiously at Phineas, puzzled apparently at his having started to cut a round hole in the top instead of merely prying it off.

But she asked no questions; and he, filled with furious disgust, did not enlighten her. It was more than furious disgust, being the reaction from intense admiration and a rapidly growing sentiment of warm comradeship. He felt a sudden indifference as to what might happen next, and this was full of fatal possibilities. They might at any moment ship a heavy sea, which would stall the motor permanently, for the boat was getting sluggish, had lost her buoyancy. Should this happen they might as well abandon hope. The tide was ebbing, the wind slowly backing to blow off the land. No human being could live long in that icy water.

Steering in sullen silence Phineas watched the girl attach the line again to a screw eye in the box, then resume her tireless bailing. And scarcely had she finished when in a flaw of the wind Phineas heard the booming roar of breakers and saw a white band on the sea ahead.

(TO BE CONTINUED)





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LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 13)

out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean it would be doing me a favor."

So I returned John his franchise, marked "Nothing doing." Afterward he put it in the hands of a very near friend, a great capitalist, who had no better luck with it. Finally, here and there, literally by piecemeal, he got together money enough to build and furnish the Hotel Chamberlin, had a notable opening with half of Congress there to see, and gently laid himself down and died, leaving little other than friends and debts.

III

MACAULAY tells us that the dinner table is a wondrous peacemaker, miracle worker, social solvent; and many were the quarrels composed and the plans perfected under the Chamberlin roof. It became a kind of Congressional Exchange with a close White House connection. If those old walls—which, by the way, are still standing—could speak, what tales they might tell, what testimonies refute, what new lights throw into the vacant spaces and dark places of history.

Coming away from Chamberlin's with Mr. Blaine for an after-dinner stroll during the winter of 1883–84, referring to the approaching National Republican Convention he said: "I do not want the nomination. In my opinion there is but one nominee the Republicans can elect this year, and that is General Sherman. I have written him to tell him so and urge it upon him. In default of him the time of you people has come."

He subsequently showed me this letter, and General Sherman's reply.

My recollection is that the general declared that he would not take the presidency if it were offered him, earnestly invoking Mr. Blaine to support his brother, John Sherman.

This would seem clear refutation that Mr. Blaine was party to his own nomination that year. It assuredly reveals keen political instinct and foresight. The capital prize in the national lottery was not for him.

I did not meet him until two years later, when he gave me a minute account of what had happened immediately thereafter; his nomination and swing round the circle; Belshazzar's feast, as a fatal New York banquet was called; the far-famed Burchard incident.

"I did not hear the words 'Rum, Romanism and Rebellion,'" he told me; "else, as you must know, I would have fittingly disposed of them."

I said: "Mr. Blaine, you may as well give it up. The doom of Webster, Clay and Douglas is upon you. If you are nominated again, with an assured election, you will die before the day of election. If you survive the day and are elected, you'll die before the fourth of March."

He smiled grimly and replied: "It really looks that way."

My own opinion has always been that if the Republicans had nominated Mr. Arthur in 1884 they would have elected him. The New York vote would scarcely have been so close. In the count of the vote the Arthur end of it would have had some advantage—certainly no disadvantage. Cleveland's nearly 200,000 majority had dwindled to the claim of a beggarly few hundred, and it was charged that votes which belonged to Butler, who ran as an independent candidate, were actually counted for Cleveland.

When it was over an old Republican friend of mine said: "Now we are even. History will attest that we stole it once and you stole it once. Turn about may be fair play; but, all the same, neither of us likes it."

So Grover Cleveland, unheard of outside of Buffalo two years before, was to be President of the United States. The night preceding his nomination for the governorship of New York, General Slocum seemed in the state convention sure of that nomination. Had he received it he would have carried the state as Cleveland did, and Slocum, not Cleveland, would have been the Chief Magistrate. It cost Providence a supreme effort to pull Cleveland through. But in his case, as in many another, Providence got there in fulfillment of a decree of Destiny.

Editor's Note—This is the sixteenth of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.

MADAME PEACOCK

(Continued from Page 7)

He threw up his hands and subsided. Cleeburg took to pacing the floor.

"Look here, Jane," he said finally, "let's get a line on this. You've given 'em a fashion plate for three solid years. Show 'em you can do something else. Otherwise they'll get sick and tired of you. This part's great—just what you need. You act through the first two acts, and in the last you splurge. What more do you want?"

"I want it understood that I'm the star of the production!"

"Well, it is. Nobody else has a chance. Burke's speeches are just feeders. You've got—everything."

"I don't see it."

The dramatist, who was sufficiently famous to be independent of stars, rose.

"Under the circumstances, there's no need to read further."

"Hold on! Hold on!" Cleeburg clutched his arm. "Don't take it like that, old man. Let's go into the thing and see what can be done to please all parties."

They did go into it—for three long hours—at the end of which Jane Goring insisted that she must have luncheon. She was as unruffled as when she had entered—and as firm. Cleeburg was mopping his brow and through his glasses the playwright's eyes were blazing. It was then two-forty-five. By that hour they had compromised to the extent of cutting some of the hero's long speeches and giving her a chance to change her costume in the last act.

At luncheon Cleeburg consumed little more than whisky-and-sodas, and wondered why he got no cooler. Likewise he swore at the twittering of the birds and the distant clang of street cars.

When Jane Goring had finished the last morsel of her chicken salad and leisurely emptied her cup of Chinese tea, they adjourned once more to the drawing-room and the discussion was resumed.

A lantern of golden fire was hanging in the western sky by the time the play had been revamped to the star's satisfaction. More than once its author took hat in hand and made for the door. But Cleeburg's persuasive clutch and the whisper that an additional advance would be paid for his trouble detained him. And finally an agreement was reached.

Her objection to the drama as it stood, however, necessitated a postponement of rehearsals, and it was late July before the company assembled on the stage of a playhouse just off Broadway. It annoyed Goring to forgo her usual few weeks of rest, but since she wished to have a New York opening in October there was nothing else to be done.

The day the company was called was dank and humid; a breathless day thick with summer dust, ominous with thunderclouds.

At ten Goring emerged from a cold bath, was dressed by her maid's moist fingers, and at eleven crossed the soggy pavement from her car to the stage entrance. The drive downtown had been stifling. It dizzied her. To enter the dark passageway and look out into the space of auditorium, linen-covered, was a relief.

What is there about an empty theater that fascinates? The bare boards of the stage, the heaps of scenery piled against bare brick walls, the bare table and chairs ranged to form a semicircle within which the actors move back and forth. The single electric light, bare of shade, jutting up in the center like a giant eye in the cool darkness—surely there is no illusion about them, no suggestion of the world of make-believe into which they evolve. Yet the very odor of the place, redolent of grease paint—those who live it sniff it as a thoroughbred sniffs tanbark.

Manager, actors, author—they are about to create, to conjure from those bare boards all the elements of life; conflict, laughter, tears, love, hate, happiness, death. Theirs to build, theirs to take the written page and make of it a tingling human thing. Theirs to people empty chairs. Theirs to clothe with flesh and blood a skeleton. A wave of the wand and into emptiness springs a home with soft rugs and rich-colored hangings, deep divans, the ring of voices, the flooding of moonlight or warm glow of the sun. And best of all, out in that empty auditorium when the lights go up will throng a crowd whose hearts will be theirs to thrill, to wring, to charm. Theirs the blessed privilege, the joy of creation. That's why they love it in spite of the ache of disappointment, the discouragement of failure. That's why they cling to it.

Those assembled on the stage that throttling day of July had risen tired from their beds, dragged wearily in from the street, noticed that the management had electric fans going and laughed at the idea of getting any relief from them. But the instant Goring appeared, followed a few minutes later by Cleeburg, a light sprang into their eyes—the spontaneous light of anticipation—and they promptly forgot the weather. The play had been read to them the day before and their parts assigned, so that they were ready to plunge into work.

Goring shook hands with her leading man and nodded to the rest, all of whom were known to her—she usually had the same support from year to year—except a slight girl whose face was so thin that her eyes looked abnormally big and hungry. It made their expression almost frightened.

The company ran quickly through the play, parts in hand, while Cleeburg sat under an electric fan and listened. Then, after a few words with the author, who was hunched in a seat somewhere in the ghostlike auditorium, he ripped off pongee coat, his collar and necktie, and real work began.

Goring did little but read at the first few rehearsals. She liked to conserve her energy for the sessions Cleeburg always put her through during the last weeks.

When they left the theater at five everybody looked wilted but the star. The hour for luncheon had been consumed largely in partaking of liquid refreshment, and most of them again made for soda fountains or fountains less innocuous.

Goring dined with her manager on the Astor Roof. The storm, threatening all day, had not yet broken and a black blanket of clouds bore down on the city like the shadow of death. Cleeburg, full of plans, ordered a champagne cup and substantial dinner and appeared not to notice the depression above and round them. But Goring it affected unpleasantly. She felt irritable, annoyed by the fact that he could eat a heavy dinner on such a night, prone to find fault with the service, rubbed the wrong way by the strum of the summer orchestra.

"Did you notice how much older Burke looks?"

"Looks good to me." Cleeburg lifted his steaming bouillon cup while she played with the jellied one before her.

"He's losing his figure, I think."

"We ain't any of us chickens, Jane."

She pushed the cup away.

"Not that you ain't a pippin," he added hastily. "You got the lines—you'll always have 'em."

"Don't talk as if I were a hundred." Her voice was so sharp that it cut.

"Good Lord, no! Not one on Broadway to-day can touch you."

She softened a bit.

"Who's the new girl?"

"Who?"

"The one who plays my sister."

"Oh, that one! Forget her name. Lewis has it—have to ask him."

"Where did you get her?"

"She's been hanging round the office, Lewis says, and couple of weeks ago she held me up on my way out. Poor little thing looked as if she needed a job so I gave her that sister bit. Hair's something the color of yours—that decided me."

"She has a funny hysterical catch in her voice. Did you notice it?"

"Probably she's hungry. Looks it, poor kid. Must have Lewis slip her an advance on her salary."

(Continued on Page 73)

THE FRANKLIN SEDAN

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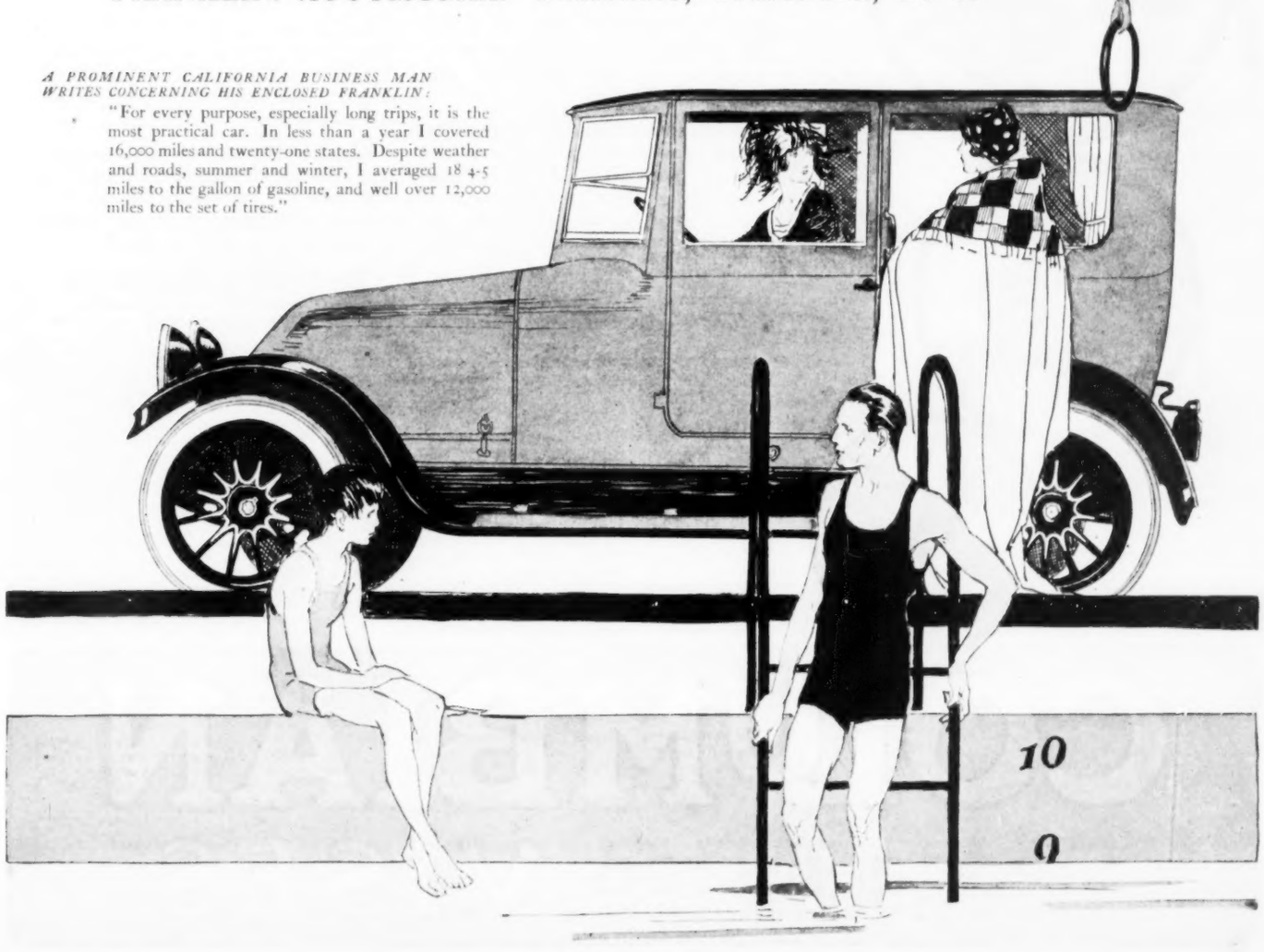
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COLUMBIAN

Sledge-Tested VISES

(Continued from Page 70)

With gusto he cut into the filet mignon and helped himself to some new peas. The sight of the red blood oozing from the meat made Goring ill. She turned her attention to the halibut parisienne the waiter placed before her. But even the slices of tomato and crisp garnishing of lettuce could not tempt her appetite.

"I can't see why you gave her the part—she's so homely."

"That needn't hurt you any."

"But she has a scene with me, even though it is only a bit."

"Maybe when she gets a square meal in her she won't look so much like a ghost."

He lit a cigar, rolling it between his lips with the joy of an epicure.

Goring cooled her hot throat with an ice, frowning at his complacent finality. It increased her own irritation, made her want to grip him by the shoulders and shake him.

The girl was homely. Why did he argue about it?

A zigzag of lightning cut through the sky. With a crash it tore open and the deluge descended like the wrath of God sent to cleanse a heathen city. Crash after crash, fire upon fire, barrages of rain hurled against the buildings, shaking their very walls. Goring shivered. In spite of the stewing heat a chill went through her.

"Let's get out of this," she said.

"Better wait till it's over."

"I want to get home."

Cleeburg signed the check. Like the lightning his car zigzagged through the storm. Water sprang from the streets against the wind shield. The noise about them was deafening. Goring clung to the window strap at her side. For some unknown reason her nerves were keyed to the *n*th degree. She felt choked, as if shrieking alone would clear her throat. The first day of work and this beastly weather—she told herself—were responsible.

Throughout the long night the storm raged, and tossing under soft linen sheets she did not close her eyes.

III

THEY opened in Washington the end of August. Cleeburg tried to get Atlantic City, but the theater had been booked weeks before his bid for it. Hence, in spite of the star's popularity, they did not play to capacity. The season in the capital was at its drowsiest. Most of the homes were closed and the usual Goring audiences were out of the city. Which after all was an advantage, for the play was still very rough, and of course those who would have attended in Washington would eventually see it during the winter in New York.

All things considered, both Goring and her manager were rather pleased than otherwise. The four weeks of rehearsal had been torrid, streets sun-baked, record-breaking heat rising from the pavements, the city consumed by fever. The effect upon the company had been in ratio thereto. They were limp by the date of opening, unequal to their best in spite of the utmost effort.

And Goring's rôle was difficult. She did not like it so well as Peacock. There was more drama, more opportunity for emotional acting, but less for the display of gowns and the bizarre beauty that had made both men and women flock to the other play. However, as Cleeburg had said, she couldn't afford to stamp herself a one-part actress, and there was no denying the interest of the story. It was that ever-gripping theme of the struggle of the masses against the classes.

As never before, Cleeburg had put her through her paces. At the theater after the company had dispersed, at her apartment in the evenings, he had gone over her part again and again—coaching her scene by scene, speech by speech, until the rest, knowing nothing of those extra sessions, judged her a miracle at quick study.

"Unbend, Jane," he would say, prancing up and down her long drawing-room. "Come off your perch! You love him, Jane! You love him! D'you know what that means? You'd die for him. He ain't your kind and you'd go through hell to get to him. Ever felt that way? Well, think about it—concentrate on it—and you'll get it over."

And vaguely, like a curtain lifted on another life, memory drifted before her eyes the vision of an afternoon on the Palisades when a vivid-haired girl had clung to a brown-haired boy, whispering over and over that she loved him, loved him; didn't want anything ever in the whole wide world but him.

For purposes of the drama she concentrated on it. Quite like the actress she was she flung herself into the passion of those first months as if she had lived them but yesterday. And fortunately for her the Goring of to-day—the actress—was a shell into which emotion could be poured from the outside as one pours burning fluid into an empty vessel.

Little 'Dolph, with cigar twirling in his mouth, his eyes popping, perspiration dripping from his forehead and a silk handkerchief tied round his short neck, kept her keyed to the highest pitch—no let-down, no time to think of self or the weather or rest; no time for anything but the part in hand. Though he would not have known whence the quotation sprang, with him "The play's the thing" was a litany.

Critics both in the capital and in Baltimore the week following were almost unanimous in the opinion that it was a vital thing, sure of ultimate success when placed on view for the thumbs-up thumbs-down decision of that capricious goddess—Broadway.

As a rule Goring and her leading man, Harrison Burke, were the only two mentioned in the reviews, but this time almost every member of the company came in for his quota of praise. The old mother, the character man, the juvenile comedian, even the homely little sister with her wide hungry eyes and the queer catch in her voice—each had a paragraph or so.

Gloria Cromwell was the girl's name, and—as is evident—it was quite as ornate as she was plain. Goring laughed the first time she heard it.

"Sounds as though she found it in a dime novel," she told Cleeburg. "Why don't you make her change it?"

"Says it's her own. Anyhow, it don't matter."

"No, I dare say not. She's entitled to something to make her conspicuous."

Often she noticed the girl at rehearsal sitting in the theater after her bit was done, leaning forward, chin in her cupped hands, mop of reddish hair falling over eyes that devoured every move the star made. Once they met at the stage entrance on their way out.

"Why don't you go home earlier?" Goring asked. "I'm sure Mr. Cleeburg will excuse you when you're through."

"I'd rather stay," the girl answered in her peculiar breathless tone. "I can learn so much from you, Miss Goring. Besides"—she paused, hesitated—"I live in a furnished room. It isn't much to go home to."

"Have you been in New York long?" Goring put the question as they moved toward the street side by side.

"A year and a half—that is, this time. I used to come whenever I could scrape together the fare while I was doing stock in the West. But there never seemed to be an opening for me. Then I decided I'd best just come and wait round or I'd never get a chance. And I waited, all right."

Another pause while the wide wistful eyes filled with the same look of fright they had worn that first day at the theater; only this time it was the fright of memory.

"I'll never forget what Mr. Cleeburg has done for me. I'll never be able to thank him enough."

They had reached the curb. Goring smiled.

"I shall tell him that," she said, and with a nod stepped into her car and drove off.

In Washington she noticed that Miss Cromwell was looking better. Her face had filled out, though the eyes were as hungry as ever and the figure as slight. Undoubtedly Cleeburg was right. What she had needed was a few square meals, for her strength seemed to increase as work increased, and in their scene together Goring remarked a give and take that made her own work mount to greater intensity. It was a short scene in which the younger sister, who had hovered like a silent brooding shadow in the background, pleaded with the older not to break away from her own class; not to try to go into a world she didn't understand—and was met by the defiance of one molded to make a place for herself in any world.

The scene went so well in fact that during the Washington run the author, at Cleeburg's request, lengthened it. At the end, when Goring held out her arms and folded the weeping girl in them, a gratifying sniffle and the flutter of white went through the house. Which is the most that either star or manager can ask. After Baltimore they made a jump to Massachusetts, playing Springfield, Worcester and Lowell, and finally concluding with three days in Stamford before the final big test of approval.

The company rehearsed the greater part of the night preceding the première, though Goring left the theater early to allow herself plenty of time for rest and the customary massage. She liked to relax thoroughly before the strenuous demands on the nerves which a New York opening always made. In her sea-blue silk-draped bed she would lie for hours while the magic hands of the Swedish woman who attended her each day sent tingling through her veins an infusion of new life. And finally a delicious drowsiness would creep over her like a thin veil drawn between her and the turmoil of the outside world. She would find herself presently floating on the waters of Lethe—arms outstretched, a smile upon her lips, a gentle undulation as of waves rising and falling beneath her. Small wonder that when she drifted back into reality some hours later she felt rejuvenated, with a calm and control equal to any emergency.

She reached the theater a little after seven. On the way in she ran into Miss Cromwell. The girl's eyes were burning. Their hungry look had gone completely and in its place had come a glow like a great light from within.

"Oh, Miss Goring," she breathed in passing, "I'm so thrilled! I've lived and lived for this—New York!. And now it's come! It's actually come!"

Goring nodded, voiced a perfunctory "Good luck," and wondered in her soul what it would be like to feel once more that closing of the throat, that turmoil of beating heart, that utter abandon of joy in opportunity realized. It thrust her back to the day when she had signed her first contract with Cleeburg. She and Bob had sat facing each other a long space without a word, his two hands gripping hers until they ached. And then ——

"I'm so glad, little girl—so damn glad!" had come from him huskily.

And then his hands had loosed and swept round her, and he had held her close and she had cried into the lapel of his blue-serge coat tears of sheer happiness.

Cleeburg came to her dressing room shortly before the rise of the curtain to tell her the house was packed. They were standing three rows deep—he was sure of a knock-out. He brought her a pile of telegrams—from members of the profession, friends in the social world, managers and so forth. She read them leisurely. It was her first opening on which there was not a long one from her husband. Not that she really missed it, but the lack gave her a curious feeling of wonder as to what had become of him.

Her maid gave her hair a final pat and she stepped back to survey. It was an odd Jane Goring who gazed critically out of the mirror at her. No jangling jade, no spreading tail, no sensuous color of plumage. Just a navy-blue dress of last year's cut—a little shabby, open at the throat. It had been selected by the author, not without some protest from the star. She had wanted at least to go to a good tailor, but he had dragged her into a department store and made her buy one from stock at twenty-nine forty-nine. She had to admit that the effect, though not beautiful, was absolutely in character. Her shoes, however, she had insisted upon getting at a Fifth Avenue boot shop. Feet are more conspicuous on the stage than anywhere else in life, and she must be well shod to do herself justice. Her hair too was groomed. The Goring coiffure was abandoned until the last act, but the faint wave necessary to it could not have passed unnoticed in the coils clustered about the factory girl's ears.

She went out, followed by her maid, and waited in the wings for her cue. Then came the inevitable tightening of the heart cords, the tense straining of muscles to achieve the best, the twinge of fear—all the tearing thrill of embarkation on a new venture.

It lasted only an instant, however; an instant that ended in her entrance, followed by a crashing burst of applause. She bowed again and again, and the sweetness of it flowed like wine in her blood. The play halted, action suspended in midair, while the actress took the tribute she had known would greet her.

After which the audience settled back to be entertained. From the beginning interest was evident, the heroine's fight to make her own life apart from the prejudice which is as rampant in the upper as in the lower classes holding them. For the lower class

A Pipe-Smoking Judge Finds a Verdict for Edgeworth

Manchester, England

Larus & Brother Company,
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A postcard, and we will send some right to your house for you to pass judgment upon. Add the name and address of the dealer you go to for your smoking needs, and we will make sure that he has Edgeworth to supply you.

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The Yale Cylinder Night Latch is another Yale Product equally capable of withstanding malicious attack.

of the present generation becomes the upper of the next, and the struggle of evolution is the most human, most vital problem in the world.

All through the first act the conflict endured, the girl's discontent striking like flint on steel until the final scene when the little sister, matted hair falling over her eyes, dropped on her knees, crying:

"All I know is—you're goin'! You're leavin' me! An' you can't—you mustn't! You're gonna get hurt with them people you don't know! They're gonna step on you an' make fun of you an' beat you down until you ain't got no fight left! You don't belong there—you don't belong! Stay here with me! I'm your sister, your own blood, an' I love you, I love you! Nobody couldn't love you no more'n I do!"

Gloria Cromwell's slight figure shook with the words. Her eyes burned into Goring's. That queer hysterical note lifted her voice into a throb that was heartrending, and as the star drew her close she seemed to crumple like a broken flower.

The applause that met the curtain's descent was interspersed with the same gratifying sniffle they had encountered all along the route. A number of times the curtain swung upward, members of the company taking it according to a schedule posted back-stage:

CURTAINS—ACT I

First Curtain	Tableau
Second Curtain	Miss Goring and company
Third Curtain	Miss Goring and principals
Fourth Curtain	Miss Goring and principals
Fifth Curtain	Miss Goring and Mr. Burke
Sixth Curtain	Miss Goring

The manner and order of taking the curtains had been carefully rehearsed the night before, but as it rose the fifth time with the star and leading man alone on the stage an incident unanticipated occurred. Someone in the gallery shouted "Cromwell!" And the applause seemed to swell in answer.

Goring at first paid no heed. The curtain fell—rose again and again. The call was repeated insistently. Goring went graciously to the wings and drew the girl onto the stage. She came, trembling so that she could scarcely walk; eyes wide and terrified, but shining somehow behind it all. She made an awkward bow, clinging like a child to Goring's hand.

When several curtains had been taken alone and preparations were finally under way for Act II, Jane Goring picked her way past property men and scene shifters toward the dressing room with a five-pointed star painted on the door—to an actress the gate of heaven. Miss Cromwell was waiting there for her.

"Oh, Miss Goring," she breathed, "that was so—so sweet of you!"

Jane Goring looked down at her.

"I take it you have friends in the gallery?" she said.

"No, I have no friends in New York."

Goring continued to gaze down and her look was not altogether pleasant. But the girl did not see it. With an impulsive gesture, half apologetic, half worshipful, she lifted the star's hand to her lips.

"God bless you!" she murmured with that queer catch in her voice.

IV

AT FIVE A. M. 'Dolph Cleeburg was seated in the living-room-library den of his apartment completely surrounded by early editions and the butts of cigars. One of the latter circled joyously in his mouth as he and the author read over and over the various expressions of an approval almost unanimous.

"Here's a fellow says Jane's hair was too Fifth Avenue in the first act. By golly, ain't that just like 'em? Can't find fault with anything else, so have to pick on her hair."

"I told her to let it go," the playwright remarked.

"Well, that's Jane. She's got to look right or she can't act. And, by gad, I've seen lots of Third Avenue girls got up like Fifth. Ain't any law against it, is there?"

He let the sheet rustle to the floor and picked up another. His collar and tie were open, his coat was off, his eyes held a blaze of excitement. A whisky-and-soda stood on the taboret beside him untouched.

"Listen to this, Ed!" He plunged into a eulogy that as he read made his eyes snap and the cigar roll with a velocity impossible to estimate. "By gad," came at the finish, "ain't one of 'em don't give some notice to that Cromwell kid"—and went on reading.

"'Managers, keep your eye on Miss Gloria Cromwell.'" Then he gave a long chuckle.

"And to think I engaged her because she looked starved."

"She has something that gets you." The author paused meditatively. "Wonder if it's her voice?"

"Nope," came crisply from Cleeburg. "It's her heart. Probably suffered like hell, and that's what puts her over."

In Jane Goring's boudoir some five hours later the actress sat propped up—also like an isle in a sea of newspapers. She had read them all in the small hours as had her manager. Only differently. One of the society satellites who circle round a popular star even as the moon circles round the earth—and just as inconstantly, now silvering her sky, now leaving it black—at the play's finish had carried her off to a supper party and dance. In the midst of gayeties a flunky had been dispatched for the morning papers, and amid a flurry of excitement like the froth on champagne the notices had been gushed over, forgotten.

Not so by Goring of course. Alone in the white light of a new day she re-read them slowly, digesting each word. And one watching her would have found in her eyes no glow of satisfaction, no thrill that once more she had scored. Rather was there the ghost of a frown on her brow; a frown somewhat difficult to interpret.

At eleven Cleeburg had her on the phone. He had been ringing the apartment at regular intervals since eight, but her maid had refused to disturb her. His voice ran the gamut of explosive enthusiasm:

"Great, Jane, great! We've got 'em again! We've got 'em! Didn't I tell you this one had it all over Peacock?"

He wanted to come up and lunch with her, but she told him she was tired; would see him later at the theater.

The greater part of the day she spent resting, going over her notices from time to time and dictating letters to her secretary. Toward five she dressed and sent for her car. It was a crisp clear-blue October day. A run in the park or up Riverside—there were a number of things she had to think about—would fill in time until dinner.

A restlessness unusual and unexplained made her pace the floor while she waited. So unusual was it, in fact, that it caused a vague wonder. By all previous portents she should have been exalted; lifted to the zenith of content through the knowledge that the star of her success still sailed high in the heavens. She was not. She felt nervous, distressed, with a weight on her chest that even the buoyant breezes from the river could not dissipate.

Rolling up Riverside Drive with the ease of floating in ether, she had the sense of a great hand clutching her. The sensation was the same as that she had experienced the first day of rehearsal—only intensified. It made breathing difficult; annoyed her to the point of exasperation.

She ate no dinner—just swallowed a mouthful of tea and drove downtown. Little 'Dolph came to her dressing room a few minutes later. He was jubilant. They were sold out weeks ahead. The play had hit the jaded metropolis in the eye—to quote him, with variations. It was good for another three seasons' run. He rambled on at random, giving her this one's comment and that; eyes popping, infectious smile lighting his round face like the smile of the sun at high noon. Presently he stopped, shifted his cigar and stared at her.

"What's the matter with you, Jane?"

She looked down questioningly.

"Ain't said a word," he continued. "What's got you?"

"Nothing. I'm tired, I dare say."

"Sure! Morning-after stuff! Don't let down though. We don't want 'em saying second night's off—the way it always is."

"You don't have to tell me that." Indignation was in her voice.

"Oh, don't get me wrong," he apologized quickly. "And, Jane ——"

"Yes?"

"Might let your hair go a bit in that first act, what?"

Her eyes were like two rapier thrusts. He made for the door.

"They'll accept my hair just as it is," was her verdict.

Their little chat did not tend to lift in any degree the mood that held her. She gave up trying to shake it off.

Fortunately it had no perceptible effect on her work. She was too clever to allow it to, and many years on the stage had trained her to the difficult task of obliterating personal worries the instant the glow of the footlights would have revealed them to public gaze. In fact, she had almost succeeded in stamping them from consciousness when Gloria Cromwell made her entrance.

At that moment, almost by unanimous impulse, came a burst of applause. Miss Cromwell tried to go on with her lines, but they could not be heard. It was unprecedented, staggering. Undoubtedly it had been started by someone who had witnessed the performance the night before. But there it was. A girl, unknown, unheralded, was holding up the play! Of course action had been suspended an instant when Goring came on, but this—this was unheard of!

Faintness seized the star, blinded her—then fury. She knew now the nature of the weight that had stifled her all day. In a way she had known from the beginning. It was this girl! The lengthening of her part on tour, last night's acclaim, her notices this morning—all had formed a cumulative irritant that now expressed itself in a surge of throttling hatred.

In their scene together she jumped in on Miss Cromwell's lines, killing almost every speech the girl made. She changed her own so that cues would be missed. No move, no turn that would make the little sister's performance fall flat was allowed to pass. Even the final speech, ending with the beautiful tableau that last night had brought down the house, was cut short. Like a red tongue of flame her rage swept over its object, consuming every opportunity the part gave.

Still she did not kill the applause that greeted the curtain.

Storming to her dressing room came Cleeburg.

"What's the matter? You cut the act a minute and a half!"

"I was ill," she told him, and barred the door, stripping off her dress while the maid prepared a dose of aromatics and bathed her head with eau de cologne.

Since Gloria Cromwell appeared only in the first act—dying for exigencies of plot off-stage—the rest of the performance went as usual.

But that night, as once before, Goring tossed between sheets of finest linen and did not close her eyes.

In the morning she sent for Cleeburg. He came instantly, solicitous for her health, relieved by the fact that her aberration of the night before had not in any way affected the play's reception.

She met him, cool and smiling and looking very beautiful in a purple mandarin suit, the skirt of which was weighted with wicked Chinese embroidery. Her tapering white hands were ringless and low-heeled Chinese slippers made her look less tall. Greeting him, her hand clung to his. She led the way into the drawing-room.

"'Dolph," she began, and for the first time in a long while a rather plaintive note came into her voice, "'Dolph, I'm unhappy."

In the act of lighting the omnipresent cigar he looked up, astonished.

"Why, what's wrong?"

"I'm unhappy—and for a reason you may not quite understand. But you can help make things right. You can make them all right—if you will."

"Sure, Jane, you know me! Anything I can do."

"It has to do with the play."

"Fire ahead!" He resumed the operation of lighting.

"'Dolph, that Cromwell girl—I simply can't work with her."

Again the process of lighting was arrested.

"Can't work with her?"

She went to him, struck a match and, bending over, held it to the weed. He laughed comfortably, settled back, patted her hand.

"Sort of took the wind out of my sails, that did. Guess I didn't get you straight, eh?"

She sat down in a chair close to his, her back to the light.

"Please do get me right. I've nothing against her work—if you like it. It's her personality that irritates me. There's something—something snaky about her. She makes me nervous; makes me go off in my lines. You know, I told you in the beginning I didn't like her."

"You said she was too homely."

"Well, she is."

"Not any more. Why, she's got a face like—like Fiske. One of those faces you

(Continued on Page 79)

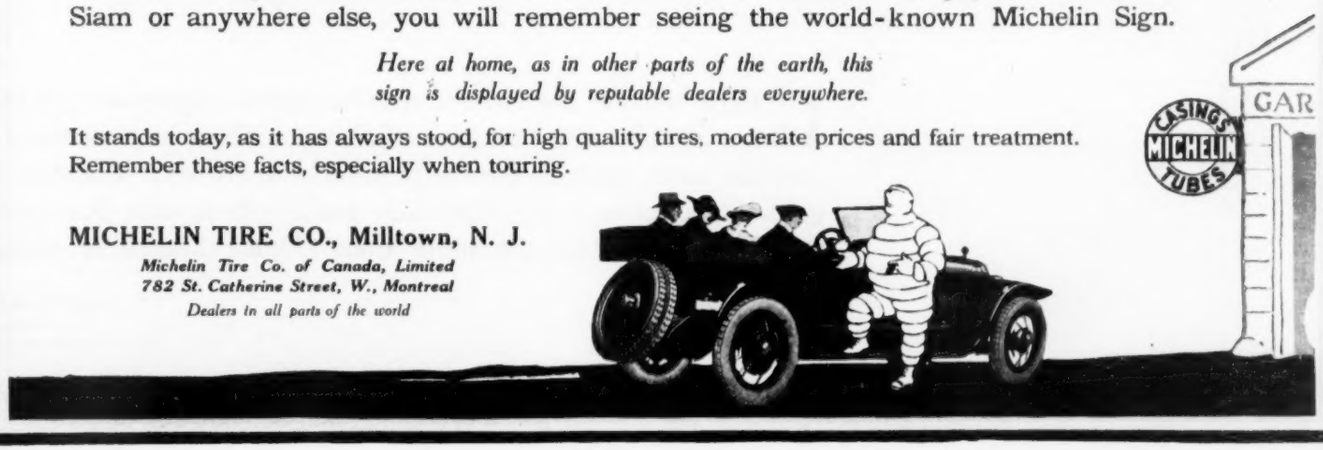
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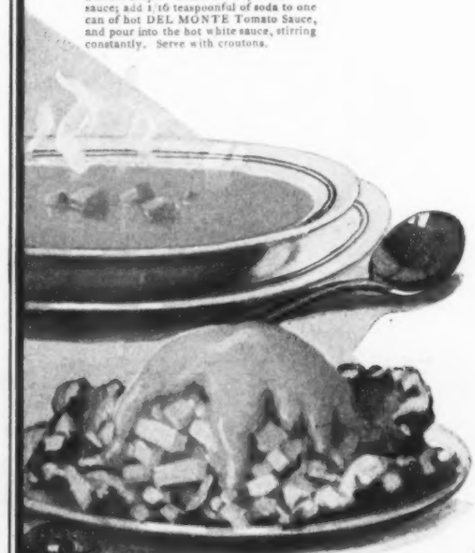
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In Soups

DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce forms the base for many delicious soups. Try this one as a sample:

Tomato Bisque—Make two cups thin white sauce; add 1/16 teaspoonful of soda to one can of hot DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce, and pour into the hot white sauce, stirring constantly. Serve with croutons.



On Salads

A little DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce added to mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing gives an unusually appetizing touch.



On Fish and Meats

To make a delicious sauce for fish, heat a can of DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce, add ½ cup of grated cheese, heat until it melts—and serve.

A can of DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce added to roast beef about 15 minutes before it is done, will greatly improve the flavor of the gravy.

Macaroni en Casserole

Boil ½ package of macaroni until tender and drain, saving the stock. Mix macaroni with one can DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce; ½ cup macaroni stock; 1 teaspoonful salt; 1 tablespoonful each chopped onion and celery. Pour into casserole, sprinkling with half cup of crumbs, and bake 40 minutes.

Del Monte SPANISH STYLE TOMATO SAUCE

(Continued from Page 74)

don't get at first, but with so much behind it that you come to like it better than the kind that's just easy to look at."

"I've never been able to like her, 'Dolph. I've tried to because you seemed to, and you know how absolutely I depend on your judgment. But I can't—that's all." She looked away, and the suggestion of a sob sounded in the words.

Cleeburg's cigar revolved silently for a few moments, then he leaned forward.

"What are we going to do about it?"

She turned to him, rested her white tapering hand pleadingly on his arm.

"Get rid of her, 'Dolph."

"Get rid of her? Chuck her—just like that?" He snapped his fingers.

"You can find some way that won't hurt her feelings."

"Any way would be treating her rough."

"She'll have no difficulty getting another engagement."

Cleeburg had been watching her over his cigar; round eyes studying her as they were in the habit of doing at rehearsal. Now he snapped the weed into the other corner of his mouth and smiled benignly.

"That's exactly why I ain't letting her go."

Jane Goring's eyes met his with a delicate film of tears veiling them.

"Don't you want to please me?" she asked.

"I want to please the public," said Cleeburg curtly, "and they like her. Say, what's got into you, Jane, anyhow?"

"I don't know! I don't know!" A few tears, well-chosen, rolled over onto her white cheeks. She brushed them away. "I'm just miserable, that's all. Last night she made me so nervous that I gave a perfectly rotten performance. Just playing opposite her gives me goose flesh. Something about her chokes me, and she seems to feel it—to revel in it. She's a snake, 'Dolph, and I simply can't stand her."

"Seems to me a pretty nice kid."

The hand resting on his arm traveled its length.

"'Dolph, isn't it important that I should be happy in my work?"

"Sure!"

"And if she makes me unhappy?"

He gave her hand an understanding squeeze, and with it a slow twinkle appeared in his round eyes.

"Aw, come on, Jane! Talk straight to yourself," he said. "She's made too big a hit to suit you. That's what's eating you."

For an instant Jane Goring said nothing. A hard line tightened her mouth, but quickly she dissipated it, replacing it with a deprecatory smile.

"How absurd, 'Dolph!"

"'Course it's absurd. Don't try to hog it, Jane! Give the kid a chance!" He dropped back, regarding his cigar contemplatively.

"But I tell you that's not the reason. I simply can't do anything if she's in the company. She makes me bristle."

"Because she gets a big hand," he put in. "Because she holds up the show!" He leaned forward once more. "And you honestly think I'd let a find like that get away from me?"

Jane Goring got to her feet. She had attempted a new rôle. She had pleaded. Now she would play in character. She would demand.

"Either she goes—or I do," came succinctly.

"Nonsense, Jane!" He too was on his feet.

"I mean it. You can take your choice."

"Why, listen to me, old girl! You got the public in the palm of your hand! You can afford to give the kid a square deal."

"I've told you ——"

Cleeburg's round eyes narrowed.

"What're you trying to do—bully me?"

"No! I want you to be fair."

"I am fair to all concerned."

"Except to me, who should be your first consideration."

"Look here, Jane, you've had things pretty much your own way for a good many years. To me there wasn't anybody—not one of 'em—in your class, either as actress or woman. Darned if I wasn't even afraid of you! You've laid down the law more than once and I let you get away with it. But I can't let you grab a find out of my hand—just like that!" Again the fingers snapped. "And I won't!"

The peacock's shriek is the one unbeautiful thing about him. It is blatant, raucous. It is crude as the rasp of iron on stone.

Jane Goring's voice rose belligerently to the housetops.

"And I tell you I won't have her putting over that sob stuff on me! I won't have it! I won't have it!"

Stripped of pose, stripped of poise—she stood facing him, nails grinding into palms, head thrust forward and upward, body rocking with the same fury that had seized her the night before.

Cleeburg came to her, his round eyes softened and troubled, and put a hand on her shoulder.

"Come, come, Jane! Don't let's do anything hasty. You and I've pulled along pretty comfortably for a long time. This thing is a tempest in a teapot. Let's both think it over and have a nice calm talk later in the week."

When he had gone she went to her room, leaving word that under no condition was she to be called, and locked the door. Her matinée came on Thursday, so she had all of the afternoon to weigh things and balance accounts.

First and foremost, one discomforting thought was uppermost—she was losing her drag with her manager. It had been a revelation—amazing, most difficult to face, most delicate to handle. A few years ago 'Dolph Cleeburg would have been, as he had frankly stated, afraid to cross her. Hers would have been the last word, the decisive one. Such incidents as the cutting of scenes, the dismissing of actors to whom she objected and so on, were occurrences not uncommon. Gloria Cromwell would simply have received her two weeks' notice accompanied by a pleasing smile from Cleeburg and, since he liked her, a contract and promise to put her in his next production. To-day Jane Goring had met open defiance, backed with a twinge of ridicule even harder to bear. Not subtly, but poignantly she felt it. That smile that had lurked in his eye when he called the green-eyed monster by its right name—there was no mistaking it.

Just one course remained. Her brain sprang instantly to that—to tighten her hold on him in some other way, so that her will would still be the lever directing their business association. At any cost it must be accomplished. Times innumerable he had begged her to procure a divorce from the husband with whom she did not live, and marry him. That answer was the obvious one to her present situation. That answer gave to Jane Goring the one safe solution.

She did not hesitate; did not stop to weigh Bob's wishes in the matter. Circumstances had pushed her to take the step. Without delay she must act and act efficiently. Immediately and as quietly as possible the whole affair must be put through, consummated. It must not be the usual theatrical divorce, with blaring of trumpets and long columns in the newspapers. If it could be managed she wanted no publicity at all. Just as her present marriage was unknown generally, so would she conduct her second venture.

Having arrived at a solution she called up her lawyer, made an appointment and drove downtown.

Three hours later she left his office, a shadow across her eyes, her face drawn and a bit haggard. The thing, she had discovered, was not so easy as she had anticipated—impossible in fact in New York, as matters now stood. They had thrashed it out—viewed it from every conceivable angle—to reach a conclusion that placed the final decision entirely in Bob McNaughton's hands. Unless Goring was willing to leave the state long enough to establish a residence, which of course at the present moment was impossible, Bob was the one who must sue. He must be located, which would involve no great difficulty; and then, granted his consent could be gained, it would take the red tape of the law an indefinite time to unwind.

What worried her most was the fear that Bob might take this occasion to be nasty. The long silence since he had gone West made it difficult to gauge his attitude toward her. More than likely he would refuse point-blank and cause her no end of trouble. So when on the following day she received word from her attorney that—through Bob's former paper—her husband had been located with the Graystone Photoplay Company in Los Angeles, she decided to write him herself instead of trusting to the cold terms of a legal request.

Very carefully she worded the letter, making it most friendly, but with the impersonal friendliness of those whose lives have never intimately touched. Since she had not heard from him in more than two years, she told him, she was quite sure he had by this time come to regard her as a sort of mythical being. Their separation had become so complete that a request she was about to make would, she knew, be nothing short of welcome to him. She wanted him to have his freedom. Herself—she no longer wanted to feel bound. She would always think of him as the best friend she had ever had, but so many years had elapsed since their relationship had been that of husband and wife that it was rather a farce to keep up the pose any longer. She was sure he would agree in this. Knowing the New York laws he must also realize that the move would have to come from him. California, she understood, was more lenient, and since he was now a resident it would be practically easy. She assumed that by this time his health had been entirely restored and wished him every good wish in the world.

Before sending off the letter she gave it to her attorney to read. Stamped with his approval, but with no slight misgivings on her part, it was registered and posted; then tossed carelessly into a bag with thousands of others—tear-stained, anxious, pleading, desperate, threatening, thumb-marked, hopeless—all jumbled as human emotions are jumbled together in this puzzling world. With these it was flung into a mass of other bags similarly laden and started on its way across the country.

Meanwhile, instead of resuming the discussion anent Miss Cromwell, 'Dolph Cleeburg had diplomatically avoided seeing his star. For several days he stayed away from the theater and Goring was forced at every performance to endure at the girl's entrance the applause that apparently had become a habit.

The climax came when one of the Sunday papers featured the young actress' picture on the same page as the star's. That was the proverbial straw.

Jane Goring scorned any further attempt to bring Cleeburg round to her way of thinking. If, as was evident, he was afraid to see her, determined to keep Cromwell in the cast—very well, she would read him a lesson. She would prove to him who was the motive power that kept his play going. She would show him in whose hands lay his success or failure. Incidentally she would resort to the very feminine ruse of playing on his sympathy.

At seven-thirty Monday evening she sent word to the theater that she was ill and could not appear.

As she had anticipated, the stage manager phoned wildly the instant the message was delivered. He begged to be allowed to speak to her. The situation was terrible! Terrible! She must come! They were sold out!

Goring smiled. It was just what she had looked for. No understudy for her had been engaged so far. It was a matter with which they never concerned themselves, for no one could have replaced Goring with the public. The theater would have to remain dark—Cleeburg would have his lesson. Madam was very ill, her maid replied; too ill even to answer the telephone. The stage manager urged. He pleaded. In vain!

A few minutes later Cleeburg himself was on the wire. Couldn't she drag herself downtown? She must! To him she spoke, her voice so weak that it could scarcely be heard. She had tried—impossible. Her heart—and then the maid once more took the wire. Cleeburg was frantic. It meant a refund—the loss of thousands. He almost wept into the phone. At the psychological moment the maid told him madam had fainted.

Jane Goring went to sleep that night with a smile on her lips.

She woke up in the morning to read that at half an hour's notice Gloria Cromwell had gone on in her place—and hit Broadway straight between the eyes!

V

SOME months later word came from the West that Bob McNaughton had procured a divorce. There had been no personal reply to her letter. Calmly and quietly he had complied with her request, his lawyer merely notifying hers that Mrs. McNaughton's wishes would be carried out to the letter. No possible way had she of gauging how he had taken it; no possible manner of knowing how, after all the years, such a request had affected him.

Her relief, however, was like a gale of wind sweeping over the city after a stifling day. For months she had been trembling on the brink of terrifying uncertainty. The day following Gloria Cromwell's amazing success had found her really ill; so ill in fact that had she remained away from the theater that night there would have been justification. She was stunned, utterly bewildered, sickened to the soul by the trick she told herself Fate had played her.

Over and over again she read the papers, as one gazes fascinated over the edge of a dizzying precipice. It was incredible! And worse still, it might so easily have been avoided. She might have accepted the girl, made her a protégée, gracefully posed as having discovered a young genius and pushed her to the fore. She saw all that now. And—further irony—it would probably have redounded to her credit, a neat bit of self-advertisement. As things stood, she had been made a laughingstock. She could not bear the thought of it.

On the verge of hysterics she dragged herself out of bed and into a walking suit. When her maid dared to protest, she turned on the girl ready to strangle her.

Walking rapidly westward she veered north when she reached the Drive. It was a dull day; no clarity of air to fill the lungs, no shimmer of sunlight through the heavy clouds. Skeleton trees reached gaunt arms to the sky. Thick mud covered the ground that a month before had shown green and living. There was no cheer anywhere. Across the river the Palisades rose misty and unreal, as if they had never been more than ghosts. Miles she made, on and on, seeking some way to still the terror voice in her breast.

That night she drove down to the theater with a sense of dread. But whatever the flurry of gossip back-stage it ceased with her arrival. Members of the company inquired concerning her health—that was all. While she was dressing a knock came. The maid opened and the Cromwell girl stood in the doorway. She took a rather timid step forward.

"I'm so glad you're back, Miss Goring," she said with a note of sincerity unmistakable, and there was in her wide eyes a look of pleading, as of an unspoken apology for what she had done. "I just had to come and tell you."

"Thank you," Goring replied, and for her life could not say more. Her hatred was a living searing thing.

The coup she had made in absenting herself accomplished its end. Gloria Cromwell was withdrawn from the cast—to be featured by Cleeburg in a new production!

Anxiously Goring awaited from him some reference to the turn events had taken. None came, not even when the girl left the company. Little 'Dolph seemed full of the joy of living, these days—cigar more active than ever, smile more genial, himself more generous to the down-and-outers and brimful of plans. In the weeks that followed he never spoke of their misunderstanding. Of her absence from the cast he made mention only by greeting her enthusiastically when she returned. Evidently his admiration had not in any way decreased. She had chosen, she concluded, the psychological moment to gain her freedom. When news came that it was consummated the weight of uncertainty lifted. She felt buoyant, with a clear course to steer ahead. Not that she was at all eager to marry her manager, but since it was the one sure way to secure her future it must be gone through with.

She will always have reason to remember the bright spring day that she dropped into his office to break the news. For some time he had known Bob was suing.

"Glad to hear it," he remarked when she told him everything was settled, then swung round in his chair and gazed out of the window at a pair of fleecy fluttering clouds in the very blue heavens.

"Well, I took your advice, Jane," he added casually.

"What advice?"

"Remember telling me once to make that Cromwell girl change her name? I went ahead and did it."

"You did?"

"Sure! Changed it for her. She's Mrs. 'Dolph now." And he grinned happily.

She understood then why he had been grinning in just that way for a number of weeks. Had she not been so absorbed in self she would have noticed that his smile was gayer—different from any he'd ever worn, one that made his face quite boyish.

The decline of Goring after that was gradual. As a matter of fact, it could have

(Concluded on Page 82)



This photograph shows some of the conditions under which a Goodyear Solid Tire ran 100,123 miles on Bus 205 operated by The Fifth Avenue Coach Co., New York City. Applied May 20, 1916. Removed March 6, 1919. It served continuously on the same wheel between these dates.

Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

A Fifth Avenue Veteran of 100,123 Miles

"OUR records show that a Goodyear Solid Tire on Bus Number 205 delivered 100,123 miles of continuous service. We have never heard of another mark as high as this. It is certainly creditable since our service conditions thoroughly test truck tire stamina. Two more of our Goodyear Solid Tires may reach this figure—have traveled in excess of 99,000 miles each, thus far."—George A. Green, Chief Engineer, The Fifth Avenue Coach Company, New York City.

Time after time some Goodyear Solid Tire has outdistanced all the tire mileage figures which have been made a matter of public record.

The latest mark is the extraordinary total of 100,123 miles reached by a Goodyear Solid Tire on Bus 205 belonging to The Fifth Avenue Coach Company, New York City.

Yet it is questionable if even this mileage will stand long as the top score since other Goodyear Solid Tires in the same duty have passed 99,000 miles, at this writing, and appear headed for much higher scores.

In any event the prime significance of this 100,123-mile record does not exist merely in the fact that it undoubtedly represents the longest mileage attained to date by a rubber tire.

Rather do we attach equal importance to another feature: that this and the additional extremely high mileages noted here have been delivered in service of an exacting nature.

The double-decked Fifth Avenue Busses average approximately 1,000 starts and stops each day, which require about 3,000 gear changes—all producing heavy strains on tires.

The record-breaking Goodyear Solid Tire endured close to three years in this work, traveling a distance equivalent to four times around the world.

At the end of its long career, during which it was never removed from the wheel, this tire's tread rubber was 1 3/16 inches thick and still remained in a remarkably well-preserved condition.

The original cost of the tire was $45.82, and no repair charges were added to that sum; consequently it is evident that the champion Goodyear served at the lowest tire-mile cost ever recorded—which was four *one-hundredths* of a cent.

Observe now that there are 43 more Goodyear Solid Tires in the same service which are running up unusual mileages, twenty having gone 25,000 to 40,000, ten 40,000 to 60,000, seven 60,000 to 70,000 and six 70,000 to 80,000.

Of course, mileages approaching the lowest of these are exceptional and seldom are obtained except where truck tires are watched diligently and their strength is properly conserved.

Therefore the high averages reported by The Fifth Avenue Coach Company do more than contribute to the great mass of proof that bespeaks the powerful qualities of Goodyear Solid Tires.

They also focus important attention on the Goodyear methods of tire inspection and care adopted by this user and employed by hundreds of Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations spread over the continent.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

TRUCK TIRES

(Concluded from Page 79)

been dated actually from the night of her nonappearance. Upon the heels of that night followed a change, scarcely noticeable at first, in the sea of eyes and lips and hands to which she looked for signs of approval. Slowly—oh, very slowly—there crept into the audiences' responses to her a quality mechanical, automatic almost, as if largely force of habit; a quality that presaged the beginning of the end. Whether in herself or the public, she could not tell. It was nothing tangible, nothing definite. But something had happened. The fine thread by which an actress chains herself to popular favor had snapped. In vain she told herself it was just nervous imagination. It made her choke with fear.

One thing Jane Goring had failed to take into consideration: Than the highest rung of the ladder there is nothing higher; and unless one dies, having reached the top, there must be a descent. Youth pushes its way upward relentlessly, and those who have been must make way for those who will be. A ladder with top rung overcrowded would of necessity break.

Had she possessed the art of Bernhardt or the intellect of Fiske—that magnetic quality of soul that charms with the mellowing years—she could have laughed at Time. But her ability consisted chiefly in a technic, the accumulated result of stage tricks, that only up to a certain point can present itself as youth.

With an eagerness that approached hysteria she reached out for the adulation that for years she had accepted without question as her due. The thirst for it was as the thirst of fever. Even the tame robins she had always regarded as more or less of a joke—she began to seek them as they in the past had sought her. The desire to be seen about, pursued by youth; to have lunch and tea at fashionable restaurants in their company; to hold the center of the public eye at any cost, became a mania. It was as grim an effort as that of a doomed man to cling to the last moments of life.

And then a year or so later came the inevitable day that Cleeburg said to her—trying to speak gently—"Come, Jane, let's talk horse sense. No use your trying to play a chicken. God knows you ain't one!"

Jane Goring went home, flung open her bedroom windows letting in an uncompromising flood of sunlight, sat down at her dressing table and looked herself squarely in the face. The whiteness—smooth and glowing—that had made her skin like gardenia petals in the old days, had gone long since. She had grown accustomed to simulating it with modern triumphs of the parlor. But sitting there with God's spotlight turned full on her it was not the realization of muscles sagging as if pulled down by the hand of Time that made her shudder. It was not the gooselike shriveling of her throat when she turned her head that made her eyes shut with pain. It was the knowledge of ebbing self-confidence, the face-to-face admission that her day was done. From now on it would be "Let's go to see Jane Goring. She used to be ——" Or "Don't let's go to see Jane Goring. She used to be ——"

But always "She used to be ——" Always that.

There was no quibbling, no splitting of hairs. She knew! And with the acknowledgment she rose to her feet, a great overwhelming defiance seizing her. She would not let age get her. She would not go down hill. She would not become a has-been! Rather would she quit the stage now and let them say she had retired in her prime. Money she had—an income larger than she needed. She would cut herself off from the theater entirely, for looking in at the window of a house of cheer whose door was barred—that would be unbearable. She would have to travel, to seek diversion elsewhere. And then suddenly, like the lifting of a rosy veil on barren waste, she saw her career a thing of the past and herself wandering down the declining years of life alone. The desert youth wots not of—aloneness—stretched bleak and endless, a reach of sand with no oasis to slake the thirst, no shade to cool the soul.

And there swamped her with a sickening sense of need the longing for that bulwark of days gone; the one thing that endures; the one thing that counts not success or failure; that survives when the ladder itself lies crumbled in ruins. Giving it no conscious name she knew only that had Bob been there he would have shouldered the burden of this cold hour of facing truth; he would somehow have contrived to make it easier for her to hold her head high and continue to look down, even though that look must be directed toward the sunset.

Bob, whose adoration had helped her always over the difficult places, Bob would to-day and through all the days to come have stood by to help her bridge this most difficult place of all.

Bob! Well, why not?

Many hours she paced the floor, brows drawn together, hands clenched as if grappling with a flesh-and-blood thing.

The peacock's strut is slow and calculating. He lowers his head only to gaze upon his own reflection in the pool. To shed the trait that has made him world-famous is to lay his gorgeous plumage in the dust.

The train steamed into the Arcade Station at Los Angeles and from the Pullman a woman descended. She was a stunning woman—the sort to whom one gives a second glance in spite of tired lines round the eyes and little crinkles at their corners. Gowned in the latest cut of blue serge, with a tan traveling cloak swung across her arm, she cried New York the instant one laid eyes on her.

She put her maid and bags into a cab and sent them to the Alexandra Hotel. Stepping into another she told the driver to take her to the Graystone Studio.

It was an afternoon of late June. The languorous breath of California summer had kissed the foliage into mammoth bloom. They drove through lazy sunny streets, somnolent under warm skies, into that vortex of activity modern commerce has planted in the midst of beauty, the frame of artifice sprung up mushroomlike in the very heart of Nature.

Jane Goring descended at the door of a building the back of which was covered with a glass roof. It swarmed like a beehive. She made her way past men and women with faces ghastly white and lips preternaturally red, mounted the steps and asked for Mr. McNaughton. The attendant wanted her name, but she insisted upon being announced merely as a friend from the East. She had given Bob no warning of her visit and her eyes followed the man with a look half-curious, half-eager as he opened a door and disappeared along a corridor lined with offices.

He came back presently and shut the door. Mr. McNaughton had gone home, he told her. She asked his address—quite as a matter of course—in a way that brooked no refusal, and once more was driven out of bedlam to the quiet of drowsy green streets, past the beautiful Hollywood homes of picture stars who yesterday were unknown.

Toward the sunset she went, melting amethystine into violet night. Shadows stretched across the road, cool and mellow, and a soft sense of fragrant tranquillity.

She lay back an instant, closing her eyes. When she opened them she had turned a corner and was pulling up before the lawn of a rambling Queen Anne cottage set snugly in a mass of shrubbery. She gave a little start, pleasure surmounting surprise. It looked very much as though Bob McNaughton had found time to make his own career.

A gate with an Elizabethan lantern over it opened on a bricked path that led to the house. She paused there and looked in. Under a tree sat a man she scarcely knew. His hair was quite gray—iron gray—but the face under it was full and ruddy, the eyes keen, the mouth relaxed and smiling. The hand that held a newspaper which he no longer read was firm and capable; a hand accustomed to direct, the hand of a man sure of himself. Bob, who was almost fifty, looked less than forty!

As she stood staring at him the house door opened and a slim figure was silhouetted against the light from within. The figure stepped onto the lawn, light shining round masses of soft brown hair like a halo, eyes glowing, red lips parted in eager welcome, and with a cry full of sweetness held out something to Bob McNaughton. He gave a laugh, sprang to his feet, bent down to the eager lips, then caught the something swiftly in his arms—with infinite tenderness hugged it close against his heart. And it gave a gurgle of delight!

Jane Goring turned and went back to the waiting taxi.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 28)

dishonest methods of a few crooked merchants would not operate so smoothly. We should remember that when a dealer makes illegal profits on his goods through giving short measure he seriously harms all the merchants who ask a higher price but deliver full amounts, and whose goods consequently may be cheaper than those of the shopkeeper who practices deception. When we expose these frauds we help the respectable merchant, and it is for this reason that the upright business house welcomes the scrutiny that careful purchasers should give to all commodities delivered to them.

In former years it was not always possible to compare the unit prices of various articles, for the same commodity frequently came in packages of varying size; but this situation exists no more, for now we have a law requiring that all foodstuffs in package form must bear a statement showing the net amount of the article actually contained in the package. Every purchaser therefore should read the labels on the goods bought, and the accuracy of the statements of quantity should be checked. If it is not convenient to empty the package at once, then the best plan is to weigh the whole package, recording the gross weight on the outside of the package. Later, when empty, the container may be weighed; and this figure subtracted from the gross weight should be equal to the net weight printed on the label.

It is practically impossible to determine the size of a package by mere observation, for our eyes often deceive us. Frequently one package will sell for twenty cents and another for sixteen cents. They appear to hold about the same quantity and we are inclined to buy the lower-priced article. However, if we examine the labels we may find that one contains sixteen ounces and the other only twelve ounces. It is evident, therefore, that the higher-priced package is about seven per cent the cheaper. The other day I stepped into a candy store and asked the price of two packages of milk chocolate. They were both the same brand and I naturally supposed the larger one was relatively the better bargain. It so happened, however, that this particular merchant was one of the species who set the price to fit each individual customer. His conclusion evidently was that I was good for the larger package, and the price was adjusted accordingly. I asked to see the two articles and on examining the net-weight labels found that it was far cheaper to buy two of the smaller packages than one of the larger kind. After making the purchase I left a thought in the mind of the merchant that may have caused him to engage in several minutes of mental exercise.

However, the greatest losses in household purchases to-day result from the use of false measures. Two of the accompanying illustrations show examples of this form of cheating. One represents a can that is supposed to be a five-gallon measure, but inside the outer can is a three-gallon measure which naturally gives a delivery that is forty per cent short. The other illustration shows a type of fraudulent basket that is evidently not the work of a novice. The purchaser sees only the outside basket, for the smaller measure is woven inside, causing the whole basket to have false sides and bottom. In many stores the merchant often uses a bottomless type of measure which has such a small diameter that when it is filled with bulky commodities, such as potatoes, there results a condition known as "stacking," which leaves large unfilled spaces in the measure. One can easily see how the potatoes would overflow when transferred from a correct measure of proper diameter to a bottomless measure that is tall and narrow. There is a material shortage in delivery whenever such a measure is used.

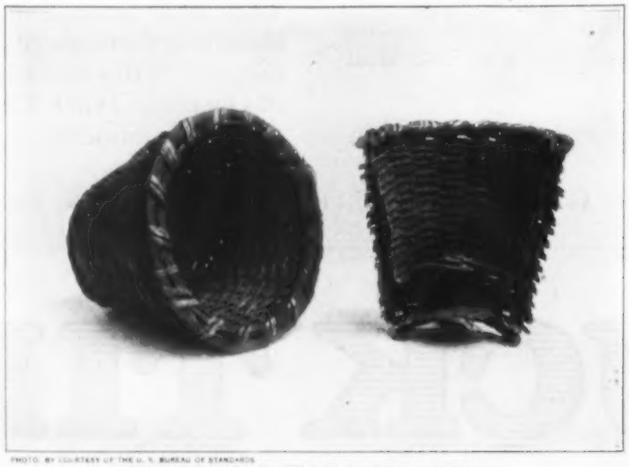


PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE U. S. BUREAU OF STANDARDS

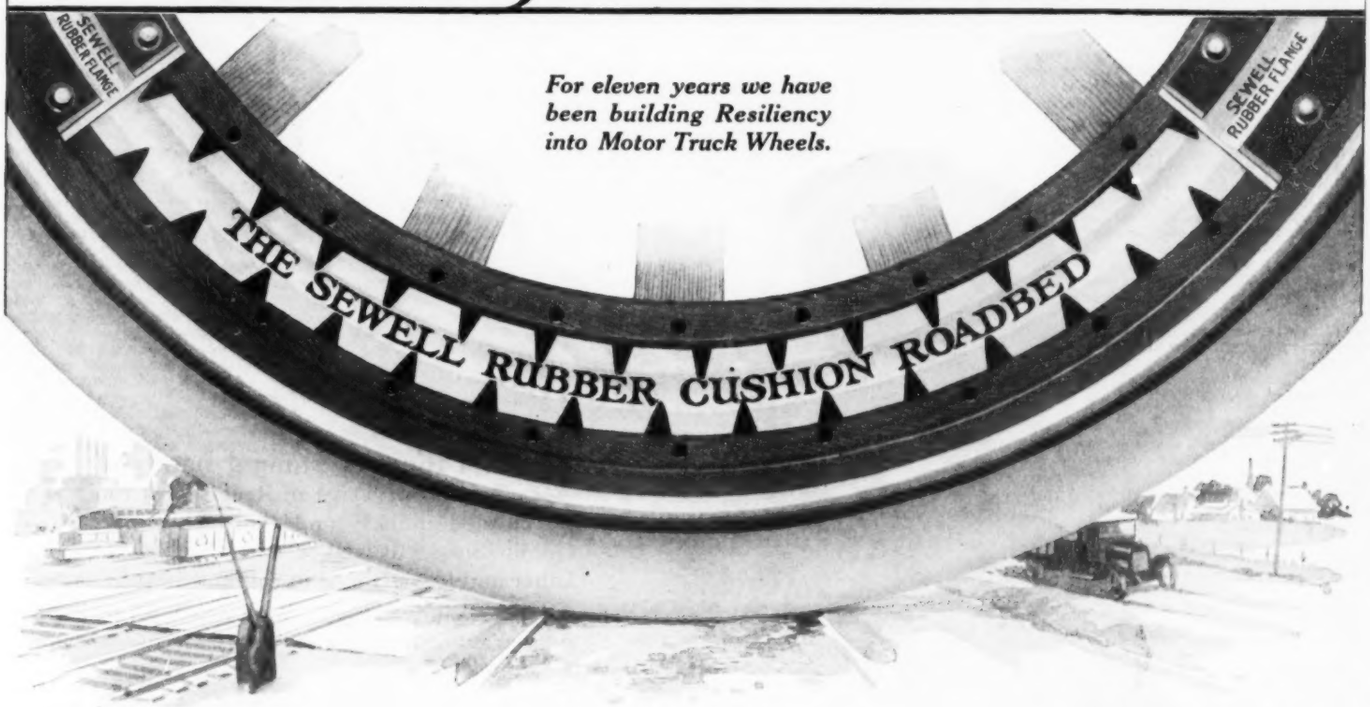
A Fraudulent Basket With False Sides and Bottom

The time must come when all dry commodities will be sold by weight instead of measure. In nearly all states the laws require that when bulky commodities are sold by measure they must be sold by "heaped measure." This means that the article must be "heaped" as high as may be, without special effort or design.

So many purchasers dislike the idea of appearing to be close buyers, and it is this condition that originates much of the trouble. It is nothing more than good business to see that the scale is correctly balanced before the article is placed upon it. Much fraud results from hundreds of scales that are set fast. It is also wise to avoid asking for a basket, or a pail, or twenty cents' worth of a commodity. The safer way is to order a certain amount of the article, such as a pint or a pound. Frequently the householder has his own cans or baskets and sends them to market to be filled. It is not at all unusual for such measures to be deficient in amount, and here the buyer is cheating himself. It is for all such reasons that the Federal Bureau of Standards urges the installation of a simple but complete and accurate measuring and weighing equipment in every home.

When the public finally comes to understand that the fraudulent merchant is a creation of its own carelessness and a curse to the legitimate business man it will no longer continue to view the matter with such unconcern. Concerted action is required to check the evil. None of us cares to pose in court as a complainant or to sit as witness in a lawsuit. Such action is unnecessary. In every community there is or should be an official who would be interested to learn that the business methods of a certain dealer are questionable. It is then this inspector's job to discover whether the reported shortages were accidents or whether they were deliberate frauds.

The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel

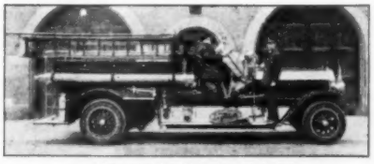


For eleven years we have been building Resiliency into Motor Truck Wheels.

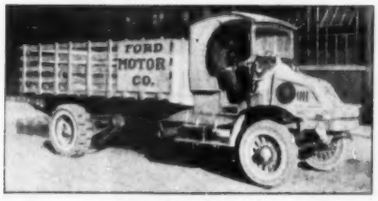
Railway Tracks Bad Pavement Unpaved Road

Sewell Cushion Wheels

Carry Their Own Roadbed With Them



Chicago, Ill., Fire Apparatus Equipped with Sewell Wheels



Ford Motor Company Trucks are Equipped with Sewell Wheels



Sewell Wheels are on Globe-Wernicke Company Trucks

Eleven years ago we began work upon a scientific principle. Eleven years ago we decided that the all-essential Resiliency that preserves the delicate mechanism of the Truck must be Built into the Wheel of the Truck.

We discovered eleven years ago that this Resiliency, to be safe, permanent and economical, must be developed, not in the tires or the springs, but in the rim of the wheel, to absorb the shock at the base or starting-point, checking the vibration before it passes through the delicate mechanism of the truck.

Therefore, eleven years ago we became Wheel Engineers. Today we design and manufacture Truck Wheels with the same scientific precision that motors and axles are designed and manufactured; because the economy and efficiency of motors and axles, we find, are determined by the Resiliency which we build into the wheel.

The achievement of these eleven years of engineering effort and scientific manufacture is the Sewell Cushion Wheel of today—a Wheel that actually carries its own roadbed with it—a Wheel of Rubber within a Wheel—a Wheel that minimizes the costly wear of tires—a Wheel that eliminates wear because it eliminates friction—a Wheel that is built to last for years—a Wheel that has been nationally accepted as a sound assurance of economical truck operation.

The proof that these eleven years of scientific development have been recognized is found in these few striking facts: 850 of the largest firms in the country operating trucks have re-ordered Sewell Wheels: In 135 American cities Sewell Wheels are in operation: On July first 27,000 Sewell Wheels were in use.

Can we offer more conclusive proof that our eleven years of effort have been repaid; that Industry and Science have recognized the soundness of the Sewell Principle?

"The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel"

THE SEWELL CUSHION WHEEL COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

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EVEN the play stained hands of a boy in the "Days of Real Sport" can be cleaned quickly and thoroughly with Goblin Soap. It makes a soft, delightful lather and leaves the skin soft and healthy.

Goblin Soap is a fine all around soap: good for toilet or bath, kitchen or shop, wherever dirt is to be removed.

Lathers in any water—hard or soft—hot or cold.

If your dealer does not have Goblin Soap, please send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

CUDAHY, 111 W. Monroe St., Chicago
64 Macauley Avenue, Toronto, Canada

Goblin Soap

WORKS WONDERS

ADVENTURES IN INTERVIEWING

(Continued from Page 21)

subjects, but not as an interview. In being interviewed, as in most other activities, President Wilson's exact opposite was Theodore Roosevelt. He dripped publicity. Consciously or unconsciously he was the master press agent of all time. Likewise he was the champion interviewer of interviewers. He was the most accessible and approachable of all Presidents. From him there flowed an almost incessant stream of opinion about every conceivable subject.

I first met Colonel Roosevelt in 1904, when I went to Washington to get a signed statement from every member of his cabinet. This little task, by the way, was quite an adventure in interviewing. I succeeded in pulling it off because I employed one of the cardinal rules in interviewing a group of men allied with the same interests. In such an enterprise, as in salesmanship, the important and immediate task is to sell one of them. Having this asset in hand, so to speak, you can use it as a convincing argument with all the rest. Human beings like to follow a lead.

At that time John Hay was Secretary of State; Mr. Taft, Secretary of War; Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy; James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture; Horace A. Taylor, acting Secretary of the Treasury; and Robert J. Wynne, Postmaster-General.

A Master of Publicity

I looked over the ground to find the one member of the cabinet who was most likely to fall in with my plan. I selected Morton. I knew that he was a novice to Washington official life. I argued that being new at the cabinet game he had not yet succumbed to official limitations with regard to the flow of speech. My theory was right, because he promptly agreed to write the article. It was, I might add, the first of innumerable services that Paul Morton rendered me. When he went to New York to become president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society he was a real first aid.

Having secured the promise of the Secretary of the Navy to coöperate in my plan it was comparatively easy to convince his colleagues. When they shied I simply said: "You do not want the Navy Department to get all the publicity, do you?" It went home every time.

This experience simply shows, as I have emphasized so often in this series, that the rules of big interviewing are precisely the same rules that make for progress in salesmanship. A man will buy when he is convinced that someone he knows has bought. It is as effective with safety razors as with stocks and bonds.

Roosevelt personified the fundamental and all-essential qualities that must equip a successful interviewer. He made it a point, for example, to know every possible thing about the people who came to see him. If he was not already acquainted with their achievements he fortified himself by special reading or investigation. Authors were amazed at his familiarity with their books; scientists were astounded at his understanding of their researches; naturalists were impressed with his range of experience; inventors stood agape at his technical comprehension of their work. So too with painters, sculptors, travelers and uplifters. The net result was that they succumbed first to his magnetic personality, and second, being human, to his knowledge of themselves or their friends. He was a great salesman.

In that first meeting with him at the White House he surprised me by saying at once: "I hear excellent reports of Mr. Page's two sons at Harvard."

I was then an editorial associate of the late Walter H. Page, subsequently Ambassador to Great Britain. How the President learned that Mr. Page had two boys at Harvard, and furthermore, how they were getting along, was a mystery to me. He knew, however, that the editor of The World's Work would be pleased to know that the President of the United States was interested in his sons and had spoken about them. It was a characteristic Roosevelt performance.

No American President ever talked with writing men with the same degree of freedom as Roosevelt. When men went to interview him, as was my experience more than once, he did all the interviewing. Behind this avalanche of speech there was a definite idea, which is well worth explaining. Sometimes the interviewer had a fixed conviction about a certain Roosevelt policy which was not in harmony with the President's.

Before the reporter could get under way Roosevelt had inundated him with his own point of view, and the interviewer in most cases was left speechless. The net result was that he departed with Roosevelt's impressions and not his own. Few men could stand up against the Roosevelt barrage of words.

Roosevelt seldom allowed himself to be quoted. Being an author himself he wrote his theories and convictions about everything. Every medium of communication with the public was his and he availed himself of them to a degree unequaled by any Chief Executive of the nation.



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No American President Ever Talked With Writing Men With the Same Degree of Freedom as Roosevelt

Roosevelt's whole relationship with interviewers was unique. Though he would seldom allow himself to be quoted in an article, he talked with what sometimes seemed an almost incredible frankness. He bared the inmost secrets of state. He did this for the reason that he trusted the people who came to see him. In interviewing men of high public station the first and foremost obligation of the interviewer is the exercise of discretion as to what should be printed and what should be suppressed. The most interesting things in the world are those that are never printed. Roosevelt once told me that he assumed that all men who wrote had a sense of discrimination. He, like many others, discovered that it was not a universal gift.

One reason why the famous Ananias Club and its allied organizations had such a large membership was that Roosevelt spoke freely and unafraid with many men and trusted to their discretion. In their zeal to achieve a surprise, advertise their intimacy with the President or spring a sensation they sometimes allowed their enthusiasm or vanity to get the better of their judgment. In self-defense Roosevelt was forced to repudiate them.

Roosevelt the private citizen was more intimate and human perhaps than Roosevelt the President. I have already written some of the war leaders' impressions of him and his views concerning them.

Whenever a well-known British soldier or statesman visited America during the war one of his first desires was to meet Roosevelt. In September, 1916, I returned from Europe with Ian Hay. Roosevelt admired his books intensely and the author of The First Hundred Thousand himself was eager to meet the famous Rough Rider, so I took him down to Sagamore Hill for lunch.

On this visit Roosevelt made to me what I consider the most pathetic statement he ever uttered in connection with his possible reëlection. There had been a considerable party at lunch and afterward we went for a walk on the lawn. It was a brilliant sunlit afternoon and the country was at its loveliest.

The ex-President and I brought up the rear. I had been talking about the war and bemoaning the fact that we were not in it. Continuing, I said: "Things would be different, Colonel, if you were in the White House."

He stopped suddenly, pounded his left fist against his right palm and declared with explosive earnestness: "The American people will cheer for me, but they will not vote for me." He had no illusions about himself.

In all the flood of story about Roosevelt since his lamented death one interesting fact has been overlooked. Writing about Oyster Bay brings it to mind. Whenever he had a visitor to whom he desired to pay a special honor he would lead him over to a large bow window in his famous Trophy Room, take a small key out of his pocket, and say:

"I am going to show you something that I do not usually show people."

With the little key he would open a mahogany box which contained six enlarged snapshots of himself and the German Kaiser, taken during the military maneuvers held in honor of his visit to Potsdam in 1910. In view of what has happened during the past four years these photographs have a peculiar value, not because they show Theodore Roosevelt and William Hohenzollern on horseback side by side, but because of the extraordinary and indiscreet inscriptions that the Kaiser wrote on the back of each photograph. Sufficient to say, at least three of these inscriptions reveal that in 1910, as in 1914, and despite his pacific protestations to the contrary notwithstanding, the ex-Emperor was determined on war and was looking forward to the time when his sanguinary dream would be realized.

Roosevelt was a big man in many ways. In none was he bigger or finer than in the rôle of proud and affectionate father. Because it was an aid to an adventure in interviewing and because it reveals him in tender and intimate fashion I will reproduce an extract from a letter of introduction he gave me when I went to Spain in 1917. Shortly before sailing I went to lunch with the Colonel at the Harvard Club.

When I told him I was going to Spain he smiled and said: "I am not particularly popular in Spain because they have not forgotten the Rough Riders. I can give you a letter of introduction, however, to Ambassador Willard, whose daughter married my son Kermit."

After commending me most generously to the Ambassador he wrote about his family as follows:

"Thanks to the courtesy of Lord Northcliffe I have just been able to get Kermit an appointment on the staff of the British Army in Mesopotamia. I suppose he will sail soon. Ted and Archie are already in France. Quentin has just become a lieutenant in the Flying Corps and hopes soon to sail.

"You yourself are of the fighting type, and both you and Mrs. Willard come of fighting ancestors, and so you will readily understand the pride I take in my four boys. But it would be of no use that I pretend that I feel happy about their going.

"Faithfully yours,
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

A year from the day that Roosevelt gave me this letter Quentin went gallantly to his death in France. It is no secret that his untimely demise hastened the taking off of his father.

Making Diplomatists Talk

The Russo-Japanese War gave me my first real experience in interviewing ambassadors. To make a diplomatic envoy talk in times of peace is no springtime frolic. When his country is at war he puts a double padlock on his lips.

The moment that hostilities began in the Far East I was sent to Washington to round up material for a special war number of the magazine with which I was connected. Instinct told me that I could do nothing better than secure either an interview or a signed statement from the Russian Ambassador, who was Count Cassini, and the Japanese Minister, Kogoro Takahira. How to get them was the problem.

Once more I turned to the rules of the salesmanship game. I felt that if I could get one to succumb it would be comparatively easier to convince the other. In such interviewing, as in selling, it is best to follow at first the line of least resistance. I argued that the Japanese were looking for justification for their cause, so I betook myself to Mr. Takahira, an engaging and agreeable person who spoke half a dozen languages.

One almost unfailing argument in favor of an interview with a public man is that it will be of some benefit to him or aid the cause with which he is allied. Likewise it is good to get a peg upon which to hang the statement or series of statements. I convinced the Minister that the whole United States wanted to know specifically what Japan was fighting for. Here was something concrete. It seemed to strike him favorably, for he said "That's a good idea."

This illustrates another important point in big interviewing. Summed up it is: Never depend upon generalities. A man is much more apt to talk when he is given a lead of some kind. It produces clear-cut results.

Takahira stated his case in compact fashion. While he talked I had an inspiration. An interview is a good thing, but a signed article is better. I therefore said: "Mister Minister, what you have said will be much more effective and permanent if you reduce it to writing and sign it. It will not only be more authoritative but will become a piece of history."

Three days afterward I received the article. I now had what I thought was the overwhelming selling argument with Count Cassini. I found him, as I had found most Russian diplomats, amiable, charming, suave. The moment I suggested that he write a statement of Russia's case he was up in arms. I said to him: "Think it over and I will come back to-morrow."

When I returned he was still opposed to the idea. I tried every argument that I could possibly bring to bear, and he still

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Big Work for a Big Store

The delivery system of a great city store is an extremely high-powered and high-tensioned service, which directly affects the convenience and satisfaction of thousands of customers. Its effectiveness is gauged by its swiftness and smoothness; its success is measured by its safety and certainty. Naturally, the need of perfected equipment is imperative.

JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia, operates a large number of two-ton trucks in his delivery system. These trucks are required to travel long distances at high speed and cover a large area each day.

This fleet of cars covers an average of 4,000 miles daily. It carries a total daily average of 45 tons of goods. It is kept constantly keyed up to a big job—and does it well!

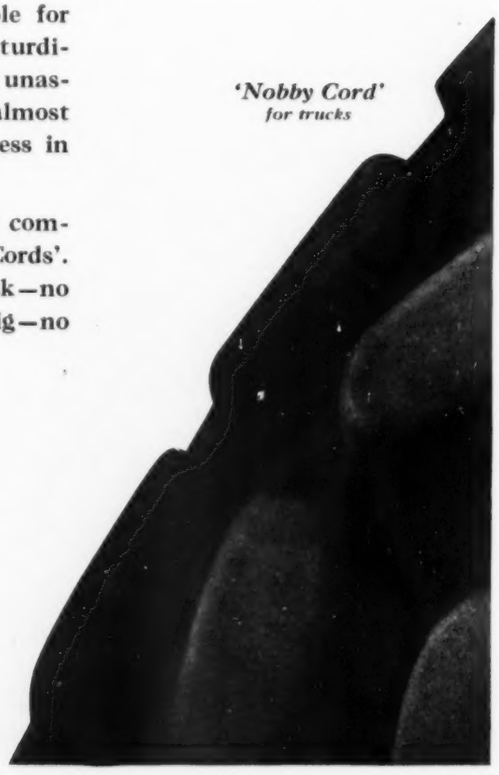
It is a significant fact that 50 of these Wanamaker cars are equipped with 'Nobby Cord' Truck Tires—the big, burly tires that are built for long mileage and hard usage. The tires that welcome any test.

'Nobby Cords' cut costs of operation. They minimize repairs and replacements. They are known to reduce truck depreciation 50 per cent. and to save 30 per cent. in gas and oil consumption.

'Nobby Cords' are remarkable for their incredible strength and sturdiness. A carcass that is almost unassailable and a cover that is almost impregnable. A veritable fortress in power of resistance.

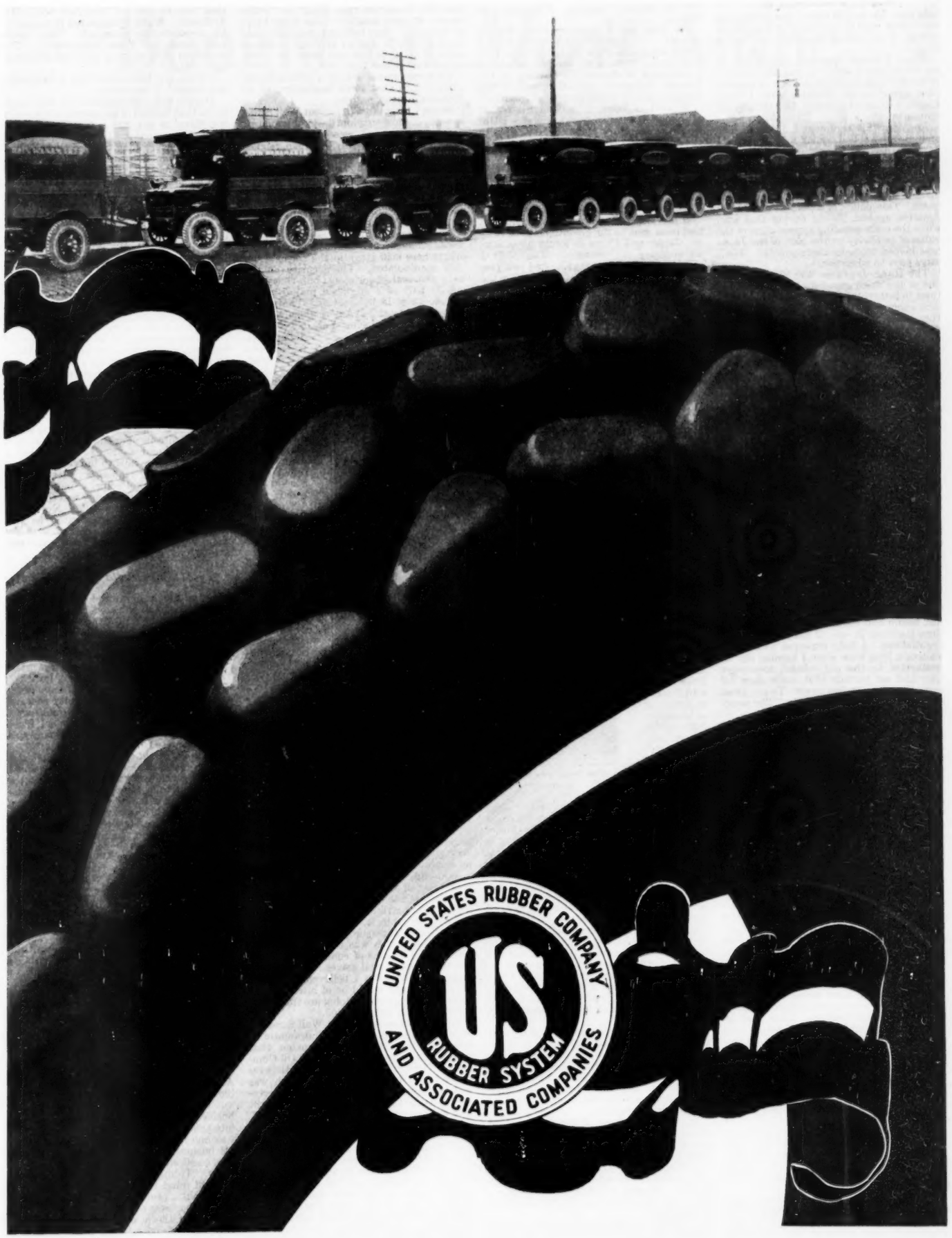
Many big users have found complete tire satisfaction in 'Nobby Cords'. Always ready to tackle any task—no road too long—no load too big—no job too strenuous.

For passenger and light delivery cars—'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'. Also tires for cycles, airplanes and solid tires for trucks.



'Nobby Cord'
for trucks

United States Tires are Good Tires


UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
RUBBER SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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held out. Up to this time I had not played the trump card in the shape of Takahira's article. Once more I asked him to think it over.

When I found him still unyielding on my third visit I said: "It may interest you to know that I have a statement of Japan's case, signed by her Minister here. I think Russia's cause should not be officially ignored."

For once this argument fell down. The ambassador replied, quick as a flash: "I have no desire to enter into a magazine war with Japan."

Some years afterward when I again met Count Cassini he admitted that he had made a mistake in not assenting to my request. This policy of aloofness prejudiced America against Russia during that war, while the corresponding appreciation of the value of publicity on the part of the Japanese helped to make them popular. It always pays to advertise.

The Russo-Japanese War also provided one of the most grateful of all my adventures in interviewing because it brought me into contact for the first time with John Hay, then Secretary of State. A really great man is one who instantly makes you feel at home in his presence. I have never felt more free from embarrassment with any human being than with this distinguished American, who left an unforgetable impress upon people, just as he wrote an enduring achievement into the diplomatic history of the world. What Byron wrote of Sheridan is true of Hay: They "broke the die" in molding him.

Mr. Hay's Graciousness

My object in going to see Mr. Hay was to try to persuade him to write an article on our diplomacy in the Far East. He had been the father of the famous open-door policy in China, and he was the heaven-born person to prepare this paper. To induce a man to write an article when he is not particularly keen to do it demands the same technic as breaking the barriers of silence in interviewing. The approach in both cases is identical.

I had a letter to Mr. Hay from Mr. Page. The war between Russia and Japan had just begun and the Secretary of State was then involved in one of his most historic negotiations. I fully expected to be kept waiting a long time when I handed my introduction to the old colored messenger who had sat outside that same door for more than twenty-five years. To my great surprise he emerged and said: "The secretary will see you at once."

In this detail—and I speak impersonally—Mr. Hay showed one of the attributes of greatness. When men say they have no time to be interviewed they do not mean it. Probe behind the remark and you find the real reason, which is that they are not of interviewing caliber or have nothing worth while to say. The busiest men in the world are the men who find time to do everything. The busier some men are the more time they have to do what they want to do. No one discovers this more readily than the interviewer.

Mr. Hay sat in a high-backed swivel chair at a long paper-littered desk across which the battles of American diplomacy had been waged for many years. The character and personality of the author of Jim Bludso invested the chamber with an atmosphere of distinction. Looking at him your mind instinctively turned to Lincoln, whose intimate he had been.

Mr. Hay was almost undersized, with blondish mustache and goatee streaked with gray. Deep lines furrowed his forehead; his eyes were penetrating but kindly. He wore the conventional frock coat of official life. An unframed, full-length portrait of him hung alongside his desk. It created the impression that there were two secretaries in the room. The portrait had just left the painter's easel and had been sent in for inspection. To have met John Hay was to have really touched the embodiment of that much-abused thing known as a "gentleman."

I told him what I had in mind, whereupon he said: "Nothing would give me more pleasure than to accede to your request, but I am Secretary of State and a war is going on. It is impossible for me to write for publication."

Some men of lesser caliber say things when they are anxious and willing to be convinced to the contrary. With John Hay it was different. What he said invariably had the touch of finality. Argument was useless.

He then did a gracious thing, for he added: "Though I cannot write or even speak for publication I can perhaps help you in your work. I will send to your hotel a collection of documents bearing on the Eastern diplomatic situation, and I will include a paper which may be of interest."

When I returned to my hotel late that afternoon I found a package and a letter from the Secretary of State. Attached to the letter was a copy of his famous note to the Powers which secured the neutrality of China and maintained her administrative entity. It was the antidote to whatever designs Japan may have had upon her yellow neighbor. It ranked with the highest of America's diplomatic performances.

If Mr. Hay had sent me that note after it had been sent to the governments of Russia, Japan and China it would have been an ordinary performance. The point I want to emphasize is that he had just prepared it and it had not yet been put on the wires. He knew of course that the magazine with which I was connected would not appear for at least three weeks. To have this all-important document in hand at once was a distinct help in the preparation of the number.

I relate this incident not only to show the unfailing kindness and courtesy which were among John Hay's foremost qualities but to emphasize the fact that in interviewing a very important requisite is character. A premature publication of that note or even a reference to it might have played havoc with a diplomatic undertaking of far-reaching significance. Mr. Hay, however, had been accustomed to deal with Washington correspondents, who carry more unpublished secrets perhaps than any other group of writing men in the world. No asset, therefore, of the interviewer is more important than his ability to impress the man he interviews with confidence in him. It is the basis of everything no less in journalism than in any phase of business.



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One Sure Way to Make Mr. Harriman Talk Was to Reveal a Knowledge of His Railroads

I saw Mr. Hay many times afterward. Whenever I had a state problem to unravel I went to his door and always found it open. He would never permit himself to be interviewed, but he inspired more constructive publicity about America, both at home and abroad, than any other statesman of his time. He saw diplomacy in terms of frank and fair dealing, not a thing of subterfuge and trickery, as Bismarck beheld it. He made the first breach in the secret treaty.

We now come to the most fiercely contested of all the battlegrounds of interviewing and the one which demanded more different kinds of approach than any other. I mean, of course, the gilded area known as Wall Street. Here I had some of the stormiest of all my adventures, in an atmosphere charged with hostility.

The financial duels of America involved empires of traffic and business. The strategy of those captains of capital was as brilliant as that of any campaign that Foch ever mapped out. Out of the money wars, just as out of the war which crushed Germany, emerged a whole new freedom. Publicity now beats round the American corporation.

No group of men that I have ever interviewed were more dynamic than the coterie that Mr. Roosevelt once called the "malefactors of great wealth." Like those kings of other days, they believed that they could do no wrong. It was my privilege to induce some of them to talk and write for publication for the first time.

Each experience meant a strenuous excursion into that most fascinating of all domains, human nature.

When I began to write about Wall Street a vast silence enveloped its dominating figures. Harriman was the overlord of American railways; Mr. Morgan reigned supreme as dictator of cash and credit; Henry H. Rogers stood at the height of his autocratic power; the Standard Oil Company, colossus of mystery and secrecy, still looked with contempt upon criticism; Thomas F. Ryan had never really spoken out in the public prints.

These men and their associates comprised an oligarchy. Thousands of citizens everywhere held stock in the corporations they manipulated. The security holders were the real proprietors, but they were merely part of a sterilized majority that had no voice in the matter. The money captains believed that America was bounded by the confines of New York City. They did not realize that west of the Hudson River stretched a great country that sooner or later would declare its economic independence of Wall Street, and it did.

The whole Wall Street attitude toward the public was wrong. Instead of allowing themselves to be interviewed, the stewards of our corporate life submitted in many instances to a costly system of gumshoe lawyers and publicity promoters who, under the pretense of getting stuff into the newspapers and magazines, only worked further injury for their clients. The vision and foresight that the fortune builders displayed in their business undertakings seemed strangely impotent when it came to the all-important matter of publicity.

What interested me about these men was that most of them had never been interviewed. I felt that behind their bulwarks of aloofness lay striking points of view about many vital subjects, and likewise the disclosure of picturesque personalities. One trouble with them was that they were so absorbed in dreams of conquest that they hid their real mental selves. I had no altruistic motives, but I believed that what they had to say would be of interest. Besides, the things worth doing are those that have not been done before.

No piece of pioneering in Wall Street in which I had part was more dramatic in some respects than the campaign that broke the silence of the Standard Oil Company. Though it resulted in an article instead of an interview the approach was just the same. Every selling point necessary to make the taciturn talk was brought into action—and then some.

Clearly to understand the difficulties that lay in the way of this task you must know that though the Standard Oil Company had been the target of every conceivable kind of attack for decades it had never officially made reply. At that time the head of the great corporation was John D. Archbold, one of the most inaccessible of all the corporate kings. I was writing a department in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST called Wall Street Men, and my original idea was to get an interview with Mr. Archbold. When I suggested it to one of his associates he answered: "Mr. Archbold never has been interviewed. The Standard Oil Company does not believe in such things."

"Then it's high time that a beginning was made," I answered.

During this conversation the idea came to me that instead of an interview the really big thing to get was a signed statement from the company. In the Standard Oil Company everything trickled through half a dozen layers of men. An idea or an innovation traveled successively from the head of a department to one of the upper floors of 26 Broadway, where the board of directors met every day. I asked my friend to put my suggestion up to the powers that be. To him the very idea sounded like heresy. When he faltered I said: "Everything is worth trying."

Luck was with me. One day I was summoned to a conference at the Standard Oil Company. I knew that the hour for decision had arrived. On the way downtown I prepared myself. This means that when I reached my destination I had the whole outline of my project in my mind.

In interviewing, as in any commercial business, abstractions are worthless. Many an interviewer, like many a salesman, has failed because he was unprepared when a public character suddenly turned to him and said icily: "Well, young man, what can I do for you?" The slightest hesitation means disaster to your ambition.

The fine art lies in not only having something definite in your mind but to slam it out swiftly and say: "This is what I want." It never fails to impress the interviewee with your readiness. I learned this lesson from Zack Phelps, a famous Kentucky lawyer, who in his day was the silver-tongued orator of Louisville. No matter how unexpectedly or how often he was called upon to make a speech he had something clever and apropos to say the moment he got on his feet.

Mr. Archbold Consents

I was much impressed with this performance, so I once asked him how he did it, whereupon he replied: "I never go to a public meeting or a banquet without having a definite idea or story in my mind in case I am called upon to speak. If the lightning does not strike me I have the satisfaction of knowing that I was ready for it."

I never forgot that advice. I have never gone to interview a man without rehearsing in my mind the principal questions I wanted to ask him. Hence when I faced that solemn group down at 26 Broadway I had a concrete campaign blocked out.

John D. Archbold was an undersized, smooth-faced, unassuming man, who spoke in a low gentle voice and who gave you the impression that he was an underling instead of head of a militant corporation that waged corporate war wherever the trade winds blew. Upon one occasion a man who had never seen him and who had come to discuss a matter involving millions mistook him for his secretary. When Mr. Archbold insisted that he was the man he was seeking his visitor said: "Stop your joking."

Mr. Archbold asked me: "What have you to suggest?"

I at once replied: "The policy of silence is a mistaken policy. The time has come when the Standard Oil Company should tell its own story. The longer you wait the harder it will be to change the public's mind about you."

The result of this and subsequent meetings was an article published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in 1907. It embodied a statement and a defense of the Standard Oil Company and was signed by Mr. Archbold. It was, I believe, the first time that he or any of his associates had written for publication.

In discussing this article I told Mr. Archbold that he would be paid for it, just like any other author. He at first refused, but when I insisted that it was a definite business transaction he acquiesced. I relate this incident to show that a man who was one hundred per cent business forgot his business training the moment it came to a question of real and constructive publicity. It merely emphasizes the wrong state of mind that all those big financiers had about a procedure that was as much a definite business as selling oil.

Now for the aftermath. Mr. Archbold and his colleagues were greatly pleased

(Continued on Page 91)

Bought on *Merit* Alone

CALL to mind those manufacturers in the automotive industry whose names are linked with highest quality.

Then glance through the list of AC users below.

It is probable that the first few names that flashed across your mind are included in that list.

These manufacturers have chosen AC's because AC's have proved their superiority in unmistakable terms.

High grade manufacturers believe that the best spark plugs are the only spark plugs they can afford to buy.

Car owners everywhere, too, are coming to this same conclusion.

When the United States Government needed reliable spark plugs for Liberty and Hispano-Suiza Aircraft Motors, army engineers investigated all makes, then chose AC as standard equipment.

Here, in the hardest tests that have been given any spark plug, AC again demonstrated its right to the title, "The Standard Spark Plug of America."

Most manufacturers of high-grade automobiles factory-equip with AC Spark Plugs.

There are various types of AC Spark Plugs specially designed for every make and style of motor.

Ask your dealer to show you his AC Equipment Chart. It shows the proper AC Plug for the particular car you drive.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*



The Standard Spark Plug of America

These manufacturers use AC Spark Plugs for factory equipment

Acme Trucks
Advance-Rumely Tractors
Ahrens Fox Fire Trucks
American-La France
Anderson
Apperson
Appleton Tractors
Avery Tractors
Brockway Trucks
Buffalo Motors
Bugatti
Buick
Cadillac
J. I. Case T. M. Co.
Chalmers
Chandler
Chevrolet
Chicago Trucks
Cole
Commonwealth
Conestoga Trucks
Continental Motors
Crane-Simplex
Daniels
Davis
Deere Tractors
Delco-Light
Diamond T Trucks
Diehl Trucks
Dodge Brothers
Dort
Duesenberg Motors
Eagle Tractors
Essex
Federal Trucks
F-W-D Trucks
Gabriel Trucks
Genco Light
G. B. S. Motors
G. M. C. Trucks
Gramm-Bernstein Trucks
Hall Trucks
Harvey Trucks
Hatfield
Haynes
Herschell-Spillman
Hispano-Suiza
Howell Tractors
Hudson
Hupmobile
Jackson
Jordan
Jumbo Trucks
KisselKar
Kleiber Trucks
Klemm Trucks
Knox Tractors
K-Z Trucks
La Crosse Tractors
Lalley-Light
Lane Trucks
Liberty
Liberty Aircraft Motors
Locomobile
Marmon
Master Trucks
Maxim Fire Trucks
Maytag
McLaughlin (Canada)
Menominee Trucks
Midland Trucks
Mitchell
Moline-Knight
Moreland Trucks
Napoleon Trucks
Nash
National
Nelson
Nelson & Le Moon Trucks
Netco Trucks
Northway
Oakland
Old Reliable Trucks
Oldsmobile
Packard
Paige
Pan-American
Paterson
Patriot Trucks
Peerless
Phianna
Pierce-Arrow
Pilot
Pioneer Tractors
Premier
Reo
Re Vere
Riker Trucks
Robinson Fire Trucks
Rock Falls
Rowe Trucks
Rutenber Motors
Samson Tractors
Sandow Trucks
Saxon
Scripps-Booth
Scripps Motors
Seagrave Fire Trucks
Seneca
Signal Trucks
Singer
Smith Motor Wheel
Standard "B"
Standard Trucks
Stearns-Knight
Sterling Motors
Sterling Trucks
Stewart Trucks
Straubel Engines
Stutz
Sullivan Trucks
Swartz Lighting Plants
Titan Trucks
Tower Trucks
Universal Trucks
United States Motor Trucks
Vim Trucks
Ward La France Trucks
Westcott
White
Whitney Tractors
Wilcox Trux
Wisconsin Motors
Wolverine Tractors

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915; U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending.



These are the 5 *self-starting keys*

Found!

a new Helping Hand for business

Father Time is nursing a new black-eye!

The SELF-STARTING REMINGTON TYPEWRITER is beating him out of untold hours of unproductive time. For business men it is translating lost time into saved dollars.

How?

See those little keys—those 5 helpful typewriting fingers on this Remington Self-Starter!

They take the stutter out of typewriting and 12 halts out of the average business letter. Users tell us that they put more letters in the business day, more ease in the typist's day, and more money in the cash box.

A typist says, "The Self-Starting keys let me do real touch typewriting. I never have to take my eyes off the notes." A railway operator says, "With the Self-Starting feature I find that I can make greater speed and turn out almost double the work."

Of course, no one advertisement can explain the details of the Remington Self-Starter. But the Remington salesman can. In 177 American cities he is as near as your telephone.

Give *him* 10 minutes of your time. See if he doesn't give *you* the secret to time savings which, if mentioned here, you might call impossible.

As a matter of daily business, the Remington Salesman and the Remington Self-Starter are helping American business to surprising savings of business time and business money. Won't you have some of the same?

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY *(Incorporated)*
374 BROADWAY *Branches Everywhere* NEW YORK

We have openings in our sales force for men returning from overseas who have been "over the top" and have the qualifications to make Remington salesmen.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITERS

(Continued from Page 88)

with the wide exploitation that the article received. To celebrate the end of the campaign he invited me to lunch with all the directors of the company. Even in eating the Standard Oil Company is a close corporation. Its officers lunch together every day.

At this luncheon Archbold remarked: "This has been a revelation to us." I understood what he meant by "revelation." When I came along, actuated solely by a professional desire to pull off a big and exclusive feature for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, he could not understand it. When I told him he would be paid for an article that explained his business methods it was almost beyond comprehension. The company had spent its money on publicity gold bricks.

This whole Standard Oil incident not only reveals the reluctance with which the great organization appeared on its own behalf in print but may serve to show that one section of Wall Street then was ignorant of the ethics and ideals of legitimate journalism.

I cannot write of my experiences with Mr. Archbold without telling of my contacts with his colleague, Henry H. Rogers, who, with the possible exception of the late J. P. Morgan, was the most virile and forceful of all the money masters. I met Mr. Rogers several years prior to the Archbold adventure. In the summer of 1905 I went to Kansas to write an article about the oil war raging there. The commonwealth that had produced populism and the referendum was up in arms against the Standard Oil Company and had decided to build its own pipe line and refinery. It was a unique situation and I saw a good story in it.

Mr. Ryan's Personality

Before leaving New York, however, I fortified myself as usual. I felt that there were two sides to the Kansas fight. There usually are two distinct sides to most public events. A reporter's job is to print facts, not his personal opinions. I knew that it was comparatively easy to get the Kansas contention. The hard task would be to secure the Standard's version.

Through Mark Twain I got a letter from Henry H. Rogers to the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, which was the branch of the Standard Oil Company in Kansas. The author of Tom Sawyer and the then active head of the Standard Oil Company were inseparable friends. This letter, of course, gave me access to the Standard representatives in Kansas, and I was able to write a complete account of what was going on and the causes that had led to it.

When I returned to New York it occurred to me that an intimate character study of Mr. Rogers would supplement the Kansas story. Rogers was the center of the storm raised by the publication of Thomas W. Lawson's Frenzied Finance, which was coming out in monthly installments. Mark Twain was anxious that the public get a real view of his friend, so he arranged an interview for me. He was a live and timely personality.

Rogers' office was on the eleventh floor at 26 Broadway. Before you saw the man himself you got a vivid impression of his method from his environment. Most big financiers have a single anteroom. He had a succession of cubbyholes. Half a dozen persons could wait for him at the same time without knowing of each other's presence.

To have seen Rogers was to have beheld the physical embodiment of power. He was tall, broad-shouldered, alert, with white hair and mustache, and brilliant blue eyes. He somehow gave you the impression of an eagle poised for flight. In repose he had charm and suavity; roused to action he was a whirlwind let loose.

Rogers never permitted himself to be quoted. Like many of his colleagues downtown he had striking views on many subjects, but he preferred, as he once said to me, to have them alluded to as "Mr. Rogers believes," and so on. On more than one occasion he delivered himself to me of opinions that were typical of his whole business attitude.

If he was one thing above all others Rogers was a monopolist. I asked him to define monopoly and he related this story: "A prospector once had a box of cigars on the outskirts of the Arizona desert. It was the only box within a radius of two hundred miles. The cigars originally cost him two cents apiece. He sold them for two dollars each. He was a monopolist."

I was with Mr. Rogers on a certain occasion when his secretary handed him the latest installment of Frenzied Finance. I expected him to go up in the air. Instead he said very quietly: "I cannot understand this man Lawson. He praises me one month and damns me another." This was the only comment I ever heard him make on the articles that gave him more undesirable publicity than anything else.

Rogers had a striking theory about inherited fortunes. We were discussing them, and the question of his son's business education came up. He remarked: "I am not teaching my boy how to earn a lot of money. I am trying to show him how to keep money."

In the article I wrote about Henry H. Rogers I had the unexpected privilege of being a collaborator of Mark Twain. It came about in this fashion:

One day Mr. Clemens called me up and asked me to come round to see him. He was then living at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street in New York City. I found him smoking a stogy in bed, where he spent most of the day. In his mussy nightshirt and with his long white hair tousled he was a strange sight. On the writing board propped up before him were four or five sheets of manuscript.

With his customary drawl he said: "I'm going to read you something." He then read an incident of Henry H. Rogers' boyhood life at Fairhaven, Massachusetts, where he was born. When he finished he said:

"How would you like to incorporate this into your article about Henry?" Mark Twain always called his friend by his first name. While I listened to his reading I had framed up another plan, for I said: "Why can't I print your story as a signed article by you?"

The old man smiled—my enthusiasm had appealed to him, I think—but he answered: "It is impossible. I am owned body and soul by a publishing house, and everything that I write over my name must go to them."

So it went into my article. One of the pages of that manuscript, autographed and framed, hangs on the wall before me as I write this article.

Mark Twain often discussed Rogers with me. He had an affectionate loyalty for the oil magnate, who led him out of his business troubles. Rogers frequently stopped in at the author's house, where they had a quiet game of hearts. When Frenzied Finance was at its fiercest Mr. Clemens, in discussing it with me, referred to it as a scathing injustice.

He followed it up by remarking: "When Lawson began to publish these articles I went to Henry and said: 'I am going to take off my shirt and answer those articles, no matter what my publishers say.' Henry said: 'Mark, don't you dare to write anything in my defense. I appreciate your offer, but I am strong enough to take care of myself.'"

The Standard Oil article represented one kind of Wall Street pathfinding; my first adventure with Thomas F. Ryan expressed another.

I met Mr. Ryan when he was at the height of his power. Like Rogers he rode the storm. A professional life-saver of corporations, he ruled traction, railroad, industrial and banking interests. Overnight he had startled Wall Street by paying $2,500,000 for 502 shares of Equitable Life Assurance Society stock. An event that marked a financial epoch was for him merely part of the day's work. No one knew when or where he would strike. His rule was: "Never tell what you are going to do until you have done it."

Through these years of money conflict he maintained an extraordinary silence. When men sought to interview him he gave a grudging yes or no to their inquiries. The New York World practically kept one editorial writer busy arraigning Mr. Ryan. It published at least one cartoon about him every week. With a grim sense of humor Mr. Ryan bought all the originals and papered the walls of his den with them. All this mystery and controversy naturally invested him with a peculiar interest. I made up my mind to get behind it and find out what the real Ryan was like.

Paul Morton was then president of the Equitable, where he had been put in command by Mr. Ryan. Morton was strong for publicity, but he had never succeeded in converting the owner of the company to his creed. I asked Morton to introduce me to Mr. Ryan, saying: "All I want is an opportunity to talk to him."

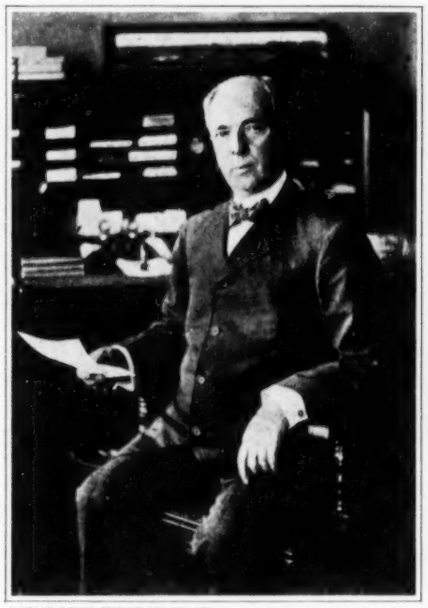


PHOTO FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

John D. Archbold Was One of the Most Inaccessible of All the Corporation Heads

Morton took me over to Mr. Ryan's office himself. He then made his headquarters in a big front office at the Morton Trust Company, down on Nassau Street in New York. On the way I said to Morton: "All I want you to do is to present me to Mr. Ryan."

In saying this I had a definite interviewing principle in mind. I knew that Mr. Ryan was shy, and that in the event of his opening up at all he would not talk quite so freely in the presence of a third person. A gallery is fatal in such instances.

I found Mr. Ryan a tall, erect, handsome man with gray hair, keen, twinkling eyes, and who spoke in a low voice through which ran a delightful Southern accent. Like Rogers, he radiated authority.

Morton left according to schedule. The moment I found myself alone with Mr. Ryan I began to talk about the South. There were two reasons: One was that I knew that Mr. Ryan was a Virginian and proud of it; the second was that I saw an autographed picture of Gen. Robert E. Lee on the wall. My father had been a Confederate soldier, so I at once launched into a conversation about the Lost Cause. Mr. Ryan became interested and began to talk himself.

Once more I had employed a favorite rule in interviewing difficult men. It consists of establishing communication by a topic certain to interest. One thing leads to another, and almost before you realize it the talk waves are in motion.

It was then about one o'clock and Mr. Ryan suggested that we go to lunch. As we walked over to the Mid-day Club in Broad Street I kept up a continuous conversation about any subject in the world except those specific ones that I really wanted him to discuss. I discovered that he was a human being and he got the impression that I had no designs on him.

All through the lunch I pursued this general line of talk. Mr. Ryan, for example, wanted to know something about the business side of publishing, and fortunately I was able to tell him. When we reached the coffee he suddenly squared himself in his chair and said: "What do they think of me out in the world?"

I knew that the moment to make good had arrived. Without the slightest hesitation I replied: "If you want to know the plain blunt truth I shall tell you."

"That is precisely what I want," came from the big man opposite me, whose face had suddenly become cold and hard.

"First of all," I responded, "they think that you are the most expert stock manipulator in the world. Second, it is believed that you bought the Equitable for your own personal exploitation. Third ——"

"It's an infamous falsehood!" broke in my host as he pounded the table with his fist.

"Of course it is, and that is why I am here," was my answer.

"I don't care a rap for criticism," he continued.

"Quite right," I said, "but you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends to provide some antidote for all this misrepresentation."

The argument went home. A softer look came into his face. He pondered a moment and then said: "What do you want me to do?"

"Simply this: Talk to me frankly and openly. I know that you have striking views on many subjects and I am sure the public will be interested in them."

A Close-Up of Mr. Harriman

I have reproduced this conversation as I recall it, to prove one big fact in connection with interviewing strong men of the Ryan type. If I had told him, in response to his question, that the world regarded him as a philanthropist, I would never have seen him again. Afterward he told me that he had deliberately asked that question to test me. Frankness is an asset, no matter where you apply it.

Two days afterward Mr. Ryan asked me to spend the day in the country with him. In his motor car we traveled through Westchester County and stopped for lunch at a country inn. Throughout this trip he talked with astonishing freedom about many subjects. Since most of the conversation occurred while we were in the automobile I could not take notes. I had to remember everything.

Physical exigency, however, did not entirely dictate this lack of note taking. I knew that the moment I produced a sheet of paper and made a mark on it Mr. Ryan would shut up like a clam. With men like him you must carry on in the most casual and apparently informal fashion. They are note-shy.

The net result of that day's trip was an article entitled Thomas F. Ryan—His Personality and Point of View, which was published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and which was the first and only record of his impressions.

In it I announced his retirement from active business. It was not an Adelina Patti farewell, for within a year he was practically out of Wall Street so far as active control of affairs was concerned.

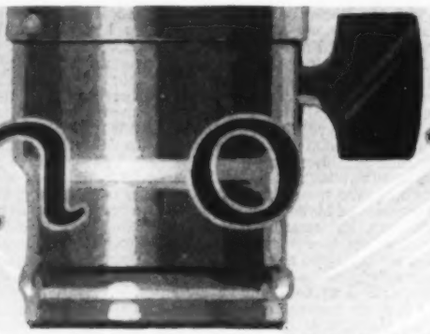
Thomas F. Ryan's full mate in secrecy and silence for years was the late E. H. Harriman. He was an extraordinary personality. Like Ryan he maintained a supreme contempt for criticism and denied himself for years to interviewers. When he had something to say about his railroads—and his operation of them brought him incessantly into the limelight—he usually gave out a formal statement.

I was determined to make him talk. As was the case with Lloyd George I made my way to him finally over the débris of many broken engagements. He was small, spare, with a narrow chest and curious penetrating eyes that almost glared at you from behind gold-rimmed spectacles. He always wore a turned-down collar and a black bow tie.

When I first met him he sat at a huge roll-top desk in his office in the old Equitable Building, at 120 Broadway. It was a striking contrast to see this tiny man at such an immense desk. It was the nerve center of a railway empire that stretched almost from sea to sea. At his side stood a ticker.

Harriman had just finished a hard day and was tired. For once the little giant was in repose. As I sat down beside him he said, not without a smile: "What does Philadelphia want of me?"

(Concluded on Page 95)

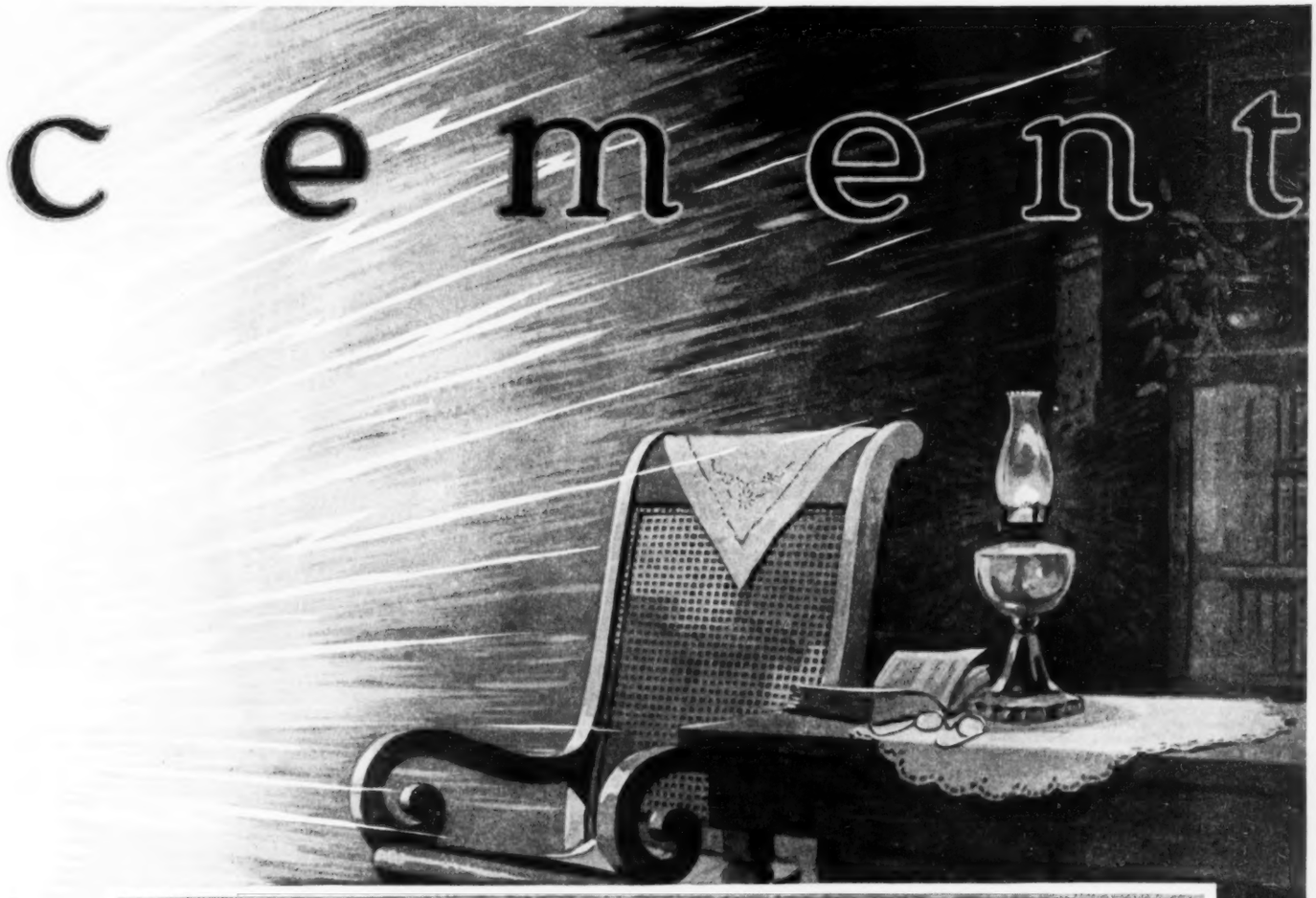


Announcing

Willys Light

Power and Light with
the Quiet Knight ★

★ *The Willys Knight Sleeve-Valve Engine*



WIRE OR WRITE US

THE announcement of Willys Light immediately opens an almost limitless opportunity for business men.

It means *electric light* and *power* for everybody, everywhere—for the millions of farms, small towns, estates and business enterprises that are without central power stations.

The experience, resources and world-wide reputation of Auto-Lite and its allied institutions, together with the 250 expert service stations—guarantee the success and magnitude of Willys Light sales. The Electric Auto-Lite Corporation is the world's largest builders of starting and lighting systems for motor cars.

The high character of the Willys Light proposition is attracting the highest type of business men. Our sales, service and advertising policy is on a *sufficient scale* to interest the most successful.

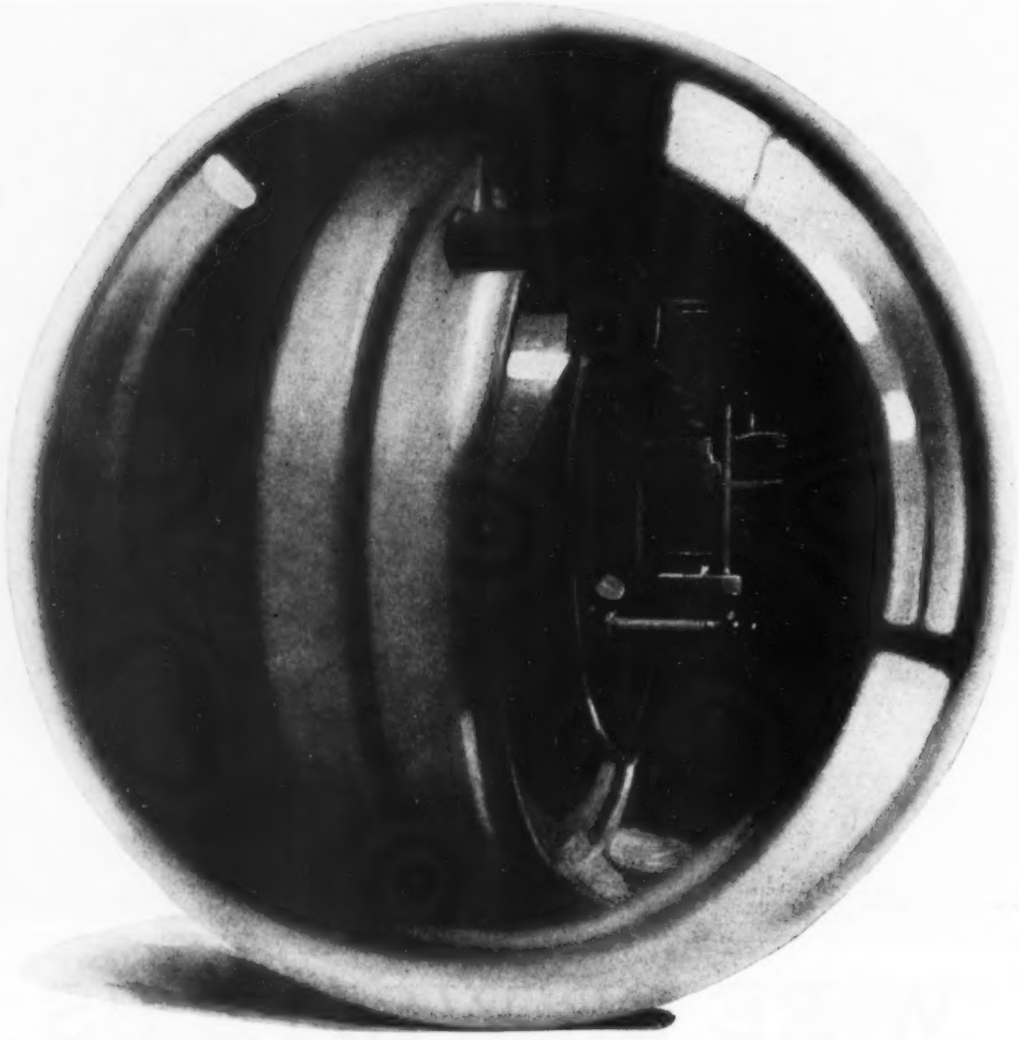
We are now contracting with distributors and dealers for territory in United States and Canada.

We want men of sales experience who will devote their entire time to the exclusive sale of Willys Light.

Complete *distributor* and *dealer* information upon request, also book describing Willys Light. Wire or write.

Willys Light is a complete light and power plant—simple, durable, efficient. It has many exclusive improvements. It brings the comforts and conveniences of the city to the most remote farm and country places.

ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CORPORATION, WILLYS LIGHT DIVISION, TOLEDO, O., U. S. A.



To carry the load and stand the strain

EVERY truck imposes a terrific shock load on its bearings—even under most favorable road conditions. Add to this the hammering, side-swiping "thrust" load of skidding and ditches, and it is apparent why good truck builders specify only the highest type of bearings.

In reviewing truck performance, it is significant that so many of the better vehicles are ball-bearing equipped—particularly in axle installations.

Yet this is not surprising when it is remembered that the ball bearing affords the most efficient means of carrying the combined "supporting" and "side-swiping" load; the surest possible safeguard against wheel "wobble"; the ultimate conservation of fuel and depreciation through reduced friction and lengthened life.

Not only in truck application but on through the pleasure car and manufacturing field does the ball bearing render an important service to industry as a whole.

Fafnir Bearing Co. Hess-Bright Manufacturing Co.
Gurney Ball Bearing Co. U. S. Ball Bearing (Strom) Manufacturing Co.
MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY BALL BEARINGS



(Concluded from Page 91)

"It wants you to say something about the new railroad conscience," I answered.

"Has a railroad a conscience?" he asked facetiously.

"If it hasn't it ought to have one," I answered.

We sat there that day until the shadows fell and long after the great office buildings had disgorged their thousands. I found then, as I discovered later whenever I saw Mr. Harriman, that one sure way to make him talk was to reveal a knowledge of his railroads. What was true of him in this respect is equally true of other men wedded to their work.

It is just another aspect of preparedness in interviewing. Harriman's railroads were his very being and he gave his life to them. He literally wore himself out with fret and worry.

I doubt if any of the great Wall Street figures ruled quite so ruthlessly as Harriman. He was impatient of delay. I have seen him wither strong men with a harsh or sarcastic remark.

No human being was ever so continuously tied to the telephone. He had one in every chamber in his house, even in his bathroom.

On one occasion he had just begun a hot tub bath when the telephone rang. The conversation lasted so long that when it did end the little wizard was seated in cold water. He also had a cold.

To have written about Wall Street and not to have met the late J. Pierpont Morgan was to have witnessed a play without its leading character. Like Lloyd George he was not a man but an institution. I first met him under circumstances that illustrate one of the many phases of the psychology of interviewing.

A Lover of London

In New York Mr. Morgan was one of the most inaccessible of men. In London he was an entirely different person. He loved England; he was the friend of everybody worth knowing, from the king down; he became part of an atmosphere thoroughly congenial to him.

Instead of barking at men who wanted to write about him he was amiable and amenable. I therefore chose England as the setting for my first encounter, and succeeded. I did not want to interview him, however. I merely wanted to get a personal impression.

As a matter of fact it was not necessary for Mr. Morgan to go abroad to undergo a change in his attitude toward people. In his office downtown he was alien and aloof; in his magnificent library, which adjoins his town house on Madison Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street in New York, he was the charming, gracious patron of art, proud of his possessions and knowing how to talk about them. When all other subjects failed you could always rouse his interest with conversation about his enamels, manuscripts or pictures.

In this respect Morgan was like Charles Frohman. In America he hid behind every device that could circumvent and confuse the personal exploiter. Though he dominated a business that thrived on advertising he himself shrank from it. He adored England. The moment he got there all bars were down. Nothing gave him more pleasure than to surround himself with writers and critics.

All this means that when you are called upon to interview a difficult person be sure to do it in the environment best adapted to the interviewee's temperament, eccentricity or state of mind. You cannot do this, however, without knowing something about your man. Thus preparedness, as I have often pointed out in these articles, is the first equipment.

Mr. Morgan's features are so familiar to Americans that there is no need to describe them. He had a massive almost overwhelming personality. He thought and moved fast.

Behind that crag of a face lurked humor and kindliness, just as beneath his brusque and sometimes brutal manner lay a high patriotism.

Instead of giving interviews he usually delivered himself of an opinion on the eve of his departure for Europe, and on his return. When interviewers did reach him he almost invariably contented himself with a gruff affirmation or a denial of their questions.

He once figured in an amusing episode involving an interviewer, which he delighted to tell.

It dealt with a reporter on an afternoon newspaper in New York. The young man stuttered frightfully. So long as nothing disturbed him he could talk. The moment he was confronted with a sudden emergency or became excited his jaws locked and he was speechless.

Mr. Morgan Moved to Pity

One day his city editor sent him down to get a statement from Mr. Morgan. It was long before the present stone Morgan structure had been built. His office was a simple room hung with portraits. On one side was a flat-topped desk, where Mr. Morgan sat facing the door.

The reporter reached the building about lunch time and the big Irishman who guarded the entrance to Mr. Morgan's sanctum was not on the job. Being enterprising the newspaper man pushed on and suddenly found himself in Mr. Morgan's presence. With a roar like an angry lion the financier said: "Who are you and what do you want?"

Mr. Morgan's visage under ordinary circumstances was in itself sufficiently terrifying.

Galvanized into anger it was well-nigh appalling. The young man's jaws locked and he stood sputtering.

Once more Mr. Morgan growled: "What are you?"

After violent struggles the reporter extricated this sentence: "I—I—I—am an el-lo-lo-cutionist."

It was the only word he could say.

Mr. Morgan had a great sense of humor. His face broke into a smile, whereupon speech came to his visitor's rescue. He felt sorry for the boy and not only gave him an interview but sent him off with one of those big black cigars he always smoked.

Writing of Mr. Morgan brings the late James J. Hill to mind. These two men had more than a leonine presence in common. Each in his own way was a master builder.

In the matter of interviewing Mr. Hill had a distinct peculiarity. He was one of the most difficult men in America to reach. Once having reached him he was one of the most difficult men in the world to leave. The first time I went to see him I expected to remain only a few moments. I had a definite question to ask him about a railroad article I was writing. I remained with him exactly two hours. I had practically the same experience every time I saw him afterward.

There was a definite reason. Like his great antagonist, Harriman, Mr. Hill lived for his railroads. They were as the breath of his life. Once he launched into conversation about them or about any big railroad problem in which he was interested, nothing could stop him. Secretaries would come and remind him of engagements, but to no avail.

Mr. Hill was one of the most impressive-looking men I have ever met. His long hair hung over his collar and his bearded face was like some old-time viking. He spoke slowly and almost in a whisper. It required intense concentration to follow him. He had an unfortunate habit, however, of sometimes forgetting what he had said for publication. When it appeared in print his memory was strangely at fault. Men learned from experience to write down his remarks and let him see them before they were published.

Andrew Carnegie, though he established a source of permanent publicity in the shape of an endless chain of libraries that bear his name, has never been an accessible man save on his birthday, when he formally receives the New York reporters and gives them his views on many subjects. Inclined to be temperamental in the matter of interviewing, no man ever took greater delight in seeing his name in print than the canny ironmaster.

I have met Mr. Carnegie at various times and in varying conditions. He talks well and prides himself on his authorship. He once told me that he would rather be a successful writer than anything else. Intimate contact with men of outstanding performance has almost invariably revealed a confession that their real ambition was to do something else.

I once literally cornered Mr. Carnegie. It happened at the Amstel Hotel in Amsterdam in the autumn of 1913.

The Peace Palace was about to be dedicated and the little laird's name was on every lip.

I went into the writing room to look at some English magazines. In a corner I saw a tiny pair of feet emerging from beneath an unfolded newspaper held by a pair of equally tiny hands. I knew that these hands and feet must belong to Andrew Carnegie. I walked over toward them and found the master of Skibo reading a fulsome account of himself in the London Times. His bearded face was wreathed in one huge smile.

"I've caught you at it," I said.

"I'm guilty," responded the donor of the architectural monstrosity at The Hague, which was soon to be one of the grim jests of the world.

Picturesque Mr. Keene

This little incident serves to illustrate an almost universal trait among so-called big men.

The more they denounce publicity about themselves the more eager they are to read what is written about them.

I cannot leave these recollections of strenuous days in Wall Street without a word about one of its most picturesque characters, James R. Keene. He looked like a character stepped out of a story. Long, thin, with a hawklike bearded face, he was charged with ceaseless, restless movement. His whole life was attuned to the tick of the ticker.

I first met him when I went to get an interview on speculation at the time that Governor Hughes was waging his fight against the New York Stock Exchange. In order to break into his presence you had to give a sort of high sign.

The path to his lair was a succession of rooms, each one guarded by some watchful minion.

There was a definite reason for this mystery. Keene was the great market maker. Interests, corporations and individuals hired him to wage bitter and relentless warfare.

Secrecy was the watchword. An unguarded word would play havoc with a deal involving millions. He had to surround himself with every precaution.

The average man regarded Keene as a reckless stock gambler. He was this, to be sure, but he could also be a polished gentleman. He knew good books and he also knew good food. When he was in the mood he talked with ease and grace.

When he gave me the interview about speculation for THE POST he stood alongside the ticker with the white tape curling between his fingers. It was no pose. From ten until three o'clock his being thrilled with speculation. The fever of it was in his very blood. He personified the spirit of the market place.

I have shown how many of the Wall Street kings were wedded to silence. There were others, of course, not so aloof. Men like Judge E. H. Gary, Charles M. Schwab, Otto H. Kahn, Henry P. Davison, Jacob H Schiff, Frank A. Vanderlip and George W. Perkins have always realized the value of publicity and made themselves accessible. One reason why the United States Steel Corporation has fared so well in the public press has been Judge Gary's policy of frank dealing with the public.

Other Celebrities Interviewed

In some of the preceding articles in this series I dealt with the reserve of the great Allied soldiers.

With the exception of General Pershing this trait does not apply to American generals at home. One of the delights of the interviewer, for instance, is Maj.-Gen. Leonard Wood. Since his cap is now in the presidential ring a side light on him may be of interest.

Wood, who looks every inch the soldier, has always believed in open dealing in army affairs. When men seek an interview with him they get it hot off the bat. He not only writes well but talks well. With him no strategy of approach is required.

Big interviewing demands a variety of equipment. In some instances it is a knowledge of your man's eccentricities, hobbies or activities; other times it is a familiarity with his ambition, his past or his present. I recall one case, however, where a good digestion was the foremost requisite. I refer to an interview with Horace Fletcher. It was an adventure in mastication.

I had asked Mr. Fletcher, who was a delightful old man with a rare sense of humor, to write an article on eating. I really wanted the biography of his appetite. It was not sufficiently intimate, so I decided to write my own experiences with his theory of "thirty-two chews for every bite."

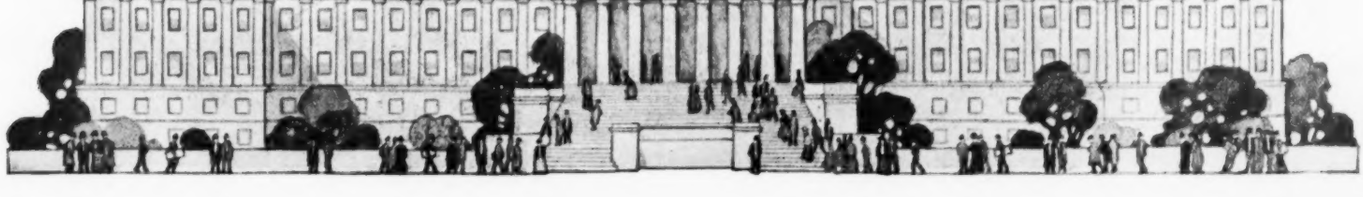
It meant a week of flirting with strange foods consumed at still stranger hours. Mr. Fletcher's theory was that human beings should eat only when they are hungry and then eat what their stomachs "craved," as he called it. One night after we had been to the play his little internal dinner bell suddenly rang and we went to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to get supper. I ordered some solid intelligent food. To my great surprise Mr. Fletcher demanded dill pickles. When I asked him the reason for this strange appetite he said: "It is all my stomach craves."

I could continue these experiences almost indefinitely. Life for me has been a succession of unforgetable encounters with equally unforgetable men.

They range from President McKinley, the first national figure I ever met, down the long line that shifted from Mark Hanna, Thomas A. Edison and Marshall Field to James Lane Allen, Admiral Schley and H. G. Wells.

Poets, painters, editors, publicists, explorers, authors, soldiers and statesmen have passed in intimate review. Each person was a law unto himself; each demanded an individual diagnosis. Each interview in turn has been like a scene in an unending drama. Together they have provided a supreme adventure rich with the glamour of varied achievement.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson showing some of the outstanding personalities of the past and present at close range



Most Miles

Illustration shows, in actual size, the 5-inch Firestone Cord of new standard oversize and extra heavy tread. The Firestone Red Tube is also shown representing the combination that gives greatest significance to—most miles per dollar.



per Dollar

—Inside and Out



THIS IS A FIRESTONE YEAR; the performance of Firestone Tubes and Firestone Gray Sidewall Tires during the past twelve months makes it so.

In this message the tube is emphasized because hot weather starts trouble for users of ordinary tubes, making this a good time to get many more started on the most miles per dollar principle.

Firestone tubes secure for you not only the greatest possible saving on the cost of tubes themselves, but they lend a new sense of security against leaking, and the "little" troubles that cause so many delays and so much irritation.

Start with a Firestone Tube or a Firestone Tire—you will soon be using the combination. And with this combination you will get the full significance of the living, working creed of the Firestone organization—most miles per dollar.

Firestone

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, MOVIE STAR

(Continued from Page 15)

The cakes seemed tasteless, the coffee insipid. She was temporarily bereft of interest in life and, for once, Decatur would have appealed to her æsthetic sensibilities. The lost purse and the potentialities of the situation robbed existence of its immediate zest, and she had never been one to bother materially over the future.

She dawdled deliberately over the meal. And then she became conscious of a pair of eyes boring through the back of her head. She tried to shake off the sensation, failed, turned, and caught the frankly approving stare of a colored gentleman who was rapidly making away with a succulent porterhouse, liberally garnished with onions.

She was not unused to that admiring light in the eyes of men; but, at first, she was somewhat surprised to see it here, for she had fancied that her whelming misery was reflected on her face. And she prolonged her stare in the direction of the proprietor of the porterhouse. He looked like ready money, and a great deal of it—a very great deal.

He was above medium size and a triumph of sartorial art. His suit was a gentle pearl gray; his socks were of gray silk; his shoes, white buckskin. A diamond blazed from his left hand and its twin glittered from a red-and-white-striped scarf.

He ate amply but unhurriedly, as though the feast spread before him was something to which he was accustomed. And as he ate he returned the stare of the girl at the other table. Then both, without thought of flirting, smiled.

The smiles were ingenuous. They were frank. Neither gaze wavered. They instinctively liked each other, and each was willing that the other should know it.

The man, sophisticated to a degree, rose, crossed to Jasmine and bowed respectfully:

"Ain't I met you somewheres befo'?"

She shook her head.

"No; I ain't think you is. But it wa'n't my fault."

He seated himself and critically surveyed her unappealing repast.

"You ain't act hongry."

"Ain't act is a liar. I ain't never been quite so hongry in my whole nachel life."

He nodded toward his table.

"If'n you would join me —— My name is Mistuh Hammond Bias, an' I is the sole owner an' exclusive proprietor of the Jimdandy Theater, showin' on'y the bes', fines' an lates' photoplay productions which is."

She rose with alacrity.

"I reckon you is gwine think I ain't no lady to 'cept yo' offer thisaway; but I is done los' my pocketbook an' I ain't got on'y fo'ty cents lef'."

He ordered plentifully and then essayed a question:

"Know anybody in Bummin'ham?"

"Nope."

"Not no one a-tall?"

"Nary pusson."

"Hahd luck! How long you is gwine be heah?"

"On'y jes' until I c'n git away. I is got a gen'leman frien' which is a po'ter on the train betwix' heah an' Jacksonville, an' he is promise' to transpoht me to home. I come down from Decatur, where I been visitin' at, an' when I got heah this even' I found my money had went. I come in heah to think things over. I reckon I is facin' a heap of trouble, Mistuh Bias."

He leaned forward interestedly.

"S'posin' you tells me 'bout'n it. Sometimes it's good to git things offen yo' chist."

Jasmine welcomed the opportunity for free speech and plenty of it; and between mouthfuls of eloquent pork chops and crisp crumbly toast she told her story. She expanded in the approving light of his soft, understanding, wholly sympathetic eyes. She even went so far as to sketch humorously the infatuation entertained for her by Mr. Probable Huff, and she told her new friend of the ring with which she had unwittingly eloped. Mr. Bias' eyes narrowed.

"What soht of a man this heah Prob'le Huff is?"

She shrugged indifferently.

"Jes' nigger."

"You ain't keer pertickerly fo' him?"

"Him?" echoed the girl laughingly. "Golly! I woul'n't know what to do with a man like'n to that if I had him. But, bein' a visitor up to Decatur, I jes' nachelly had got to be nice to him, which is how come him to think I was really likin' him some."

Mr. Hammond Bias nodded relievedly.

"Go 'head with y' story."

She went ahead with it and brought it down to the minute with meticulous attention to detail. Toward the end of the tale the man lost the appearance of personal interest and a speculative light dawned in his eyes. Also, his spasmodic interrogations ceased, and she became conscious that he was studying her in an intent manner, which portended an interest more than casual and slightly less than flattering. He seemed to regard her as an objective entity. Finally she could stand it no longer.

"Wha's eatin' you, Mistuh Bias?" she inquired politely.

"Eatin' me 'bout which?"

"You is ceased from sayin' sumthin'."

He smiled slightly.

"I is been thinkin'. I feel's if I was gwine have an idee."



"You Oughter Care. An' as fo' Me, I Keers, Countin' You is My Gues'; an' the Woman Which is Been Spreadin' Them Tales 'bout'n You is My Gues' Also"

"If it hu'ts like'n to that ——"

"Wait silent jes' a minute." He continued to stare at her in a frankly impersonal, wholly appraising fashion. "You is a pow'ful pretty gal, Miss Poston."

"You is a flatt'rin' man, Mistuh Bias."

"And," he continued quietly, "if'n you was dressed swell you'd plumb go to the haid of any cullud pusson in Bummin'ham."

"My real good clothes is to the depot."

"You is wuk'd roun' swell white folks a heap, ain't you?"

"They ain't no sweller place than what Palm Beach is an' I is wuk'd they fo' two sicksessive yeahs."

"Hm! Ever have any movin'-pitcher actresses down they?"

"Pitcher actresses? Huh! Fo' a while this yeah movin'-pitcher actresses was the on'y thing we didn't have anythin' else but."

"And you is watched 'em?"

"Lis'en heah, Mistuh Bias. Where movin'-pitcher actresses is at they takes good keer to see that you notices 'em. Gittin' noticed is the bestes' thing they does. An' what they is to know 'bout'n them, I knows it. An' tha's a fac'!"

Again silence fell between them. Finally his lips expanded into a broad, friendly, triumphant grin. "You done said it that time, Miss Poston."

"Said which?"

"Sumthin' which gives me the idee I a'mos' had."

"Meanin'?"

"Miss Poston, how'd you like to be a movin'-pitcher stah fo' 'bout'n two weeks?"

The girl smiled. She fancied her vis-à-vis was attempting humor and therefore that smiling was in order.

"How'd I like to have a thousan' dollars an' a autymobile? Whyn't you ast me a easy one like that?"

"Ise se'ious."

"You soun's foolish."

"Soun's foolish ain't is foolish. Now lis'en heah at what I is sayin', Miss Poston; cause'n it's a good idee, a elegant idee—specially countin' you ain't know nobody in Bummin'ham an' needs a temprurry job which is decent an' respectful.

"Y'see, Miss Poston, you ain't the on'y pusson which has troubles. They is others, Miss Poston, an' I is one of them others, countin' I is a business man, Miss Poston; an' when things go wrong with a business man they is onti'ely flooie.

"To staht off at the commencement of the beginnin', I is by perfession the sole owner an' exclusive proprietor of the Jimdandy Theater. We shows the bes' pitchers what is; but when I went into the business I ain't had enough n'r neither s'fficient capital to open up downtown, where the big cullid pitcher theaters is at. So I built me a frame buildin' on a lot which I owns in the bes' cullud residemtial distric'. Co'se that makes my ovehhead expenses ve'y light an' I stahted makin' money right offen the reel." Mr. Bias stopped suddenly, grinned broadly and then laughed loudly. "I is a comickle feller, Miss Poston. See what a joke I said then—'Right offen the reel!' Pitcher reels—see?"

Miss Poston laughed politely. Mr. Bias resumed:

"I begun gittin' rich in a hurry. Whole lots of rich! An', of co'se, when a man is got brains like'n to what I is got, an' does sumthin' 'riginal like'n to what I is done, they is always some copy cats which trails along an' tries to do likewise an' also. This time it was Simmie Judge.

"Simmie is a'right s'far's he goes, Miss Poston; but he don't go ve'y far. He useter be a good feller; but I reckon he's like'n to yo' Decatur frien', Mistuh Prob'le Huff. All what he is got below his neck is pockets with money in 'em, an' above his neck they ain't nothin' 'ceptin' on'y bone. Anyway, he goes an' builds the Real Nobility Theater jes' two do's from the Jimdandy an' stahts into oppysition against me.

"Now if'n Simmie had any mo' sense'n a jackass, Miss Poston, he would of knowed fum the staht-off that while one theater could make a heap of money in the residemtial section, two theaters coul'n't do it. From the minute he opened his do's it was a fo'gone certainty an' a 'nevitable c'nclusion that one of us had to go bust. But he is got heaps of money an' is been hangin' on tighter'n a bulldog; an' both of us is losin' money.

"Like'n I jes' said, Miss Poston, one of us is got to go out of business; an' I is been gittin' wo'ied lately that it was gwine be me, countin' he is got mo' capital than what I is got. Tha's pervidin' I ain't git no new idee. An', jes' settin' heah admirin' yo' talkin', a idee is came to me.

"An' this heah is the idee, Miss Poston: You know well as me that ev'y wunst in a while the white folks which runs pitcher shows goes an' gits some swell movie stah to come in pusson to they theater an' 'dress the audiumces. Now I is been sayin' to myse'f: If'n white folks c'n make a heap of money doin' that, why cain't I? So I is decided that if'n you is willin', Miss Poston, countin' they ain't nobody in Bummin'ham which knows you, you is gwine be a pitcher stah an' make pussonal 'pearances fo' two weeks down to the Jimdandy Theater."

Jasmine, who had been listening popeyed to the theatrical magnate, put out a restraining hand.

"I ain't want to be imperlite, Mistuh Bias; but sumthin' is gone an' went to yo' haid."

"Meanin' which?"

"What you is sayin' ain't nothin' 'ceptin' on'y a whole passel of foolishness."

"How come?"

"I ain't no movie actress."

"You is gwine be."

"You is plumb silly! Cullud folks don't git to be no movie stahs."

"Huh!"

He reached into an inner pocket and extracted an elaborate advertising folder, which bore the inscription:

CHARCOAL FILM CORPORATION
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
PRESENTING THE GREATEST NEGRO ACTORS OF THE GENERATION IN A SERIES OF FEATURE DRAMAS AND SIDE-SPLITTING COMEDIES

"N'r neither that ain't all," pursued Mr. Bias enthusiastically. "They is heaps of cullud movie companies which is makin' pitchers; on'y this heah Cha'coal Company is a new one, an' they is been after me fo' a long time to book they fillums so's to git the Southern te'itory opened. Which is how come I to git so much litrachoor from offen them. Once they gits stahted in the South, they is shuah they is gwine be a deman' fo' mo'.

"But, as it stan's now, they ain't no pitcher houses in the South bookin' the Cha'coal pitchers; so they ain't knowed heahabouts—neither the pitchers n'r the actors ain't. So I is gwine git you to call yo'se'f some fancy name—Florabelle Gazelle, or sumthin' like that—an' give out that you is a stah of the Cha'coal Fillum Co'p'ration, an' that I is spent a whole lot of money gittin' you heah; an' you is gwine appear pussonal an' hol' receptions after each show.

"This heah whole idee come to me suddintlike while I was lis'enin' at you talkin'.

(Continued on Page 100)

The Square Deal made Workable by the right Industrial alignment

OUR previous articles have brought to us many letters, both from those who invest their money in Industry and those who invest their labor in Industry. We are asked many questions, particularly as to our attitude toward "Labor Unions" and "Employers' Associations."

These questions raise issues which must be faced squarely. It is a time when all of us—no matter what our place in Industry—must think on these problems—must think rightly.

We are heartily in sympathy with any group of individuals who combine their strength to accomplish a right purpose. We are not in sympathy, however, with combinations of Capital or combinations of Labor as they exist today, as we believe both to be the outgrowth of misunderstanding. Capital as Capital has no just quarrel with Labor, and Labor as Labor has no just quarrel with Capital.

THIS is the seventh of a series of articles which we have published in these columns. In previous articles we have expressed our belief in business democracy—our confidence in the Square Deal—have given our version of what the "Square Deal" means as between Capital and Labor—and have asserted that the Square Deal is workable because men are essentially square.

In this article it is shown that the practical application of these principles becomes difficult on account of misunderstanding between individuals and misconception as to the proper grouping of interests. It suggests a remedy.

Reprints of former articles will be sent on request.

THE HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL CO.
of Cleveland

For domestic happiness we group ourselves into Families

LET us assume a community of twenty homes. In each of these homes there are differences. In some cases there are quarrels. Children may be suffering injustice from parents; wives may be suffering injustice from husbands, and the husbands suffering injustice from both. The purpose to be accomplished is contentment and happiness in each of these homes. Can this be brought about by the children in all of these homes forming a union to fight the parents—by all of the wives combining against all of the husbands—and all of the husbands forming an association to defeat the just claims of the wives and the children? Assuredly not. Happiness in the homes of that community will only be secured when the husbands, wives and children of each particular home get together to thrash out their own difficulties and reach a common basis of understanding.

Except for the fact that conditions in Industry are worse and with less reason, this might be used as a parallel.

Class Combination—the Wrong Way

LET us now assume that twenty leading industries cover the range of industrial activity. Those who gain their livelihood through the investment of money or through the investment of labor in any one of these industries are of necessity purchasers of the products of the others. No matter whether a man *owns* or *works in* a cotton mill or a steel mill, he lives in a house, buys food, coal, clothing, furniture, etc. When the owner associates himself with owners in other industries to increase profits, he automatically increases the price he must pay for the things he must buy. Not only this, but he increases the cost of these things to his own workmen and must pay higher wages on account of higher cost of living.

The same holds true to Labor. When the man who works in the steel mill forms a union with the man who works in the cotton mill, to help the cotton laborer get higher wages, he simply increases the price he must pay for his own shirt and pants. If he helps increase the wages of the carpenter and plumber, he increases the cost of his home or the rent for the house in which he lives.

Industrial Consolidation—the Right Way

WE take exception, therefore, to Manufacturers' Associations and Labor Unions, as they exist today, in the belief that they are fundamentally wrong because the wrong people have associated themselves together. Our suggested solution is that the Capital, the Management and the Labor in each industry work together for the protection of that industry; that the Capital, the Management and the Labor in every manufacturing plant appreciate that their real vital interest is in the protection and fair division of the profits of that particular plant. When Capital organizes as Capital and Labor as Labor, regardless of the industrial relationship, such organizations work for the defeat of the purpose to be accomplished.

That is what we meant in a previous article when we suggested that we should "put our own house in order"—reach a basis of mutual understanding with our own people—with those who are interested with us in the happiness and contentment of our own industrial home—the prosperity of our own particular business and our own particular industry. Such mutual understanding, with a recognition of the right of each, consistent with the right of all, to a voice in the establishment of conditions, reaches still farther. It makes for benefit to every individual, not only to the owner who belongs to some association or the workman who belongs to some union.

The application of the Square Deal in its broadest sense, as between industries, will permit this to be accomplished with fair returns to each industry and every individual.

Our next article, which will appear in the issue of August 9th, will be a discussion of Price and its Relation to Wages

HYDRAULIC
PRESSED STEEL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 98)

They ain't no way it c'n go wrong. An' while you is heah ev'ybody is gwine crowd into the Jimdandy Theater. An', as they ain't 'nough audiumce to go round, Mistuh Simmie Judge's Real Nobility Theater is gwine slump so's he'll git col' feet an' quit from runnin' his theater. He ain't no spoht—Simmie ain't; an' he don't have to be punched ve'y hahd in the pocketbook befo' he grunts. Now I an' you ——"

"But s'posin' I gits reckernized?"

"You ain't gwine be reckernized. You will be safe an' happy. I'll go git yo' trunk outen the depo'; an', ease'n you ain't got no clothes which is swell enough, I'll pay fo' them what you needs. An', also, I is gwine stake you to the swellest room in Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel, which is imminently respectful. Fu'thermo', cullud folks heah is gwine make a big to-do 'bout'n you, cause'n you is sech a slebrity; an' in addition to all that I'll pay you ten dollars a week an' yo' spenses back to Jacksonville fo' brawtus. Now what is you got to say 'bout'n it?"

Jasmine had plenty to say; and she said it. It was one of those propositions that shape up to the propositionee as being entirely too good to be true. But her very opposition to the scheme of Mr. Hammond Bias added fuel to the flame of that gentleman's enthusiasm.

For every argument against the scheme she advanced he countered with a more powerful pro.

And eventually he won her over. It had been a certainty from the outset that he would triumph. The prospect of new clothes, preëminence and the adulation that accompanies recognized stardom was too much for the girl. She fell. And that night she and her trunk were escorted to Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored in a yellow taxi; and Miss Jasmine Poston registered as:

"Miss Florabelle Gazelle—Star Chacoal Fillum Copration—Chicago, Ills."

Sally Crouch, the alarmingly portly and dusky proprietress of the hotel, gazed at the register and then with popping eyes at the celebrity.

"You ain't!" she ejaculated.

Miss Poston's poise was perfect.

"Ain't which?"

"Ain't no pitcher stah."

"How come you to qualify as a expe't?"

Sally hastened to apologize:

"I ain't meant that se'ious, Miss Gazelle. I on'y been jokin'. On'y I ain't never seen no cullud pitcher actresses befo'; an—well, you jes' sohter tooken my breath away."

"Reckon they is a heap of things you ain't never seed befo', Miss Crouch."

"You know I ain't meant no 'fense?"

Jasmine nodded regally.

"You is forgave. In all my millions of frien's an' admirers they ain't one which can say as fame has gave Florabelle Gazelle the swell' head."

Florabelle was ushered into the bridal suite of the Cozy Home Hotel, a bilious-appearing affair with a big brass bed; also a private bath, not too fondly worn. She reclined in an easy-chair, ordered a pitcher of ice water, and, that served, dismissed Sally Crouch with the languid wave of a gloved hand.

Sally departed from the room and from the hotel. She made a bee line for the home of her friend, Lustisha Atcherson, wife of Elijah Atcherson, M. D. She puffed into a chair, atremble with excitement.

It would have been difficult to find a person so perfectly the antithesis of Sally as Lustisha Atcherson. Sally was flagrantly figureless and notoriously good-natured. Mrs. Atcherson boasted a perfect though unduly plentiful figure and her nature was hopelessly acrid. Where Sally was friendly with everyone, Lustisha was the avowed enemy of mankind. "'Ceptin' on'y Christeen Gethers," remarked Pliny Driver once to his wife, "Lustisha Atcherson is the sourest woman which is; an' if'n Lustisha ever gits thin she's gwine be wuss." Lustisha had recently been losing weight. To her Sally brought tidings of the advent of Florabelle Gazelle.

Lustisha listened with tight-lipped intolerance. She was frigidly unenthusiastic over Sally's bubbly description of Florabelle's pulchritude. Lustisha's best friend—had she been blessed with one—would never have claimed good looks for Mrs. Atcherson. Homeliness was Lustisha's sorest point. And so, because Sally dwelt too long and too glowingly upon the perfections of face and figure with which the newcomer was blessed, Lustisha instinctively rose in arms against her. Lustisha even sniffed; and when Lustisha sniffed those who knew her prepared for action in great squally gobs.

"Movie stah, huh! Who says she's a movie stah?"

"She does."

"Who's she?"

"Florabelle Gazelle; an' ——"

"Ain't never heard of her."

"She's stah'd by the Cha'coal Fillum Co'p'ration."

"N'r neither I ain't never heard of it."

"I is," returned Sally triumphantly. "It's a ginuwine big fillum comp'ny."

Lustisha was impressed in spite of herself.

"Who brung her to the hotel?"

"Brother Hammond Bias, which owns the Jimdandy Theater."

Lustisha registered further impression.

"What he say she is doin' heah?"

"He brung her heah from Chicawgo to make talks an' hol' 'ceptions down to the Jimdandy after each night show. I reckon tha's countin' Simmie Judge's Real Nobility Theater is been hu'tin' his business some."

"An' I reckon he'll be hu'tin' Hammond Bias' business a heap mo'n that if'n he don't quit bringin' stage wimmin down to Bummin'ham. Reckon that gal spec's Bummin'ham sassiety to tu'n out an' do her proud?"

"Reckon she do," admitted the honest Sally.

"She thinks wrong."

Sally shook her head doubtfully.

"Dunno 'bout'n that. Reckon they ain't many cullud folks in Bummin'ham who woul'n't take on over a ginuwine movie stah, wunst they got the chancet."

"Heah's one which won't!" snapped Mrs. Atcherson.

"Well," retorted Sally, "heah's one which will. I think she's elegant."

Meantime Hammond Bias, proprietor of the Jimdandy Theater and creator of Florabelle Gazelle, was working. He sought Crispus Breach, fiery-penned editor of the Weekly Epoch, and forced that gentleman to alter the make-up for the edition due on the streets the following day. He informed Brother Breach of his coup in landing the personal services of the celebrated Florabelle Gazelle and tickled Mr. Breach with a half-page advertisement.

At the suggestion of Mr. Breach, Bias hustled back to the hotel, secured a photograph of Miss Jasmine Poston, autographed by her as Florabelle Gazelle, and carried it to a local engraving company. When the Weekly Epoch appeared the following morning a full two-thirds of its front page was given over to Florabelle.

From her maiden appearance at the six-o'clock show that evening Florabelle was a riot. Hammond Bias, ever a keen business man, immediately put a quietus on the antiquated system of "Enter when you will and leave when you get tired." Instead, he timed his shows: "Feature picture at 6:00 P.M.; reception by Miss Florabelle Gazelle at 7:15; second night show at 7:45; reception by Miss Gazelle at 9:00"—and so on. After each reception the theater was emptied of patrons, with the result that, instead of playing to what is professionally termed "two houses and a half" a night, he exhibited to three capacity audiences.

Wednesday morning brown Birmingham hummed with laudations of Florabelle Gazelle. The town was her oyster and she had opened it wide. Garbed in a new cream-colored coat suit, with hat and gloves to match, Miss Gazelle appeared for a brief talk after each picture, expressed her delight with the manifold beauties of Birmingham, regretted that her profession made residence there impossible, and then invited all who desired to meet her to step forward.

They all stepped. Until the thing was systematized they stepped on each other. Florabelle figured that she would be forced to sting Hammond for a new pair of gloves each day.

On the morning of her second day she visited a photographer and paid a bonus for speed in turning out a wholesale order. Two days later there appeared beside her a huge stack of photographs of herself, each inscribed:

"To my most intimate friend,
from Florabelle Gazelle."

The photograph idea was a gold mine. The price was one dollar each. Pikers were few and far between, and conspicuously of the feminine gender.

Meantime she was, figuratively speaking, passed round on a silver platter. Midnight dances, afternoon automobile parties, bridge luncheons, restaurant dinners! Jasmine Poston's personality became rapidly and completely absorbed by the queenly, exotic Florabelle.

As for Hammond Bias and the Jimdandy Theater, they flourished even as a pair of green bay trees. Money poured into the box office faster than the box office could accommodate it. Nor was that the sole source of the bliss which had descended upon Mr. Bias. The genuine glee was derived from realization of the gloom that had settled over the person of Mr. Simmie Judge and his Real Nobility Theater, two doors down the street.

Adequate audiences at the Real Nobility Theater were not. Mrs. Lustisha Atcherson, her instinctive hostility to the visiting celebrity fanned into overt dislike by one sight of Florabelle's perfectly tailored elegance, tried her best to divert the current of patronage to the Real Nobility; but, for once, Mrs. Atcherson found herself bereft of power.

Florabelle knew nothing of Mrs. Lustisha Atcherson or of that lady's aversion for her; and had she known she would have been unworried. Florabelle was enjoying herself to the ultima Thule and the word "worry" had vanished from her lexicon.

Saturday night found Florabelle at the height of her glory. She had been magically transformed from a person to a personage. She stood upon her platform after each picture and languidly shook the hand of each awed patron who passed before her, mumbling polite and stereotyped nothings in response to their bashful stammering introductions. She told each and all that she was glad to meet them and that the price of her autographed photograph was one dollar.

The second-show crowd on Saturday night was slightly more than capacity. The little frame theater was jammed to the rafters with a crowd impatiently awaiting the end of the picture, which the operator, under orders, was running off at excessive speed. When it ended, Hammond Bias made a very brief talk, in which he announced that the reception would now be held. "An' please fo'm the line on the right, ladies an' gen'lemen. An' don't push; ev'ybody gits a chance."

Florabelle had graduated from the débutante class. The crowd that greeted her thrice nightly had long since ceased to be a number of individuals. It had become a homogeneous procession, composed of myriad persons who gripped one's hand and passed on, a pleasing proportion of them contributing one dollar and appropriating a photograph. Those who did so were the only ones who excited a ripple of interest in the bored though exalted mind of Florabelle.

They filed before her, shaking her hand interminably—a fat woman with a baby in her arms; a tall thin man; a little boy with chocolate on his fingers—"Lordy! 'Nother pair of gloves done been ruint!"—a pompous golden-brown individual with a pink carnation in his buttonhole; two giggling girls, who remarked that it must be elegant to be an actress; a man in overalls.

And then, from the void of placid equanimity there came a bolt! It came quietly and unheralded; but for a brief instant Miss Florabelle Gazelle ceased to exist and a thoroughly panic-stricken Jasmine Poston took her place.

Out of the crowd there came a black calloused hand, which slipped diffidently into hers. She felt the boring of a pair of startled eyes. She raised hers idly and started the conventional greeting. And then she recognized the man behind the hand.

The man was Mr. Probable Huff, of Decatur, Alabama!

For perhaps three consecutive and æonlike seconds the tableau held—Jasmine Poston rigid in sudden fierce terror; Probable Huff paralyzed with surprise.

The woman was the first to recover a poise that had never yet forsaken her in a crisis. She slipped heroically back into character. She became—though not without dint of intensive mental effort—Florabelle Gazelle.

"Please' to meet you, Mistuh—Mistuh ——"

Probable Huff gagged. He tried to moisten his tongue on lips as dry as July first.

"Yonder is my photographts," murmured Miss Gazelle suavely. "They is autygraphted pussonally; 'n' they cos' on'y one dollar apiece each."

But still Mr. Huff did not move. The crowd surged forward impatiently. It grumbled and made remarks not complimentary to Mr. Huff or his immediate ancestors. A bored look took its place upon the face of Miss Gazelle, but she was careful to shield the frightened light of her eyes with modestly downcast lids. More—she thanked the Fates that cream-colored gloves effectually concealed the handsome signet ring which belonged to Mr. Probable Huff and which was at that very minute reposing on her finger. Mr. Huff spoke:

"Ain't I met you befo'?"

"Me? I hahdly remembers you. But then, I meets so many folks —— Is you ever been to Chicawgo?"

"No. Is you ever been to Decatur?"

"Decatur, which?"

"Decatur, Alabama."

"I don't think I is ever heard tell of it."

Mr. Huff stared some more. His mind was on his lost ring.

"I'll jes' be swannied!"

"If'n you don't want no pitcher I reckon you better move on, Mistuh Wha's-yo'-name."

"Yo' pitcher?"

"Yeh."

A silver dollar clinked into the cigar box. Mr. Huff's fingers avidly clutched an autographed photograph of Miss Florabelle Gazelle. The crowd pressed forward and handshaking commenced where it had been interrupted. But as Mr. Huff progressed toward the exit, puzzling with staring eyes over his newly acquired photograph, Miss Jasmine Poston saw his woolly head shake uncertainly.

Nor had the light of fear died from her eyes. It was intensified when, as the lights came on after the last show, preparatory to the reception, she saw Mr. Probable Huff in the rear of the theater staring raptly toward her.

Jasmine gave herself over to a siege of headachy thought. She knew that when she left the theater Mr. Probable Huff would be waiting to speak with her, and she was very much afraid that the days of her pleasant masquerade were nearing a disastrous end.

The potentialities of the situation horrified her. She had slipped blithely into the rôle of Florabelle Gazelle and she was about to slip out with disconcerting suddenness. She might even land in jail.

There was no gainsaying the fact that Probable Huff had recognized her. Only because of his ingrained provincialism had exposure been temporarily avoided. That Probable had not immediately raised a scene merely meant that he had been stunned by the shock of their meeting and that there existed in his mind merely a legal shadow of doubt which insured one slim chance of escape.

She racked her fertile brain for an accurate remembrance of Probable Huff. He was impressionable—very; and gullible to a degree. Those, she knew, were his cardinal weaknesses. Patently it was her cue to play on them to the end of her own safety. Probable was positive—too positive—that she was Jasmine Poston; but he did not know it! Therefore the task confronting her was to convince him, once and for all, that she was Florabelle Gazelle.

And suddenly Jasmine smiled. Without exertion, she had caused Probable to lose his heart to her during the Decatur sojourn. And now, in the butterfly radiance of stardom, the same task ought to present no insurmountable difficulties. In brief, Miss Florabelle Gazelle determined she would vamp Mr. Probable Huff, to the end that in his infatuation Mr. Huff should forget Miss Jasmine Poston.

The idea was inspirational and Jasmine smiled beatifically over the simplicity of the solution. It appealed to her artistic sense—herself vamping a man for the purpose of making him forget her! There was a task worthy of the actress she claimed to be.

She realized, however, that Probable was hot on the trail of his ring. Therefore she doffed that bauble and slipped it safely into her stocking. She seated herself before the cracked mirror which decorated the wall of her dressing room and made sure that she was physically as attractive as Nature and applied art could make her. Then she sallied forth, intent on bewitching Mr. Probable Huff; of ensnaring him

(Continued on Page 103)



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Power efficiency depends upon lubricating efficiency. For over half a century the Vacuum Oil Company has specialized upon this great problem.

Today this Company is looked to for correct lubrication by operators of every known kind of power machinery.

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Grinnell Driving Gloves are worthy of the best drivers

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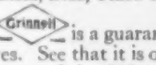
Gloves may be made by almost anybody. The materials may be secured, patterns made, and the *mechanical* operations carried out. Yet the gloves themselves will not tell the story of character.

There are sixty-two years of character-building back of every Grinnell Glove—long years of faithful insistence upon every little detail that makes up quality—absolute adherence to principles of workmanship and practices in marketing which create and cement good will.

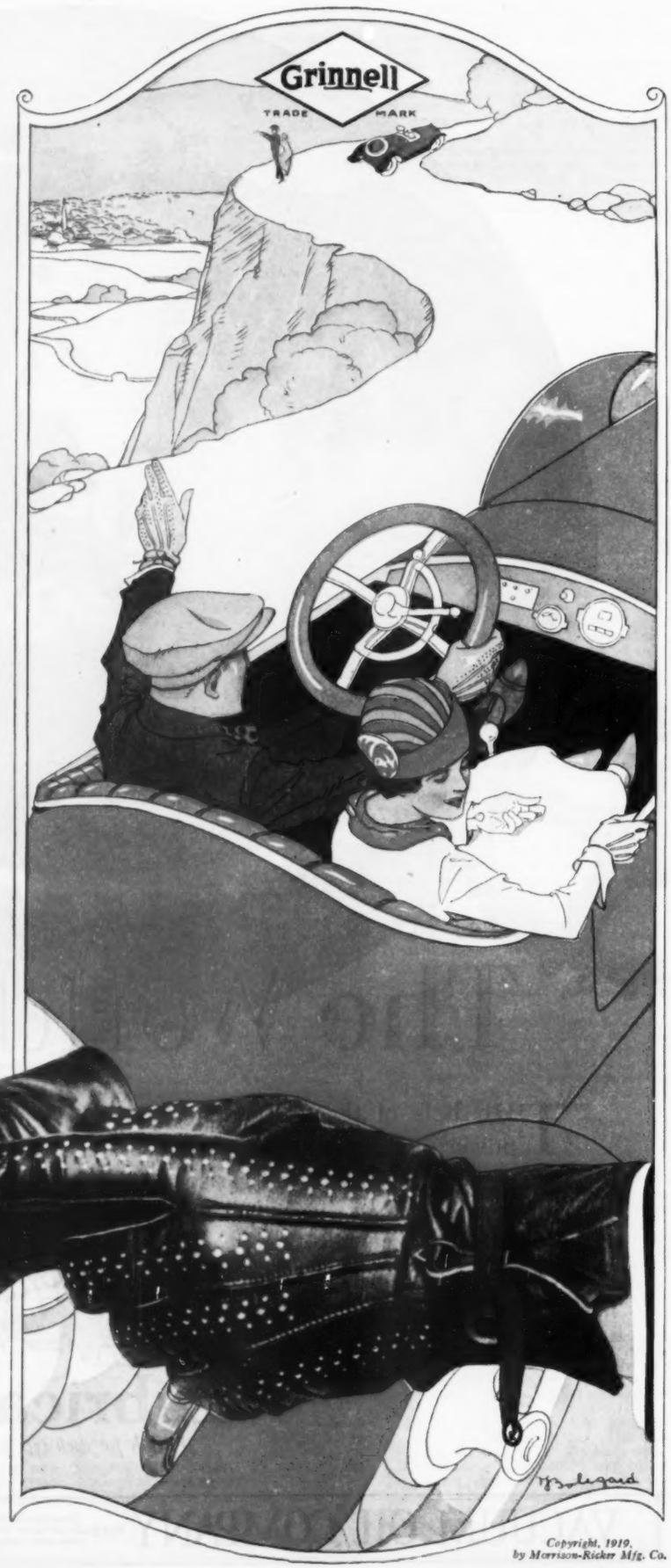
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It means driving comfort—for it keeps your hands as cool and comfortable as they are neat in dress. The "Ventilated Back," with its tiny, dust-proof perforations, admits cool air and subdues perspiration. The "Rist-fit"—another exclusive Grinnell feature—assures a snug fit at the wrist, by means of the sliding tape fastener.

Made of velvet coltskin, it wears like iron, yet is soft, pliable and comfortable. Washable in soap and water, or gasoline, dries out like new—guaranteed not to shrink, peel, crack, or harden by wear. Comes in Reindeere, Black, Drab, Yellow or Khaki colors.

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MORRISON-RICKER MFG. COMPANY
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(Continued from Page 100)

in the web of her charm until Jasmine Poston had faded into lurid oblivion.

Jasmine's scheme was perfect—almost. It would have been quite perfect—and utterly different—had Jasmine known that on the day of her departure from Decatur, Probable Huff had taken unto himself a wife in the person of Lou Ellen Nuch. But of Probable's marriage Jasmine knew nothing, and she sallied blithely forth with the intention of vamping Mr. Huff, bridegroom, into ecstatic forgetfulness.

Mr. Huff was waiting. He was nervous and awkward as he teetered on the curb. And he was infinitely puzzled. Florabelle Gazelle looked like Jasmine, acted like Jasmine, her picture was the picture of Jasmine, she talked like Jasmine, she wrote like Jasmine; but—dawg-gawn it!—he couldn't quite make up his mind that she was Jasmine!

He was equally unsuccessful in convincing himself that she was not. His mind was a single-track affair, which progressed to conclusions slowly and laboriously. He was too mulish to admit that she was not his Decatur flame and too bewildered to assert that she was.

But there was more than a suspicion that Florabelle and Jasmine were the same. Such being the case, he knew the pseudo movie star was seized and possessed of that which Probable valued above all else in the world, not even excluding his blushing bride. That ring had been the pride of Probable's drab existence for years; it was his line of demarcation in Decatur. And he was willing to go to any lengths to secure possession of his treasure. Convinced that Florabelle was Jasmine, resort to the authorities would not be beyond him in the event that she proved reluctant to return his jewelry.

So he stood on the curb awaiting her exit from the Jimdandy Theater, thanking his stars for the kindness of business fate which had hurry-called his employer to Birmingham from Decatur and prompted that gentleman to make the trip in his little car. The road, save for a single exceedingly bumpy stretch between Inglenook and Norwood, had been smooth and the journey pleasant.

The employer's business promised to be lengthy and he had put Probable up for the duration of the visit at the Cozy Home Hotel. And, time hanging heavily on his hands, Probable had drifted casually into the Jimdandy. And now he didn't care how long he was forced to remain in Birmingham. He flattered himself that the trip was going to prove profitable.

Florabelle Gazelle left the theater, covertly spotted Mr. Huff, and paused ostentatiously before him. He screwed up his courage to the sticking point and addressed her:

"Miss Pos —— I mean, Miss Gazelle."

Florabelle swung on him in simulated high dudgeon.

"Tha's two times you done called me outen my name."

"I ain't meant nothin', Miss Gazelle. It's on'y countin' you look so much like'n to a gal which I been knowin' up to Decatur."

"You ain't say so! You mean she looks jes' zac'ly like me?"

"Yas'm. You sho' said sumthin' that time! She looks 'nough like you to be you."

Florabelle paused modestly, then flashed him an electric glance from between half-closed lids.

"An' you is tryin' to pick up a 'quaintanceship with me cause'n you was fon' of her?"

Probable flushed under his coat of racial tan.

"No'm—that is, I ain't keer no mo' 'bout'n this heah gal which I is been tellin' you of."

Florabelle had been moving slowly down the street. It had been a deft strategic move, for Probable found himself in step beside her, though still hazy as to how he got there.

"How come you ain't keer fo' her, Mistuh ——"

"Huff. Prob'le Huff, of Decatur, Alabama."

"How come you to be so' at her, Mistuh Huff?"

"She done me dirt!"

"No!"

"Yeh."

"Which way?"

"She come up to Decatur from Jacksonville, Flo'ida, where she live' at, an' made a dead set fo' me, countin' I had a swell an' expensive signet ring which the white folks had gave me. Come her to git that ring offen me, she leaves town right off, quick—jes' like'n to that!" And he snapped his fingers. "Fust thing I knowed 'bout'n she was goin'—she was gone."

"Where to?"

He shook his head slowly. For a few moments he had been completely duped. He had forgotten Jasmine in talking to Florabelle. Now he surveyed his companion deliberately. She met his eyes levelly, held them for a minute; then dimpled and smiled. A danger point had been safely passed—and she knew it.

"I dunno," he answered truthfully. "Jacksonville, I reckon. Then ag'in, mebbe 'tis Bummin'ham. She come thoo heah."

Jasmine was startled.

"An' you come after her?"

"Yes," lied Probable promptly.

Jasmine experienced a surge of genuine apprehension. It was squarely up to her to vamp the suspicious Probable, and vamp him hard. Nor was she fearful of a crude technic. Probable, she realized, was not overly gifted with discriminatory sensibilities.

"You wan's yo' ring back, eh?"

"Tha's which. An'"—grimly—"Ise gwine git it."

"Ise bettin' you does. I bets when you wan's sumthin' you is a pow'ful bad man goin' after it."

Mr. Huff expanded pridefully.

"I reckon they ain't nobody up to Decatur I takes no talk offen."

"An' this heah gal went an' run off with yo' ring?"

"Uh-huh! She done that ve'y same thing."

"Ain't it terrible what some wimmin'll do?" Florabelle sighed sympathetically.

"They fooled with the wrong man when they puck on me."

"Ain't it the truth now? I shuah would rather have you lovin' me than hatin' me."

Probable gasped. Unconsciously his mind leaped to a comparison of his bride with this radiant creature. The comparison was not overly flattering to the bride.

"I ain't hatin' you," he mumbled.

"N'r neither, I reckon, you coul'n't love no woman after what this Jacksonville gal done to you—huh?"

"I ain't sayin' that."

Probable passed up the obvious opportunity of mentioning his recent nuptials. Florabelle sighed ardently.

"You is sho'ly a won'erful man, Mistuh Huff! Ise bettin' you is pow'ful uppity with them Decatur folks."

"They pretty well min's me," he puffed importantly.

"You said it then!" She paused significantly. "I mos' usuamly goes with some man fo' a light supper after the show."

The hint was patent, even to Probable. They made their way to the Blue Star Restaurant for Ladies and Gents. Florabelle, now completely and confidently in character, tactfully ordered only a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee.

She worked hard. The light of doubt was slowly fading from the eyes of Mr. Probable Huff. It was almost gone, but not quite. She noticed that he was staring eagerly toward her gloved left hand and that he exhaled with audible disappointment when she casually drew off the glove and exposed ringless fingers. The ring itself nestled safely inside her stocking.

She fascinated the bewildered bridegroom. He caught himself wondering how he had ever confounded such a witless creature as Jasmine Poston with this delectable morsel of femininity. T'other dear charmer being away—with his ring—Florabelle exercised a monopoly.

Suddenly Probable ceased his gustatory gymnastics. He choked. His eyes widened with terror. Florabelle turned and followed the direction of his gaze. A stout woman had risen hastily from a near-by table and was waddling toward them, an unholy light in her eyes. She towered over the table.

"Ain't this Brother Prob'le Huff, from Decatur?"

He grunted unwilling assent. She introduced herself and turned inquiringly toward Florabelle. Mr. Huff shakily introduced Miss Gazelle, the famous motion-picture actress. The lady beamed.

"I is so glad, Mistuh Huff, to meet yo' city frien'! I is gwine back to Albany on the mawnin' 'commodation an' I'll manage to stop off at Decatur long 'nough to mention that I seen you, an' that you is havin' a good time with yo' swell frien's."

"Ne'min'! Needn't bother."

"'Tain't no bother, Mistuh Huff. It's gwine be a positive pleasuah. You is got so many frien's which will be int'rusted."

She plowed away like a victorious dreadnought. Probable groaned loudly and fervently.

"I sho' is the world's champeen when it comes to playin' hell!" he ejaculated.

The visitation from the Albany lady had robbed Mr. Probable Huff of a little more than one hundred per cent of the interest he had managed to work up in Florabelle. He envisaged in crestfallen fashion the reception he would receive from Lou Ellen on his return to Decatur the following week. It was a foregone conclusion that Lou Ellen would hear the tale—with embellishments. And Lou Ellen bore a deserved reputation for prompt and decisive action, sometimes—but not always—followed by grim negotiation. The prospect for Probable was anything but roseate.

Jasmine took her troubles to Proprietor Hammond Bias, of the Jimdandy Theater, the following morning. He listened attentively—and chuckled.

"You is shuah the thinkenes' woman, Miss Poston!"

"I is a doin' woman too, Mistuh Bias. But I wan's an' also needs yo' advice. Does you think Florabelle Gazelle better be travelin' along to Jacksonville?"

He shook his head.

"Nary travel! If'n he don't a'ready think you ain't Jasmine Poston he will by the time you git thoo wukin' on him wunst mo'. My advice is that you do up yo' ring fo' mailin' an' give it to yo' railroad frien', which you says yo' ownse'f is leaving heah on his run fo' Jacksonville this afternoon. Then let him mail it from they to Prob'le Huff, in Decatur; an' when he heahs 'bout'n it bein' they fo' him he's gwine be shuah you is in Jacksonville, an' ev'ything'll be chicken."

"I ain't keen 'bout runnin' no risk."

"'Taint no risk," negatived Hammond Bias. "It's a shuah thing. Besides, they is too much money comin' into the Jimdandy box office now fo' you to go quittin' on me. Two mo' weeks an' I'll have Simmie Judge an' his Real Nobility Theater huntin' a slag heap to hide behin'."

"But if'n I was to be foun' out ——"

"You ain't gwine be. C'n you git yo' han's on yo' Decatur frien' to-day?"

"Uh-huh! He's stayin' to the same hotel what I is."

Hammond Bias rubbed his palms together unctuously. The future was looking bright and he was reluctant to let a good thing end.

"Then you ain't got nary worry, Miss Jasmine. You gimme that ring to send off, while you go an' lay fo' Mistuh Prob'le Huff an' give him one mo' fust-class bang-up wampin'. If'n I ain't flatt'rin' you too much I'm bettin' that'll satusfy him an' make him positive certain you ain't you."

Florabelle followed both the letter and the spirit of his advice. Poor Probable, frightened horribly and fearful of consequences, tried his level best to escape the toils of the charmer; but she would have none of that.

She worked swiftly and cleverly. She could not understand his diffidence and finally diagnosed it as a premonitory symptom of true love.

By five o'clock she had effectually convinced him that she was indeed Florabelle Gazelle, of Chicago. Well satisfied with her afternoon's work, Florabelle led the way from Capitol Park toward the Cozy Home Hotel. Probable followed, half a pace in the rear, thoroughly miserable and embarrassed. He felt that his actions were unbecoming a bridegroom. But she hadn't even given him a chance to inform her that he was a bridegroom.

They mounted the narrow flight of red-carpeted stairs to the hotel lobby. And there they paused in petrified astonishment. For, seated on a davenport, staring at them with hard level eyes in which there was no hint of compromise, was Mrs. Probable Huff, née Lou Ellen Nuch!

Mrs. Huff rose stiffly and nodded imperiously to Mr. Probable Huff.

"Come 'long with me, Mistuh Huff. I wan's you to splain a few things, not the leastes' of which is that pitcher I foun' hangin' in yo' room!"

Mr. Huff emitted a dolorous sigh and limped weakly into the worst two hours of his career. Miss Poston made all haste to Mr. Hammond Bias. Once again he proved a good listener. By the time she completed her story his decision was ready.

"Ne'min' how this come to be, Miss Poston. You is jes' nachelly got to stick it out!"

"What you mean—is got to?"

"I mean jes' zac'ly what I done said. 'Cause why? 'Cause chances is they ain't no woman, an' speshully this heah Lou Ellen female, which is gwine be fooled so easy like Prob'le was. Her bein' 'gage' to him an' him havin' been lovin' you up to Decatur—she is got to git hit with a hammer befo' she is gwine be'lieve you is somebody else.

"Now if'n you was to disappear she'd know good an' well you was Jasmine Poston; an' not on'y yo'd be plumb ruint, an' mebbe 'rested fo' false impressions of another pusson, but also I'd be ruint too. An' if'n they come an' ast you fo' that ring it ain't gwine do you no good, cause'n you ain't even got that no mo', countin' I sent it to Jacksonville. No'm, Miss Poston; you is done said you is Florabelle Gazelle, an' you is jes' got to make this Nuch gal know you is her!"

Meantime things—many things—had occurred in the room occupied by Mr. Probable Huff in the Cozy Home Hotel. He stuck to his story that the girl was really Florabelle Gazelle and that she had sought him that day following his introduction the previous night in quest of the ring. As to the latter, Mrs. Huff was so skeptical that, after finding her vocabulary inadequate to express her opinion, she moved herself to a room across the hall. Regarding the identity of the woman who looked like Jasmine Poston, Mrs. Huff was too amazed to be entirely convinced either way. But instinct told her that it was an impostor. She summoned Sally Crouch to her room.

"Who this heah Gazelle woman is, Miss Crouch?"

Sally gave an enthusiastic and explicit answer.

"When she 'rive heah?" pursued Lou Ellen doggedly.

"Las' week."

"Saturday night?"

"Lemme see. Yeh; 'twas Saturday night."

"I thought so!" Lou Ellen nodded grimly.

"What you 'sinuatin', Mis' Huff?"

"I mean that this heah woman ain't no Florabelle Gazelle any mo'n what you is. Her name is Jasmine Poston an' she's from Jacksonville, Flo'ida; an' she was visitin' up to Decatur until when she come heah. My husban' follered her to Bummin'ham, 'cause'n this meetin' between her an' him was all a frame-up."

Sally explained to Mrs. Huff that Mrs. Huff was making a grievous error. Mrs. Huff countered with the detailed story of her sudden matrimony and the turmoil that immediately preceded it. Sally was doubtful, but willing.

"Is you shuah 'bout'n what you is sayin', Mis' Huff?"

"Posolutely!"

"Well, all I is got to say that they is one woman in this town which will lis'en real cheerful to all you is got to tell like'n to what you jes' tol' me."

"Name which?"

"Lustisha Atcherson."

"Not the wife of Dr. 'Lijah Atcherson?"

"The ve'y same. She is said from the fust go-off that they was sumthin' wrong 'bout'n Florabelle Gazelle. Even countin' you is wrong, Mis' Huff, yo' s'picions'll make Lustisha happy."

One hour later the wild-eyed Mrs. Probable Huff was seated in the parlor of the Atcherson house. She told her story voluminously. For the first time in months the lips of Mrs. Atcherson expanded from their firm set position into a smile.

"I knowed it!" enthused she.

"Which?"

"That this heah Florabelle Gazelle wa'n't nothin' on'y a impostor."

"But what is I to do?" wailed Mrs. Huff sobbily. "She's done got my new husban' so wamped he don' know if'n he's comin' or goin'."

"Is you willin' to leave this thing to me, Mis' Huff?"

"What you is plannin'?"

"I is gwine show that hussy up. I reckon that'll make yo' husban' feel cheap."

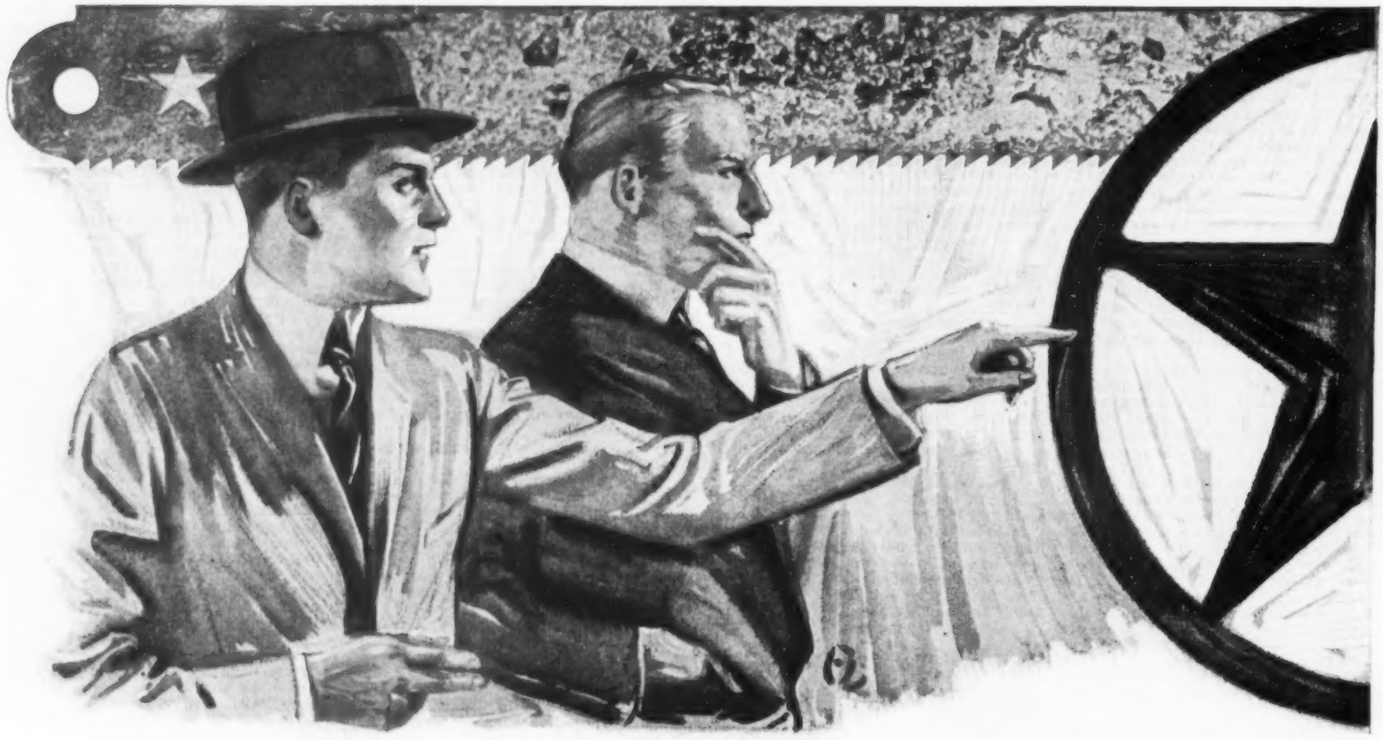
"You don't even know my husban'."

"Huh! That don't make no diff'ence. I is agin all husban's."

"How you gwine show her up?"

"Leave it to me, Mis' Huff. You c'n trus' me to git a good idee."

(Continued on Page 107)



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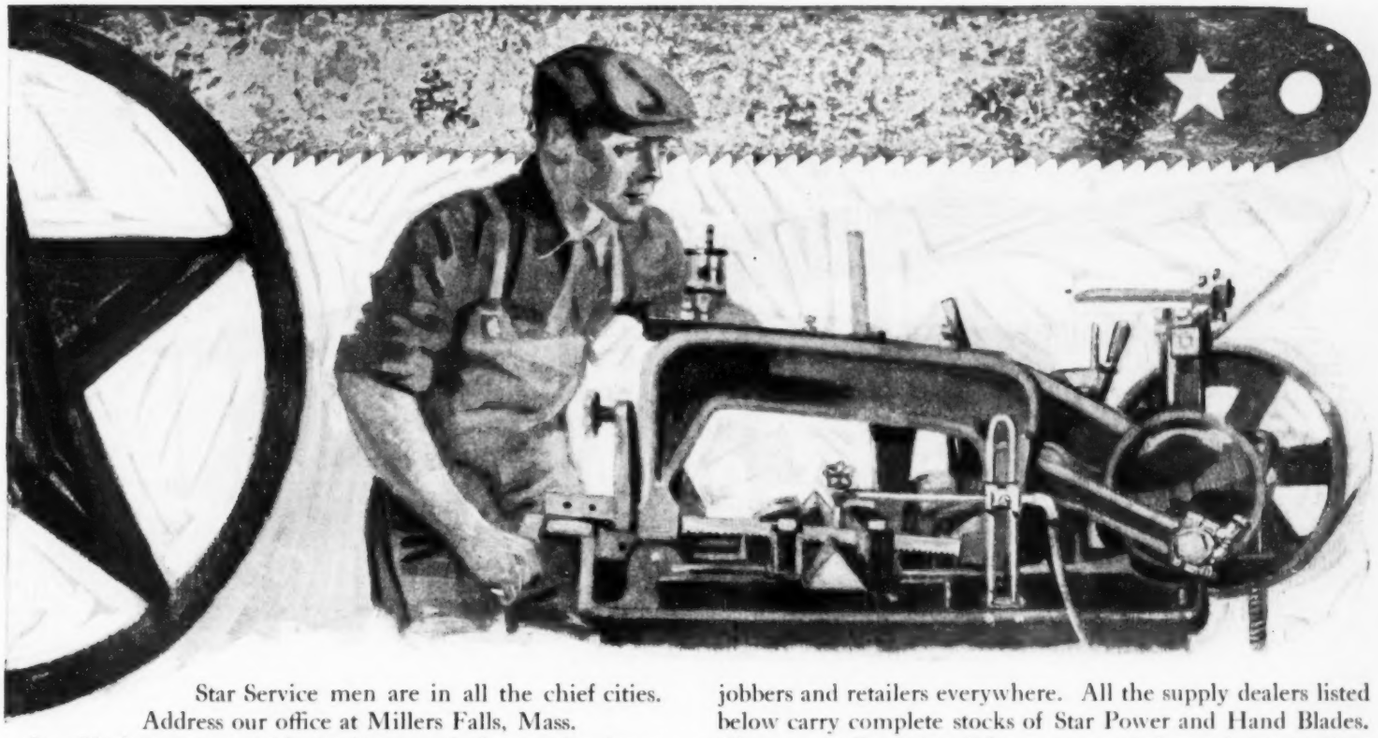
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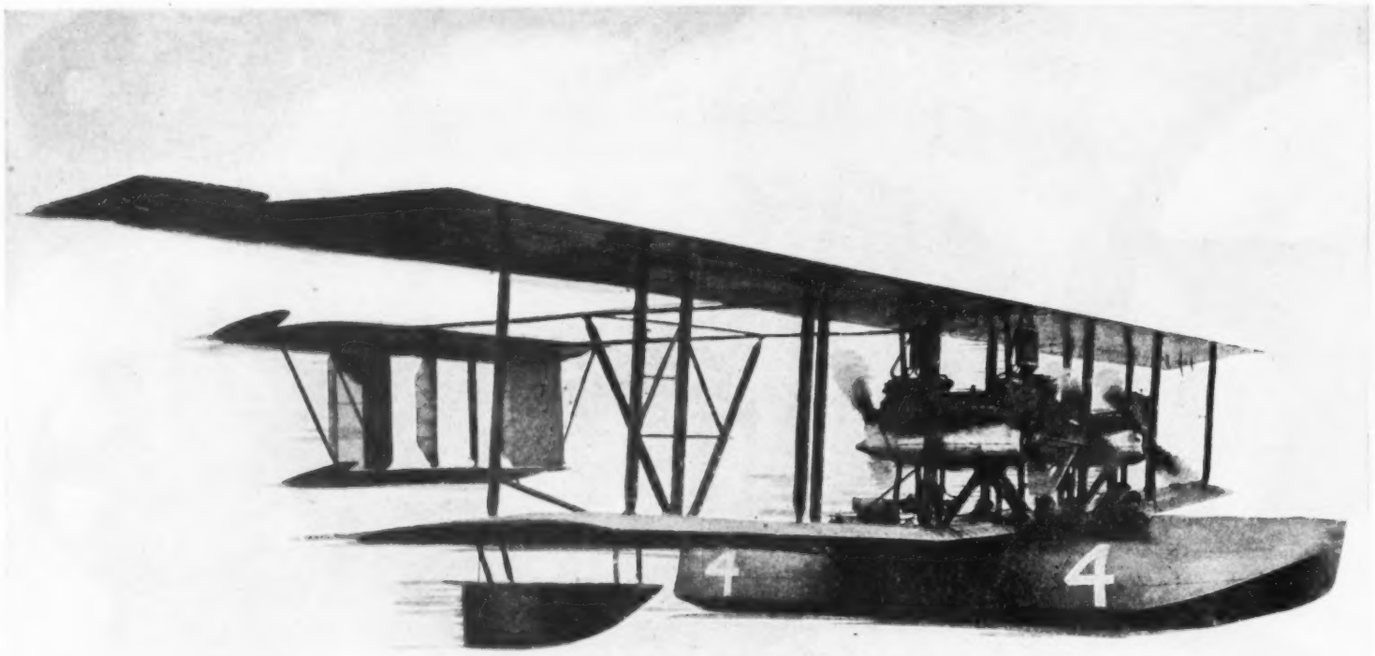


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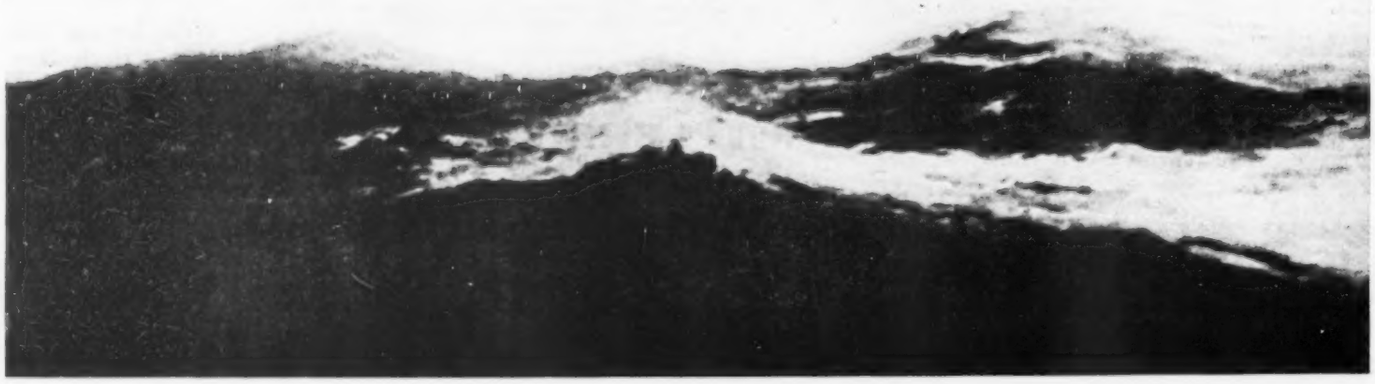


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(Continued from Page 103)

"I ain't shuah ——"

"Ise boun' to have a good plan."

"Boun' to have ain't is got. An' while you is gittin' it what is I an' Prob'le to be doin'?"

"Remain right where you is at."

"We is at two rooms down to the one hotel, an' that ain't decent fo' ma'ied folks."

"They is some which would think that was plumb heaven, Mis' Huff. But if'n you is se'ious 'bout gittin' yo' husban' cured you keep him in Bummin'ham a while."

"Right at the hotel where that Jasmine woman is stayin' at?"

"Uh-huh! Cause'n if they's one woman in this wo'ld which he won't look at, now you is heah, Florabelle or Jasmine, or whatever her name is, is that one."

"But how is I to know what you is doin', Mis' Atcherson? An' what is you gwine do fust off?"

"Fust off," retorted Mrs. Atcherson firmly, "I is gwine down to Simmie Judge's house an' make talk with him."

"Wha's he got to do with this come-to-pass?"

"He's the proprietor of the Real Nobility Theater, which this woman has been ruinin' it, countin' she's been gittin' all the trade to ten' Hammond Bias' theater."

Lustisha hesitated not upon the order of her going. She found Simmie wallowing in the Slough of Despond.

He listened skeptically. He was appreciative of Mrs. Atcherson's altruistic efforts to save him from business ruin, but he didn't believe that Hammond Bias would have been guilty of such a crude procedure as the ringing in of an impostor.

"Huh!" sizzled Lustisha. "He was wise enough to know you was fool enough not to do no 'vestigatin'."

Simmie resented the suggestion.

"What you wan's me to do?"

"Prove it up on her."

"How?"

"Write a letter to the Cha'coal Fillum Co'p'ration."

Simmie nodded sage approval as the idea filtered with difficulty through his almost solid cranium.

"Reckon that cain't do no hahm."

"Co'se not! Will you do it?"

"Uh-huh!"

"T'-night?"

"Ain't no rush."

"T'-night?"—grimly.

"A' right! If'n you insis's."

By some miracle of energy he did write the letter. And to make assurance doubly sure Mrs. Atcherson also wrote to the Chicago headquarters of the Charcoal Film Corporation. And for the four days following matters proceeded with suspicious calm for the principal actors in the masquerade.

Hammond Bias congratulated Florabelle Gazelle upon the arrival of the trouble doldrums. Lustisha Atcherson, Lou Ellen Huff and Simmie Judge waited impatiently for the letter that was to confirm their suspicions. Probable trailed his wife with dumb doglike persistence, a pleading look in his eyes. Sans ring, Probable was not an imposing figure.

"Nex' woman I sees which is young an' good-lookin'," vowed Mr. Huff to himself, "I is gwine staht runnin' the other way, an' ain't gwine stop till come Chris'mas."

On Thursday a stranger alighted from the Chicago to New Orleans train at the Terminal Station. He was of medium height and slender frame; he carried a Malacca cane and an imitation alligator-skin grip. His clothes were modest and pleasing—English-cut suit of black-and-white checks; socks of lavender silk; tie to match; shoes of reddish tan; hat of pearl gray.

He taxied to the Happy Hotel, where he registered simply as "Farisee Kenner, Chicago, Illinois." He demanded the best in the house, flashed a sizable roll—and got the best. Then he bathed, donned fresh linen, summoned a second taxicab and rolled grandly to the unimposing portals of the Real Nobility Theater. He discovered the melancholy Simmie Judge and handed that gentleman a cheap printed card:

MR. FARISEE KENNER
General Manager
Charcoal Film Corporation
Chicago, Illinois

Simmie Judge clamped his hand down on that of the stranger and expressed his unadulterated delight at the meeting.

"Wha's all the trouble heah?" inquired Mr. Kenner.

Simmie told him, starting his story a few years before the Creation and winding up with the discovery of the supposed masquerade.

"An' what I wan's to know is," finished Simmie: "Is you got a gal actress' name' Florabelle Gazelle, or ain't you?"

Mr. Kenner smiled in superior fashion. His dignity was puncture-proof and Simmie stood off in awe.

"I is came pussonally from Chicawgo," retorted Mr. Kenner icily, "to look an' inquire into matters at fust hand. They is much regahdin' this which woul'n't be clear n'r neither apparent to you right offen the bat, even if I was to splain it. Strikes me that I had better atten' to the matters an' affairs of the immedjit future my own-se'f. Fust off, I wan's to see Miss Gazelle right away. Where c'n I fin' her at?"

"She's stoppin' down to Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel. But, befo' you go I wan's to know what you wan's me to do."

"Princ'pally nothin'; said nothin' consistin' enti'ely of keepin' yo' mouth shut concernin' my prefessional 'filiations. If'n my wuk heah is to be 'fective an' bear fruit, then I is got to prese've my incogniter; an' they ain't no one to know who I is or that I is gin'ral manager of the Cha'coal Fillum Co'p'ration—which same I is—or c'nected with same in any way. Un'erstan'?"

Mr. Judge claimed that he understood. He promised to keep his mouth shut and did so just long enough for him to hunt up Mrs. Lustisha Atcherson and tell her the gladsome tidings. He pledged her to silence and she kept the pledge—not because it was a pledge, but because, in the nature of things, Mrs. Atcherson wanted the exquisite pleasure of stage-managing the exposure.

Meantime Farisee Kenner checked out at the Happy Hotel and registered at the Cozy Home, securing a room two doors removed from the bridal suite occupied by Miss Florabelle Gazelle. He installed himself and rambled idly into the lobby. There, hunched on a chair, he saw a gloomy-looking country negro dumbly chewing the odoriferous stump of an ex-cigar. Farisee sank into a seat beside him. He produced a gold-banded perfecto and forced it upon his dazzled companion. Probable shied nervously.

"I ain't want to jine no lodge."

"I ain't no organizer," smiled Mr. Kenner affably.

"N'r neither I don't need no mo' insurance."

"I ain't no insurance man. My name is Farisee Kenner. Ise from Chicawgo."

At mention of Chicago Probable instinctively ducked.

"Huh! Chicawgo?"

"Yeh. Is you 'quainted there?"

"I ain't got on'y one frien' which comes from Chicawgo, Mistuh Kenner, an' she's 'bout'n ten mo'n I wan's to have."

"Where did you meet her?"

"She's stoppin' in this heah ve'y hotel. It's Florabelle Gazelle, the famous pitcher actress."

"A-ah!" said Farisee. "You don't say!"

"Yassuh; I does say. I says also I is libel to be hearin' 'bout that gal fo' the res' of my nachel life an' fo' ten yeahs afterwa'ds."

"You is pusson'ly 'quainted?"

"Ti'ely too pussonal."

"If'n you could intraduce me ——"

Probable Huff rose abruptly.

"If'n you is boun' to git 'traduced to that movie gal—Gawd helpin' you!—git Sally Crouch to ten' to it. She's bigger'n what I am."

Farisee acquainted himself with the immensely portly proprietress of the Cozy Home Hotel. He conscripted his most winning smile and plastered it all over his face. He fairly oozed conviviality. Ten minutes later Sally Crouch dragged Florabelle Gazelle from her room.

"Miss Gazelle, meet my frien' an' gues', Mistuh Kenner."

"D'lighted to meet up with you, Mistuh Kenner."

"All the pleasuah what they is is mine, Miss Gazelle. You is from heahabouts?"

"No. I is a No'therner."

"I hails from up yonder too."

"What paht?"

"Chicago."

"Oh!"

Florabelle was not at all pleased to learn that she had made the acquaintance of a man who came from the city she had never seen and which she claimed as home. But, despite a quiver of apprehension, she liked the man. He was easy, suave, polished. Before she knew what she was about she had donned hat and coat and gone forth for a bit of afternoon lunch with him.

They progressed swimmingly. Fortunately for Florabelle, Mr. Kenner seemed averse to discussing Chicago. He said flatly that he disliked the city and didn't care to talk about it. Miss Gazelle was grateful for the antipathy and laid claim to a similar feeling. So they mutually decided that Chicago, as a topic of conversation, was strictly taboo. She was glad of that. She found herself irresistibly attracted to the dapper Chicagoan and would have been loath to sever their swiftly budding friendship through fear of discovery.

Mr. Kenner drew her out skillfully after first admitting that he knew very little regarding the manufacture of motion pictures, and still less about the persons who peopled them. Miss Gazelle—eager to impress—waxed bold. Her heart was acting with a strange jumpiness. She grew voluble in describing her manifold histrionic triumphs. She ransacked the storehouse of memory for such scraps of movie vernacular and bits of professional patter as she had heard drip from the incarnadined lips of the stars for whom she had chambermaided.

By the hour of the first show at the Jimdandy that night she was pleasantly certain that she had impressed him. Nor was she wrong. Before parting from her he made sure that she understood that they were dated up for a midnight supper after the final reception. He promised to be waiting with a taxicab.

The advent of Mr. Farisee Kenner produced an upheaval in Miss Florabelle Gazelle's cosmic scheme. She had gazed into his eyes and listened to the lilt of his voice, and trouble had taken wing and departed. In short, for the first time in her brilliant social career, Miss Jasmine-Florabelle Poston-Gazelle was feeling the preliminary pangs of deep and lasting love.

Love became an established fact during their midnight lunch. And Farisee let it be distinctly understood that, though not an impressionable chap, he found much that was seriously intriguing about Miss Gazelle.

The *affaire de cœur* progressed with amazing speed. As a courageous captain of compliments, Farisee ranked with the world's finest. He fairly swept the heretofore wary and poiseful Jasmine from her feet with the ardency of his wooing.

Regarding himself he vouchsafed little information, and that was of a decidedly nebulous character. He said he was a traveling man who was laying off in Birmingham for a while. And as a layer-off he was in a class by himself. But as he was sartorially perfect and perpetually moneyed no questions were asked—or answered.

Every once in a while Jasmine was brought up short in her honeyed anticipations by the embarrassing explanations inevitably necessary regarding her anomalous position in Birmingham. She wondered whether Farisee would continue to love her when he discovered she was an impostor—a mere first-class chambermaid at a fashionable-resort hotel instead of a moving-picture star. To the end of insuring his forgiveness she neglected no art in the universal catalogue of femininity that would charm him. She was on edge every minute and each hour more deeply in love.

So far as Farisee was concerned, the population of Birmingham consisted of one person—and that one transient. He had eyes for no one save Jasmine. He accompanied her nightly to the Jimdandy Theater, hung round her dressing room between receptions, and carted her away on auto rides and to midnight luncheons when the evening's work was completed.

During that week a firm friendship was cemented between Mr. Farisee Kenner, of Chicago, and Mr. Hammond Bias, of Birmingham. They shot pool together and chatted affably of things in general.

"If'n it wa'n't fo' the fac' that I don't know nothin' whichsoever 'bout'n Brother Kenner," commented Hammond one night, "I'd say he was the swellest feller which is ever lived."

Meantime no less than three persons were viewing askance the sudden infatuation of Farisee and Florabelle. One was the slow-thinking Simmie Judge, of the Real Nobility Theater; the second was Lou Ellen Huff, who was fearful that the dénouement would not come until after the exigencies of her husband's employer's business carried them back to Decatur; and the third person was the vinegary Mrs. Lustisha Atcherson.

Lustisha was bitter. And, unlike the two others, she was far from supine. When she determined upon something she usually went after it. So, after carefully watching the flaming progress of the love affair between Farisee and Florabelle, she wisely concluded that all bets were off unless the hand of Farisee was called quickly, unexpectedly and efficiently.

Whereupon, having once again taken the reins in her own hands, she made a move.

She announced that on the following Wednesday night she was giving a reception and dance in honor of the visiting celebrity—Miss Florabelle Gazelle, of the Charcoal Film Corporation.

Florabelle accepted casually. So, unsuspiciously, did Hammond Bias. And so did Farisee Kenner.

"What you plannin' to do at yo' party, Mis' Atcherson?" queried the impatient Lou Ellen Huff.

"I is gwine do a plenty!" came the sharp answer. "An' this heah Florabelle woman is gwine be a'mighty sorry fo' same."

"I hope so," sighed Lou Ellen. "I sho'ly does."

Lustisha glanced sharply toward her. "You is plumb shuah they ain't no mistake 'bout'n this gal bein' the Jasmine Poston which visited up to Decatur?"

Lou Ellen sniffed. "Mebbe a man like what Pro'ble is c'n be fooled, but not no woman. She c'n wamp him, Mis' Atcherson; but she cain't wamp me. I done knows!"

Lustisha went happily ahead with her arrangements. She placed the catering in the hands of the efficient Sally Crouch. And she egged Simmie on to quiz Farisee. As to that, she might as well have attempted to build an automobile with a cheese box and three spools. Simmie's maladroit questions were turned deftly aside by the suave and affable Farisee, whose poise matched that of the incomparable Jasmine.

Simmie knew Farisee was making sport of him and Simmie grew exceedingly peeved. Whereupon he made the grievous error of telling his sympathetic wife of the drama due for an early staging.

Mrs. Simmie immediately told the story in amplified form and strictest confidence to Mrs. Pliny Driver, and Mrs. Pliny transmitted it to Sis' Callie Flukers. Flooie! Sis' Callie got her second wind after the fifth recountal and from then on traveled tirelessly from house to house. By the time she finished, the story was garbled but the impression unified. At the handsome home of Mrs. Lustisha Atcherson on Wednesday night a bombshell was to be neatly placed under the chair of Miss Florabelle Gazelle and expeditiously exploded. From the moment the acid waggy tongue of Sis' Callie Flukers got into the game a record attendance at the Atcherson festivities was a certainty.

But the talebearing of the loquacious and elastically veracious Callie Flukers had a far-reaching effect, which that gossipy lady had failed to anticipate. In due time the unexpurgated story reached the shocked ears of Mr. Hammond Bias, proprietor of the Jimdandy Theater. Mr. Bias proceeded to rise high in the air and remain there.

His first move was to enter unceremoniously the room of Florabelle Gazelle at the Cozy Home Hotel, sling his hat viciously into a corner and himself into an easy chair.

"Git busy!" he commanded.

She looked up in surprise.

"Says which?"

"I says git busy!" he roared, his urbanity gone. "An' when I says it I means it. An' what I means is that you is got to staht right heah an' now packin' yo' luggage."

Florabelle seated herself with enraging calm. "Why?"

"'Cause'n you is leavin' fo' Jacksonville to-morry afternoon."

"Who says so?"

"I does."

"Is sumthin' went wrong?"

"Huh!" ejaculated Mr. Bias with heavy irony. "Lis'en at the woman astin' me, 'Is sumthin' went wrong?' Jes' lis'en at her, will you? No, Miss Florabelle Gazelle which was, they ain't sumthin' went wrong a-tall; they is jes' ev'ythin' went wrong!"

"How come?"

The aplomb of Miss Gazelle was vastly annoying to the visibly perturbed Mr. Bias. He did not know that love had transported her to Olympian heights and that

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"That We May Ride In Comfort"

TIRES



(Concluded from Page 107)

she was—temporarily at least—far, far removed from the worries of this sordid mundane sphere. Mr. Bias grabbed at his shock of hair with trembling fingers.

"Right heah an' now, Miss Florabelle Gazelle, you ceases an' stops bein' the woman which you ain't an' becomes the woman which you is. Also, I wishes to say a few wo'ds 'bout'n this heah Mistuh Farisee Kenner, of Chicawgo, which if he heard me he could have me 'rested fo' criminal liable."

Florabelle froze up.

"Mr. Kenner is my gen'leman frien'."

"I reckon you knows all what they is to know 'bout'n this heah Mistuh Kenner—huh?"

"I reckon I does."

"Yeh; an', b'lieve me, you on'y reckons. 'Cause I know you ain't know nothin'. Not nothin' a-tall! If'n you did yo'd of done took a ax to him long ago. Does you know who he is an' what he does fo' a livin'?"

"He's a travelin' man, an' ——"

"Lis'en heah at me, cullud gal; an' lis'en attentive! Yo' ve'y good frien', Mistuh Farisee Kenner, is been makin' a monkey outen you. 'Cause why? 'Cause'n Mistuh Farisee Kenner ain't nothin' on'y the gin'ral manager of the Cha'coal Fillum Co'p'ration of Chicawgo! Now what is you got to say?"

It became immediately evident that Miss Poston had nothing to say. The tidings slammed against her mental midriff and she sank limply on the bed.

"Huh?"

Whereupon Mr. Hammond Bias proceeded to cast forth the whole lurid story of Mr. Kenner's perfidy, winding up with a vivid recital of the trap that had been laid in the setting of the Atcherson dance.

He mopped his forehead with a pink silk handkerchief.

"Ev'ybody is been egged on," he continued heatedly, "by her an' that Lou Ellen woman. I reckon you di'n't even know that she done went an' ma'ied Prob'le Huff the day you left Decatur; an' tha's what brung her down heah when she heard you was wampin' him."

Jasmine shrugged wearily.

"I ain't keer who is ma'ied to him—'ceptin' on'y that I is sorry fo' her."

"Anyways," raged Mr. Bias, "it was Lustisha Atcherson which made Simmie Judge write off to them Cha'coal people. An', jes' to make shuah that they wa'n't gwine be no slip, Lustisha does the same; an' also, too, she sen's them yo' pitcher fo' lagniappe.

"An' t'-morry night, at the Atcherson dance, Lou Ellen is gwine 'cuse you of bein' a fake, which yo' real name is Jasmine Poston; an' they is gwine call on Farisee Kenner to prove that you ain't what you says you is. An' when he gits done provin' it up on you they ain't be 'nough lef' of Florabelle Gazelle to make a dish of breakfas' food outen."

She extended her hands. "Well ——"

"They is on'y one thing fo' you to do; an' you is got to do that quick, an' also fast. That is, beat it! Git out! Lose yo'se'f! Disappear away from Bummin'ham!"

Something snapped within Jasmine Poston. She had, for the first time in her life, fallen in love. And now she was tasting its pain. She sat motionless, wordless. She caused the raw nerves of Mr. Bias to jangle discordantly.

"Say sumthin'!" he yelled. "An' do sumthin!"

Her voice seemed to come from a distance.

"I ain't got nothin' to say, Mistuh Bias, An' neither I ain't gwine do nothin'."

"What kin' of foolish talk is you makin' now?"

"I says I ain't gwine git outen Bummin'ham; an' also I is gwine to Lustisha Atcherson's dance t'-morry night!"

Hammond Bias raved. He ranted. He extracted tufts of hair. He anathematized the mentality of women in general and Jasmine's in particular. He scolded, threatened, cajoled. But she was adamant.

"A'right, cullud gal! You says you ain't gwine beat it an' git away from Bummin'ham, does you? You says you is gwine go to Lustisha Atcherson's dance an' take what is comin' to you? You is gwine do that, huh? Well then, lis'en heah at what I is sayin'. I is sayin' this—as follows: I is gwine be there too; an' when they busts that bum' under you I is gwine be sore as the nex' one, an' I is gwine riz up against yo; an' say that you fooled me too. I is gwine 'cuse you of bein' as much of a impostor with me as you is been with ev'ybody else. An' if'n they wan's to 'rest you I is gwine subscribe to the warrant. Git that?"

"Yes," she answered dully; "I git it."

"An' case'n you blames me ——"

"I ain't blamin' you fo' nothin'."

"Tha's mighty good, 'cause blamin' me ain't gwine git you nothin' nohow. I is gave you fair wa'nin' an' I is off'rin' to buy yo' ticket fo' Jacksonville. Now I asts you las' time an' fo' all: Is you gwine to Flo'ida or is you gwine remain heah where you is at to make a bigger fool outen yo'se'f than what the Lawd intended?"

"I reckon I is gwine stay an' play fool," she answered mordantly.

He opened the door and launched a parting dart:

"An' I is gwine he'p!" he roared. "B'lieve me, I is!"

There was little sleep that night for the erstwhile Florabelle Gazelle. She tossed on her bed, staring wide-eyed through the window toward the serried sky line vaguely limned in the effulgence of the full moon.

Discovery! Exposure! Both would have appeared trivial save for the sinister rôle in which Farisee Kenner was cast. That hurt—hurt to the quick. She had no censure for Hammond Bias. He had treated her squarely to the last.

Farisee! He had duped her. There had been malice behind it. And she had been fool enough to fancy that he had given of himself as fully and freely as had she of herself. During all her racking thought the idea of avoiding the dance on the following night did not occur to her.

If Farisee found pleasure in hurting her publicly, then she was determined that he should be robbed of not one iota of that pleasure. She would go. She would face exposure and the ensuing contempt of the colored populace. She found grim satisfaction in the martyr rôle.

Toward morning Jasmine dozed. She dozed fitfully, her sleep broken by nightmare. She remained in her room during the day. Farisee stopped at the hotel and asked to see her. She pleaded headache and refused him. He sent a word of inquiry as to whether she intended putting in an appearance at the Atcherson dance. She notified him that she did.

She went. She drove regally from the Cozy Home Hotel to the Atcherson domicile in Clarence Carter's seven-passenger taxicab. She was dressed in her best. For two hours she had labored to present the best appearance possible. She purposely arrived a trifle late.

The big ramshackle frame structure was ablaze with light and surging with strained hilarity as she alighted from the taxi and made her way to the veranda, to be greeted with suspicious effusiveness by Lustisha Atcherson. She glanced about the living room with eyes in which there was an unnatural brightness.

There was an audible hush as Jasmine entered the room. Her eyes scanned the crowd swiftly. In a far corner she saw Lou Ellen Huff, smugly standing guard over her stiffly starched and thoroughly miserable bridegroom. Near the punch bowl was Hammond Bias, a deep frown corrugating his brow. He paused between each pair of disappointingly innocuous drinks to run a trembly finger between collar and neck.

From out the crowd at the front door Farisee Kenner emerged. He was resplendent in the glory of full evening dress. His clothes shrieked their immaculateness from many-fluted shirt to patent-leather pumps polished to the ultimate. He crossed to Jasmine, lips smiling, hand extended.

Her pose more than matched his. Their hands met—his warm and hearty; hers cold and clammy.

"Evenin', Miss Gazelle."

"Evenin', Mistuh Kenner."

"Yo' headache is some better, I trus'."

"It's tol'able well."

"I been 'fraid mebbe you woul'n't git to come."

"I never had no idee of not comin'."

She was searching his face with her eyes. It was hard to believe that this man was planning her undoing. The guests were hanging on every word and gesture with a keen morbidity of interest.

"Does you feel like dancin', Miss Gazelle?"

"I suttinly does," lied she bravely.

The music blared; his arms went round her; they whirled across the floor in an intricate fox trot.

Throughout the evening they were together, their conversation strictly impersonal. Hammond Bias watched them with hawklike intentness. He didn't understand. Mrs. Lustisha Atcherson grew nervous. She watched for her opportunity, and when it came she grabbed it.

A dance ended. Farisee escorted Jasmine to the punch bowl, where ice floated in a sea of grape lemonade. Probable was there under the iron chaperonage of his bride. And Simmie Judge was immediately behind them. Mrs. Lustisha swept down upon the tableau, a dozen or more guests trailing interestedly in her wake. She pulled up short before Jasmine.

The girl looked up, met the coldly glittering eyes of her hostess, and knew that she was face to face with a climax—the climax! She steeled herself for the ordeal. She even smiled.

Hammond Bias, scenting action, drifted uncertainly to midstage. Mrs. Atcherson surveyed the guest of honor with open hostility. Then her high-pitched nasal voice cut through the chatter, stilling it instantly:

"Miss Gazelle?"

"Yes'm?"

"Somebody is been tellin' lies on you."

Jasmine shrugged. "I ain't keer pretickerlely what other folks says 'bout'n me."

"You oughter care. An' as fo' me, I keers, countin' you is my gues'; an' the woman which is been spreadin' them tales 'bout'n you is my gues' also."

"Name which?" inquired Jasmine, with just the correct degree of interest.

Lustisha triumphantly designated Lou Ellen.

"Mis' Prob'le Huff, from Decatur, Alabama."

Jasmine looked Lou Ellen over slowly and contemptuously. Then she turned back to Lustisha and smiled.

"Her! It don't make no diff'ence to me what a woman like'n to her says."

That was Lou Ellen's cue and she rose to the occasion, face flaming belligerence. Probable Huff tugged weakly at her skirt; but she shook him off. Her eyes bored into Jasmine's across the punch bowl.

"You ain't keer what a woman like'n to what I is says 'bout'n you, huh?"

"Tha's it zac'ly!"

"You ain't keer?" Lou Ellen flung round, faced the crowd for a second, and then swung back to Jasmine. "What yo' name is, gal?"

Jasmine arched her eyebrows.

"Ain't yo' hearin' good? Or is yo' understandin' as foolish as yo' face?"

"Wha's yo' name? I asts you that question plain black on white."

"My name," returned Jasmine softly, "is Florabelle Gazelle, of Chicawgo! I is stah of the Cha'coal Fillum Co'p'ration!" Lustisha inhaled sharply. Hammond Bias gave a wild despairing tug at his wilted collar and muttered profanely. Probable Huff sibilated into his wife's ear: "See? I done tol' you so."

"Florabelle Gazelle, is it? Is you plumb shuah?"

"Reckon I is."

"Well then, answer me this: Is you ever hearn tell of a gal name' Jasmine Poston?"

Jasmine's poise was magnificent. She shook her head thoughtfully.

"Movin'-pitcher actress?"

"No; she jes' says she's one!"

"An' she ain't really one?"

"No," snapped Lou Ellen Huff; "she ain't really one. But she is got a whole lot of folks thinkin' she is. She's tellin' folks that her name is Florabelle Gazelle!"

For three ticks of the clock there was nothing to be heard in the room but silence. Then there was a rustling as the awkward spectators fidgeted nervously. Jasmine stared fixedly at her inquisitor, threw back her head—and laughed! Laughed ringingly!

"Somebody is been slippin' some happy dus' in yo' coffee, Mis' Huff."

"I asts you this, which you ain't never answered: Is you Jasmine Poston or ain't you Jasmine Poston?"

Florabelle turned away disdainfully.

"I ain't useter makin' talk with wimmin which ain't ladies, Mis' Huff." Then her eyes met those of Lustisha Atcherson: "N'r neither, Mis' Atcherson, I ain't useter bein' treated like'n to this when I is a gues' at a pa'ty."

Lustisha extended a restraining hand.

"Jes' a minute, Miss Whichever-yo'-name-is. Jes' one li'l' teeny minute!"

Jasmine inspected her hostess coldly.

"Well? What is you got to say with yo' mouth?"

"Jes' this," snarled Lustisha: "You says you is Florabelle Gazelle, which ac's fo' the Cha'coal Fillum Co'p'ration. Mis' Huff says you ain't her, but is somebody else. As yo' hostess, I is responsumble to my other gues's fo' you. An' they happens to be one gues' heah which c'n prove what is which. Ladies an' gen'lemen, I wan's to pernounce that this heah Mistuh Farisee Kenner, of Chicawgo, ain't nothin' mo' nor less than the gin'ral manager of the Cha'coal Fillum Co'p'ration, which this lady heah says she wuks fo'. Ain't that the truth, Mistuh Kenner?"

Farisee nodded gravely. His face was pokerishly inscrutable.

"It suttinly is."

"Well now, Mistuh Kenner, I asts you in all honesty: Is this gal Florabelle Gazelle an' does she wuk fo' the Cha'coal Fillum Co'p'ration?"

The crowd surged closer. Jasmine seemed to stop breathing. She half closed her eyes for the impact.

Farisee's lips expanded into a smile. He met Jasmine's eyes triumphantly. He shrugged.

"Miss Gazelle?" he answered. "Of co'se she is a member of the Cha'coal Fillum Co'p'ration! An' the on'y reason I ain't never said so befo' is that we been dickerin' over the terms of her new contrac' fo' nex' yeah. She's one of our mos' prominent actresses!"

The following morning, in her rooms at the Cozy Home Hotel, Miss Florabelle Gazelle entertained a visitor. The visitor was Lou Ellen Huff. Lou Ellen was tearfully contrite.

"The mail is jes' came in from Decatur, Miss Gazelle," said she, "an' in it was my husban's ring an' a letter regahdin' same. An' they come from Jacksonville, which proves that you is the woman which you is an' not the one which you ain't. An' I also wan's to say that I never had no real doubts 'bout'n you bein' Florabelle Gazelle—on'y that Atcherson woman kept eggin' me on. You b'lieves what I says, don't you?"

Jasmine smiled happily.

"When a woman marries a man like'n to him you is ma'ied, Mis' Huff, Iae willin' to b'lieve anything she says."

Lou Ellen departed for the arms of her forgiving husband. A few minutes later there came a light tap on the door and Mr. Farisee Kenner, of Chicago, entered the room. He was smiling broadly.

"I done it!" he announced.

"Done which?"

"I went to see Hammond Bias an' had a talk with him. I showed him I been holdin' ev'y ace in the deck; an' so he has signed up to take two pitchers a month fo' two yeahs from the Cha'coal Fillum Co'p'ration. You see, we is been tryin' fo' the longes' time to git bookin's thoo the South; but they wa'n't a thing stirrin'. Then we begin gittin' letters from Bummin'ham 'bout'n you—an' yo' pitcher, which showed you had a screen face.

"Ordinary we would jes' have wrote, sayin' you wa'n't in our comp'ny. But we knowed that somebody was givin' us the finest kind of advertisin' what is, an' I come down my ownse'f to see coul'n't I use that to open this valu'ble te'itory fo' our pitchers.

"Mistuh Bias' order stahts things off. Pretty soon we is gwine be exhibitin' all over the South. So the trip is been real profitable from a business stan'p'int."

"An' it was business which made you tell them I was a actress in yo' comp'ny?"

"No," he answered, with momentary seriousness. Then his face lightened. "It's gwine be the truth if'n you wan's it so. Yo'd make a swell actress."

"You means you wan's to sign me up?"

"Shuah do! Co'se I ain't got no powers to write no contrac' ——"

"Gin'ral manager?"

He laughed loudly.

"Huh! I ain't no mo' gin'ral manager than what you is, Florabelle Gazelle. But when they sent me down heah I figgered it out they wa'n't no use in these folks knowin' I wa'n't somethin' real big; so I had them gin'ral manager ca'ds printed while I was waitin' betwix' trains up to Cinsnatti. An' b'lieve me, it was one mo' heap of fun!"

"B-b-but," stammered Jasmine, "if'n you ain't the gin'ral manager, which is you?"

"I is Mistuh Farisee Kenner, a member of the sales fo'ce of the Cha'coal Fillum Co'p'ration. An' it strikes me, Jasmine, that, us both lovin' each other an' pretendin' to be somebody which we neither ain't ——"

She hung her head shyly.

"I reckon," said she, "that I an' you ought to be mighty successful in makin' people believe we is folks!"

Why Lee Union-Alls are Better



Lee Union-Alls

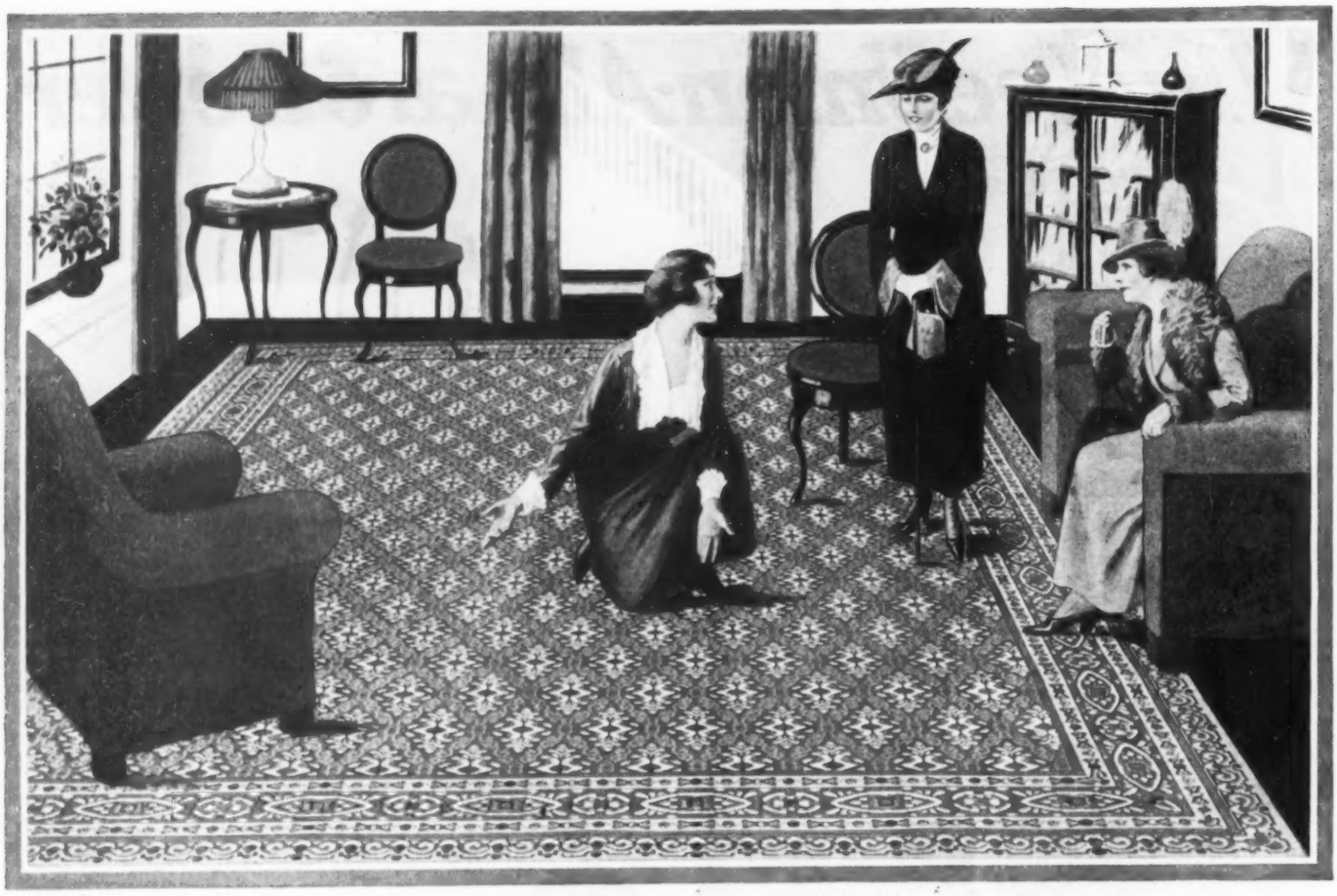
Not a genuine UNION-ALL unless this design is embossed on the buttons. Look for it. Remember there is only one UNION-ALL, the LEE.

Every detail in the construction of LEE UNION-ALLS has been carefully studied and has become a permanent feature only after the most exhaustive tests. Wearers of LEE UNION-ALLS not only enjoy that comfort and convenience that the one-piece idea provides, but obtain a real economy benefit from the new standard of work clothing quality that this company has established.

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Kansas City, Mo. — Trenton, N. J.
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UNION MADE Lee Union-Alls
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



The rug on the floor is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 350. The 6x9 foot size retails for $8.75.

CONGOLEUM
Gold Seal
ART-RUGS

Color Charts Free

Send your name and address to the nearest branch office for a copy of the latest Rug chart showing the full assortment of patterns in the actual colors. We also have color folders illustrating the other Congoleum Floor Coverings. Specify which you want.



This Gold Seal is Your Guarantee

"Yes—and it's easy to clean, too"

"SINCE I bought Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs for this room and the two bedrooms, and had my kitchen covered with Congoleum, my housework is *ever* so much easier.

"I can clean these rugs in a jiffy. I just go over them with a damp mop and it takes up all the dust and dirt and makes them clean and bright. Yesterday the children spilled a bottle of ink on the rug. If it had been my old rug the ink would have ruined it, but with this Congoleum Rug all I had to do was wash it up."

Congoleum lies perfectly flat on the floor without fastening in any way. It does not curl or "kick-up" at the edges. Because of its felt base and firm, non-absorbent surface, it is water-proof and can be cleaned with a damp mop as often as you wish.

Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs are made in the popular rug sizes in many beautiful patterns and color combinations. The designs are by leading rug designers.

6 x 9 feet	$8.75	9 x 9 feet	$12.75
7½ x 9 feet	10.60	9 x 10½ feet	14.85
9 x 12 feet	$17.00		

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

Congoleum Gold-Seal Floor-Coverings

In addition to Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs, Congoleum is made *in roll form* in a variety of beautiful designs for use in halls, kitchens, pantries, bathrooms and any other rooms in the house where an *all-over* floor-covering is desired.

It comes in two widths, the usual width of two yards, at 90c per square yard, and a special width of three yards, made in beautiful "carpet" patterns at 87c per square yard.

ONE big outstanding feature of Congoleum is the fact that we positively guarantee it to give you satisfaction. On each Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rug and on every two yards of Congoleum By-the-Yard you will find the Gold-Seal reproduced above, carrying our hard and fast guarantee reading *"Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money will be refunded."*

But be Sure to Get Genuine Congoleum

There are inferior imitations of Congoleum on the market and for this reason we caution you to be sure to get the genuine, bearing the seal pictured above. If you do not see this Gold Seal, insist on seeing the name "Congoleum" stamped on the back. It is your protection against cheap, unsatisfactory imitations.

If your dealer does not carry Congoleum let us know and we will see that you are supplied.

The Congoleum Company

Department of

The Barrett Company

Philadelphia Chicago Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. San Francisco Boston Toronto

JUBILO

(Continued from Page 25)

Why had Rooker sought out the sheriff? What was his business with Punt? That was the new puzzle in the situation. Jubilo could find no theory that would explain it. By all the evidences Rooker should have feared the sheriff and avoided him. By all the evidences Rooker was a train robber, neither more nor less. If he was that then the sheriff was his natural enemy. If the sheriff was not his enemy could Rooker still be one of the robbers? But—Rooker was one of them. Jubilo had seen him share their loot. Then what? One chance occurred to him. Rooker might be a stool pigeon; he might have been planted in the gang by the sheriff; he might be ready now to betray the others. Jubilo thought this improbable. If it were true Rooker would not have dared speak to Punt openly upon the street. He would have kept under cover.

Jubilo was puzzled, and he could find no answer to the puzzle. His thought ran back into the preceding days, and he remembered that Hardy had told him not to betray Rooker to the sheriff. Another mystery. Or was it a mystery? If Hardy was one of the robbers that would be a natural thing for him to do—to shield Rooker. Jubilo did not know whether or not to believe Hardy was one of them. Circumstances said he was; Jubilo's own estimate of the man said he was not. Hardy was not one to flock with birds of that feather. There was a natural justice and honesty and fearlessness in the man. Jubilo was blown hot and cold by the winds of his own reflections. Hardy was a robber; he could not be a robber. Jubilo could find no key to the situation.

His thoughts ran back to that morning of the last day of his tramphood; the morning of the day he had come to Hardy's and found self-respect, and Rose. The incidents of the robbery ran before his eyes like a moving-picture film. He could see very vividly the bay horse with the white rump, so like that horse in Hardy's stable. He visualized to himself the rider of that horse. But horse and rider had been a mile or two away, barely near enough so that he could distinguish the horse's markings. The rider had been merely a dark sliver against the rolling land beyond. It might have been Hardy, it might have been anyone. Jubilo could not tell.

He remembered that Hardy had made denial, that he had sworn the horse was in the pasture at the time. Rose had sworn with him, had supported him stoutly. But if Hardy was a robber would he not have lied, and would Rose not have lied to shield him? It was logical to believe this; yet it was ever so hard for Jubilo to believe that either Hardy or Rose would lie. He did not know what to think, but he was profoundly troubled.

His trouble passed as he remembered his fight with Rooker. There was honest joy in that. His blood still leaped to the feel of Rooker's mouth, crushed beneath his knuckles. A flood of rage surged over him, so that he wished he had choked Rooker lifeless. He was for a moment drunk with this recurrent rage. Then it passed, and he wondered what Rooker was doing now, and what he would do. Would he come back to Hardy's? Jubilo knew that he would. There was a ratlike courage and persistence about Rooker. He would not be scared off; he would not be kept away by fright. Sooner or later he would return.

Jubilo's thoughts turned inward. He had told Rooker he would kill him if he returned. Would he do that? Would he kill Rooker? Jubilo was honest with himself. It is easy enough to threaten to kill a man; it is even reasonably easy in the heat of conflict to do the thing and strip away the shreds of life. But in cold blood? Would he kill Rooker in cold blood? Jubilo shook his head. He could not. He would not. He had made an empty boast.

He upbraided himself for those empty words flung in Rooker's teeth. He called himself braggart and weakling. He tried to harden his resolution; but in his heart he knew Rooker was safe enough from him. Jubilo was not a killer; he knew he would rather himself be killed than kill another man, even though that other were Rooker. Killing is an art that must be learned; the heart of a killer is a slow growth, and it must have fertile soil. Jubilo, dig deep enough, was just a careless, frank and reasonably honest boy. He was full of friendliness. And there was none of the stuff of death in him.

He wished he had not told Rooker he would kill him. In a country where such thing are done it is unwise to make empty talk. Jubilo was not afraid of any danger on his own account. He was not afraid, for example, that Rooker would come armed, and shoot at sight. But he was afraid of what men would think of him when he failed to make good his boast. They would laugh; Rooker would laugh.

A man of weaker stuff than Jubilo might have been fired by such a thought as this. Fear of being thought a coward might have hardened another's resolution to the killing point. But it was not so with Jubilo. When he realized men would mock at him he was sick and sorry. But he would not kill, he would not kill even Rooker, to avoid all the taunts men's tongues could find to utter. He was not a killer; that was the up and the down and the in and the out of that. He might thrash Rooker again. He would enjoy doing that. But this other ——

Then he saw the house ahead of him, and realized that he was almost home. A minute later the car drove up to the porch and on past it to the stable, and he began to take out the things he had gone to town to get.

Rose came to the door of the house: "Where is Bert?"

Jubilo told her: "He decided to stay in town."

She looked surprised, and she looked pleased. But she only said: "Dinner's almost ready." Then she went back into the house.

Hardy was in the stable, pulling down feed for the stock. He came out to where Jubilo stood by the car and asked, as Rose had done: "Where is Rooker?"

Jubilo said: "I left him in town."

Hardy asked: "Why? What happened?"

"We had some trouble," Jubilo confessed.

Hardy hesitated, looked thoughtful. "What was the trouble? Serious?"

"We had a fight," said Jubilo.

"What about?"

Jubilo's face burned red as fire. And Hardy asked: "Rose?"

"Yes, sir," said Jubilo.

Hardy shook his head. "I'm sorry. That was not right, Jubilo. It will start some talk."

Jubilo had to defend himself. He saw that Hardy had misunderstood. He said: "It wasn't that we quarreled. I overheard him speaking of Rose in—an unpleasant way. So I made him take back what he had said. I had to do it, sir."

He saw that Hardy's eyes had hardened. "I see. I did not understand. Please tell me just what happened."

Jubilo told him straightforwardly.

"We separated, while I did the things you sent me to do," he said. "He was to meet me to come home. But he didn't turn up, so I went to look for him. Found him in that bootleg joint behind the restaurant. As I came in he was talking about Rose. That's all."

Hardy asked: "You whipped him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Soundly?"

"Yes, sir. He howled before he took it back."

Hardy stood silent, thoughtful, for so long that Jubilo was uneasy. The young man said at last: "There was one thing I couldn't understand. You may want to know about it. You know I told you I saw Rooker splitting the money with the holdup men?"

"Yes."

"Well, he went out of his way, in town to-day, to talk to Sheriff Punt. Met him on the street and took him out of sight somewhere. I saw them meet."

"He spoke to Punt, you say?"

"Yes."

"Didn't Punt stop him first, to question him?"

"No, sir. Rooker stopped Punt."

Hardy looked perplexed and concerned. After a little he asked: "Why didn't you bring Rooker back with you?"

"Perhaps I should have done so," Jubilo said. "I guess I lost my head. I told him if he ever came out here again I'd kill him."

Hardy looked at him intently. "You said you'd kill him?"

"Yes, sir." And after a minute he added: "You see, things were pretty hot. One man there tried to pull a gun. I had to take it away from him." He lifted the weapon from his coat pocket and showed it to Hardy. "I lost my head," he said again.

"But you told him you would kill him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you mean it?"

"I did at the time. I felt like killing him then."

Hardy smiled a little. "Do you still mean it?" he asked. "Do you intend to kill him when he comes?"

Jubilo said honestly: "No. He needs it. But—I couldn't do it, I fear. I shan't try."

"You'll be laughed out of the country."



"Hear You Told Him You'd Do It," He Commented. "Well, You Kept Your Word"

"They'll have to laugh," said Jubilo. "I talked too much. I'll have to take my medicine."

Surprisingly Hardy gripped Jubilo by the hand. "Don't worry," he said. "Matters will work out all right. You've done well, I should say."

Jubilo asked "Do you think he'll come back?"

"Yes," said Hardy. There was, Jubilo thought, an infinite weariness in his voice. "Yes, he will come back."

"At least," said Jubilo, "I can give him another thrashing and kick him off the place."

Hardy shook his head. "Don't," he said. "Don't do it, please. Let matters work themselves out. The thing will come right in due time."

Jubilo said impulsively: "Listen, Mr. Hardy. Let me take a hand in this. I can see there's something —— You and Rooker. I'd like to help you if I can."

"Thank you," Hardy told him quietly. "But—there's nothing you can do—except to stand by. Let the world roll on." He smiled wistfully. "Things have a way of coming to pass, Jubilo, whatever we may do to stop them. I've found the best way is to meet them as they come, not go to meet them. Let Rooker come; let him have rope. I'll tell you the story some day. I can only tell you now that I—want to be kind to the boy, Jubilo."

Jubilo said quietly: "All right, sir. But if you ever need me ——"

"Of course," Hardy agreed.

Then Rose called them and they went up to dinner. She asked about Rooker, but Hardy merely said: "He decided to stay in town for a few days, Rose."

The girl understood there was something hidden from her; and she looked curiously at Jubilo, but she asked no further questions.

This passed on a Thursday. Rooker did not return that day. The old shadow of apprehension lay upon the house that evening, when Rose worked in the kitchen and the men smoked upon the porch. Jubilo fretted under it. He lay awake for an hour or more after he had gone down to his bed in the hay, considering what had passed. But he came to no conclusion.

Friday saw them all three working in the fields, Rose driving mower or rake or wagon as the need arose. She wore in these days that garb of khaki which she had worn when Jubilo first saw her. When their work in the open was done she cooked their meals; but Jubilo insisted on being allowed to help her with the dishes again. He offered to do this often, but ordinarily she refused. This night he insisted.

"You're as tired as I am," he said. "You've done as much work as I have to-day."

So he helped, while Hardy smoked in the kitchen and smiled good-naturedly at their swift talk together. Afterward they sat for a little on the porch before separating to go to bed. In spite of the hovering certainty that Rooker would return they were very happy together.

Saturday Rooker returned. Tom Pence, from up the river, made his weekly trip to Muskoka, stopping in the morning to take commissions. He came back in the late afternoon, when Hardy and Jubilo had come up to the house from the fields. They saw that he had a passenger in the seat beside him. He stopped before the house, at the foot of the hill, in a flurry of dust; and Rooker climbed out of the car and picked up a bundle of letters and papers and a parcel or two from the floor of the tonneau. Then Pence drove on, and Rooker grinning cheerfully walked up the hill toward where they waited for him.

When he came near enough they saw that Rooker still bore the marks of his encounter with Jubilo. One eye had a dusky hue; his nose was larger than usual, and there were tiny cuts in his lips. Nevertheless, they saw that the man's ugly smile was still working. Give him credit, Rooker was no coward.

He stopped ten feet away from the porch and looked at Jubilo.

Then he asked cheerfully:

"Well, would you kill a poor cripple, friend?"

Rose had heard Pence's car stop before the house and had joined Jubilo and Hardy on the porch. She did not understand what Rooker meant; and with a woman's instinct for sympathy she cried: "Bert, you've been fighting!"

Rooker shook his head. "I've been trying to fight," he amended. "Mr. Y. O. Jubilo here did all the fighting that was done."

Rose looked at Jubilo, but Jubilo was watching Rooker. She turned to her father and he said softly: "He and Jubilo fought, in town. Jubilo thrashed him."

Rooker asked Jubilo again: "Going to kick me off now or save me for breakfast? I came out to commit suicide. Don't delay the funeral, young fellow."

Jubilo had the courage to eat his words. He told Rooker: "I shan't hurt you. I was angry—said more than I meant. So long as you're on the level here I'll not interfere."

And Hardy added: "There's always a place for you here, Bert, so long as you behave yourself."

"Behave myself?" Rooker grinned. "Why I'm a regular kindergarten child! Rosie knows that. I never was one to hurt anybody."

Rose was baffled and puzzled by this passage between the men. She only knew there was something here that she did not understand. And she felt the tension in the air—a tension so acute it was like to break at any moment in a jangling discord of tragedy.

She was glad of the chance which Rooker's word gave her to take a hand, so she stepped down from the porch toward him and held out her hand and said: "Stop talking so much, Bert, and give me my mail. I've waited a week for it now."

Rooker laughed and gave her the packet he carried. The two other men relaxed. Hardy went into the house. Jubilo sat down on the steps, outwardly at ease, inwardly alert. His perceptions were sharpened by his encounter with Rooker. He knew the man now for what he was—one utterly evil. And he set himself to expect the worst, and to counter the blow when it should be delivered.

Watching Rooker now he saw the look the man sent after Hardy; and there was

(Continued on Page 117)

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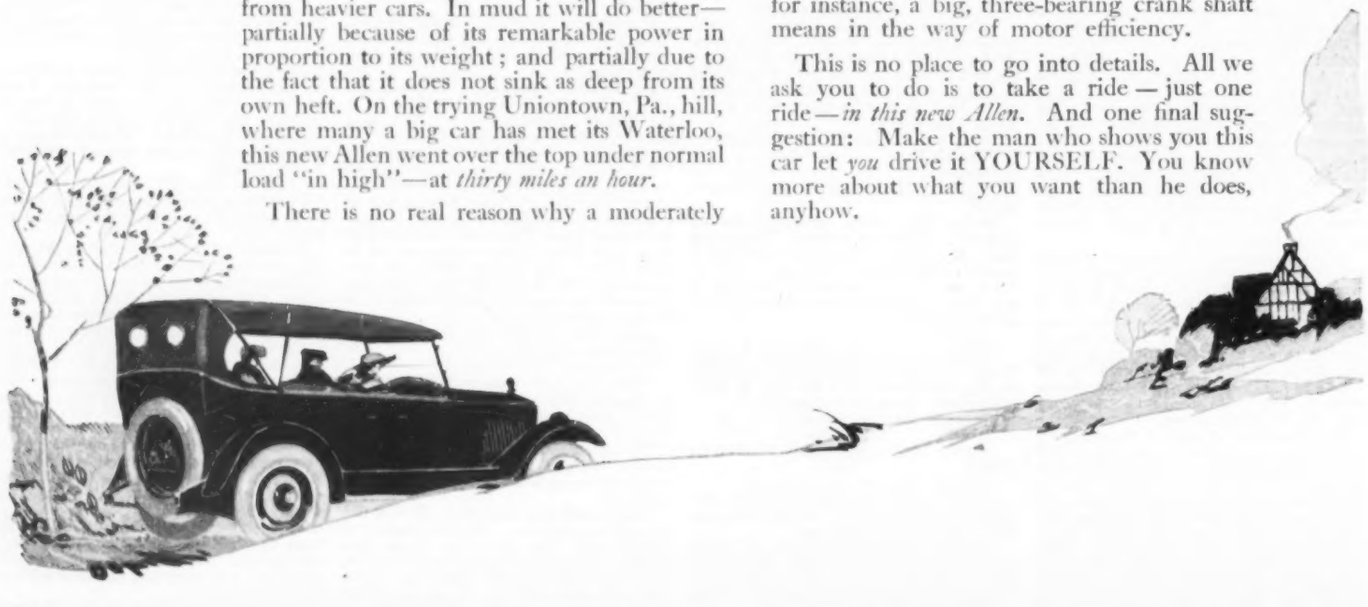
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OLDFIELD TIRES

"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

(Continued from Page 113)

such black hatred in Rooker's eyes as Jubilo had never seen before. It was the first time he had understood that Rooker hated Hardy, though the thing might have been easily guessed from the beginning. He wondered whether Rooker would strike first at Hardy or at himself; at Hardy, he thought. Rooker would believe he could deal with Jubilo at any time; his immediate errand here had been Hardy from the beginning.

Rooker and Rose were still standing together, a few feet away from where he sat. He heard Rooker say: "You're getting prettier every day, Rosie."

Rose smiled uneasily and half turned toward the house, and Rooker caught her arm and exclaimed, careless that Jubilo could hear: "Come; don't you go! You ought to let a fellow tell you he likes your looks, I should think."

Jubilo was rolling a cigarette. Rose looked at him and laughed uncomfortably, and freed herself from Rooker. "I do like to have you tell me, Bert. Any girl likes to be thought nice looking."

But she gave him no time to tell her again. She slipped past Jubilo into the house, and Rooker started to follow her, then came face to face with Jubilo, and stopped and looked down at Jubilo and grinned.

"You're some tidy scrapper, friend," he said frankly. "I'll hand it to you."

"If you make any breaks out here," Jubilo told him with the utmost good nature, "I'll certainly hand it to you."

Rooker asked a little boisterously: "Is this another of those black-hand death threats of yours."

"No," said Jubilo. "This is a threat of the heavy hand."

Rooker leaned toward him a little. "Let me give you a word, young fellow," he said. "You licked me, square enough. But I never let a man lick me twice. The next time you come at me, come with a gun, and come shooting. Because I aim to start such proceedings, first off."

Jubilo rose quietly and stood facing the other man; and it may be that he would have reached in that moment for the weapon in his pocket if Hardy had not come to the door and said quietly: "Supper's ready, boys."

So they went in and Rooker washed himself at the sink and they sat down and ate. Jubilo and Hardy and Rose—these three were quiet and thoughtful. But there was a hilarious elation about Rooker. He was like a man with a secret that pleased him. He made broad jests and he laughed at them himself. He twitted Hardy obscurely, in a fashion Jubilo could not understand. He made frank love to Rose before them all, while Hardy's eyes darkened with anger, and Jubilo twisted in his chair, and Rose laughingly parried his advances. There was a quiet note of danger in the air; there was danger in Jubilo's restlessness, in Hardy's restraint. But Rooker seemed unconscious of these things; or if he was conscious of them he ignored them. Only Rose seemed to feel that which was imminent, and she was miserably anxious.

There were moments during that supper, while they all sat together at the table, when the storm seemed fit to break. Once Jubilo half rose from his chair, but Hardy's eyes caught and held him. Once Hardy answered a taunt from Rooker with a slow stirring. But Rooker had looked away from him to Rose again and Hardy quieted. It was Rooker who held them all in his hands at that moment; he spoke to Hardy scarce at all; to Jubilo not once. But every word he addressed to Rose covered a taunt thrown at the men, and they felt it, and he knew they knew.

No coward was Rooker. Jubilo was forced to admire, even in those long minutes of the supper, the courage of the grinning loud-voiced man. He must know he played with death.

Abruptly Jubilo understood why Rooker could be brave. Rooker had judged him, Jubilo; he had judged Hardy; he had seen they were neither of them men ready to kill another man. He had discovered the scruples and the inhibitions under which they lived. In a battle between a man who will kill and a man who will not the killer has all the advantage. It is much easier to kill a man than to hold him harmless. In this clash of spirits it would have been very easy to kill Rooker; but it was impossible to silence him short of killing.

The thing had to end. The end came when they had finished eating. Hardy got up as though with relief, and started for the porch. Rooker said he would help with the dishes, but Rose would have none of him, and Rooker accepted her word good-naturedly enough and went out, with Jubilo on his heels. The three men sat on the porch, and again the words were all Rooker's. Silence held Hardy and Jubilo.

Rose finished with her work more quickly than usual. She joined them. And Rooker got up with extravagant courtesy and bade her sit beside him.

"I'll stand," she said. "I'm going to walk round. In the night."

She stepped down from the porch and moved away a little in the shadows, looking up into the sky.

Rooker moved over to join her. "I'll keep you company," he said. "Little girl ought not to be out alone."

"I'm not going anywhere," she protested. "Just ——"

Hardy got up from his seat on the steps and went into the house. Jubilo could sit still no longer. He rose and moved toward where the girl and Rooker stood. Rooker was urging her to come for a walk with him. Then Hardy came out of the house with a lighted lantern. They looked toward him.

He said quietly: "Bert, I want to talk to you."

Rooker hesitated, his face grim; then he laughed. "Fire away, Judge," he challenged.

Hardy spoke to Jubilo. "You and Rose stay here," he said. "Bert, will you come down to the stable with me?"

Bert said cheerfully: "See you later, Rosie." Then he stepped to meet Hardy. "Come along, Judge."

He and Hardy went down the slope toward the stable side by side, without speaking. For once even Rooker was silent. As they reached the stable and went inside Rose moved quickly from where she stood and came near Jubilo and took his arm, and her eyes were on the stable door that Hardy had closed behind him when he and Rooker went in. Jubilo looked down at her; he felt that she was trembling.

And after a moment she looked up at him and whispered: "Please, I must hear! I must hear! I can't bear not to!"

Jubilo nodded. "Come, then," he said.

And they went softly down the slope of the knoll till they were within ten yards of the stable door.

When they stopped they heard Hardy asking evenly: "Why did you come here, Rooker? I ask you again."

And Rooker's ugly laugh. "Don't you know, Judge? Didn't I tell you I'd come?"

"I knew you would come," said Hardy. "I ask now why you have come? What do you mean to do? Do you mean to stay or go? What is your plan?"

"Suppose I'm not ready to say?"

"I am not willing to bide your time," Hardy told him. "The thing comes to an issue. Now. To-night. What is in your mind?"

And they heard Rooker say: "What would be in my mind, Judge, after five years where you put me? What would be in my mind now, do you think? Some sweet Christian charity, maybe?"

"There was never, and never will be, any part of Christ in you. Not even your mother could give you that."

"Oh, you set her pretty high, didn't you, Judge?" Rooker taunted; and then sudden passion boiled in his voice: "But you killed her. You killed her, you snake!"

Jubilo felt Rose's hand tighten on his arm; and there was a long moment of silence before Hardy answered evenly: "I may have done wrong, Rooker. Any man may do wrong. But I did what I thought right; and I did what I still think was right. The only thing for me to do. In any case, that is past. I will not justify myself to you. I ask simply this: What do you intend? What do you want? I will wait no longer to know."

"You'll wait," said Rooker maliciously, "till I'm good and ready. But I can tell you now, Judge, you'll not have long to wait."

"Not half an hour," said Hardy evenly. "For in half an hour you leave this place, and you do not return."

Rooker laughed. "That only goes to show," he said, "how little you know. Matter of fact, Judge, in half an hour or so it's you that will leave this place, and it's you that will never return."

"I ask you again what you mean to do?"

"I'll tell you," said Rooker. "Maybe I ought not to. But I'll tell you, just to see you squirm. I came here—anyways,

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I started for here—with a gun in my pocket, loaded for you. That was what I meant. Just that and nothing more. I was mad, Judge. Good and sore. Too mad to see there was better ways. I think I'd have changed my mind anyway, when I got here. Seeing Rosie. She's worth seeing, Judge. She's going to like me some day—after you've gone. I'll persuade her to."

"Drop it," said Hardy curtly. "I'll have no talk of Rose."

Rooker chuckled. "You're mighty particular. However—I said I started out to do you, Judge. But I'd met a man in the hole you stuck me in. He got out the day I did. And he had friends. Down here. And they were figuring on a job. You know what that was, Judge—the holdup. Bad business for you, Judge. Naughty, naughty! I declare, I was shocked and pained. But I saw my chance to give you a taste of what you'd give me. And I took it."

He was silent for a moment; Hardy said no word. And Jubilo's heart was sick. Hardy had not denied; had not denied.

"I threw in with the gang," said Rooker jubilantly. "I was on the train. I flushed the birds, and they had a man in each car to watch where the birds laid their eggs. Made the collecting easy. That was me. But that wasn't what I was in it for. I was in it to get the goods on you, Hardy. And I did."

Hardy said steadily: "I think you are a little bit crazy, Bert."

"Crazy, am I?" Rooker taunted. "I'm crazy like a fox. Everybody on the train saw your horse. The posse trails the gang up here to your place. The sheriff had his eye on you after that. Then I came along and tipped him. Told him where you'd hid out your share of the loot. Do you get it, Judge? Do you see it now?"

"My share?" Hardy repeated thoughtfully.

"And he's coming," said Rooker. "Coming to-night. You'll go back to Muskoka with the bracelets on. And—they killed the messenger, Judge. So you'll not be handed any little five years like you handed me. You'll get the limit—maybe the rope. And—I just want you to remember, Judge, right up to the end, that I gave it to you! I gave it to you! I handed it to you, you cold-blooded hound! Me, Bert Rooker! And I hope it chokes you every time you think it over. You damned, lean, ugly, sneaking dog!"

Rooker's voice had been rising; the man was swept by his own excitement into a frenzy of hate and triumph. Jubilo thought there was madness in his voice.

Then Hardy asked quietly: "Do I understand that you hope to lay the holdup on me?"

"Absolutely! Hope to? I tell you, I've done it, Judge! You'll sleep behind bars to-night, if you ever sleep again." He laughed a crazy, high-pitched laugh. "And when you're there, Judge, think of me and Rosie, playing together out here all alone. Sweet little playmates we'll be."

Hardy cut in curtly: "If you speak of Rose again, Rooker, you'll regret it. As for this other, it's a wild dream. I know you were involved, as you say. I've proof of that. I'm sorry. I had hoped you would come out with a new eye for life and some decency in your heart. I've shielded you. I owe you that much; and I can do that much now. I will let you go. You can get out, go away."

"To hell with you!" Rooker cried in a voice that was like a scream. "I'm going to stay. You're going fast enough. But I'm going to stay. Rosie and me!"

"Drop that name," said Hardy. "If you speak it again I shall kill you."

"Kill me?" Rooker challenged hoarsely. "Kill me? By God, you're not fit to live. Even to go to jail. I'll ——"

And then abruptly crashing in the night and stunning Jubilo and Rose where they listened, two shots roared—one close upon the other; roared and bellowed.

Afterward a harsh, strangling cry within the barn, and a sudden frightened stirring of the stock in their stalls—the horse whinnied, one of the mules kicked out nervously, the cows stamped and wrestled with their head yokes.

At the same instant a flash of light from the road swept up and fell upon Rose and Jubilo. A car coming up the river from Muskoka! Jubilo saw, not realizing what it meant. He saw without comprehension. And even as he saw he leaped to the stable door and flung it open, and was inside.

His gun—the gun he had taken from the man in Muskoka—was ready in his hand.

Jubilo burst into the stable with his weapon ready to shoot; but there was no need. He saw in his first glance that the shooting was done.

Hardy stood facing him ten feet away, the lantern at his side. His revolver was in his hand. At Jubilo's left, crumpled on the floor, lay Rooker. He did not stir.

Hardy, very still and stern, watched that still figure; and when Jubilo came in he said quietly: "I've killed him."

Then he slid his revolver into his holster.

Jubilo, gun in hand, bent over Rooker and tried to lift him. But Rooker was limp—a dead weight, awkward, hard to handle. Jubilo stood up again; he looked at Hardy. His heart was sick with sorrow. Hardy was a robber; now he had killed the man who had betrayed him. It was justice for Rooker; he had deserved it. But—Jubilo could only think of Hardy and of Rose.

Curiously in that moment he remembered the car approaching along the river road. That would be the sheriff coming to arrest Hardy. He would take Rose's father away, as Rooker had sworn. The dead man would have his will, even in death. The sheriff was almost here.

Rose slipped past him, crying out softly, and ran to her father. Jubilo looked at them; he thought swiftly. He heard the roar of the sheriff's car as it climbed the hill.

And so he decided. He whipped up his gun. He must be able to show that it had been fired. The rear window of the barn was open. He shot twice, through that open window. There had been two shots before; the sheriff could not hear these above the noise of his car. But he would find two bullets in Rooker.

Hardy and Rose were absorbed in each other; they did not mark what Jubilo had done. He looked at them, looked at Rose with a glance that was farewell. Then he stepped out of the stable and went quickly up to where Sheriff Punt was alighting from the car. He walked into the glare of the headlights; and the sheriff said: "Hello, there."

Jubilo held out his gun, butt foremost. "Handcuffs for one, sheriff," he said cheerfully. "I've just killed a man."

Sheriff Nate Punt stared; then he recovered himself. Business was business. He took Jubilo's gun, broke it, and found the two empty cartridges.

"That so?" he asked. "Who was it?"

"Rooker," said Jubilo.

The sheriff nodded. "Hear you told him you'd do it," he commented. "Well, you kept your word."

"Sure," said Jubilo. "And—while I'm about it—I was the man that rode Hardy's horse in the train robbery. You've got me, anyway."

"Oh?" Punt asked. "You was in that?"

"Yes. Waited for them by the bridge."

"You don't say!" said the sheriff amiably. And Jubilo had a strange, faint consciousness that Punt was laughing at him. "Where's the money, then?"

"Rooker found it. That's why I bumped him off. I guess he told you. I saw him talking to you in town."

Punt nodded. "Oh, yes, he told me. Buried, back of the house. I'll get it by and by. So you killed Rooker?"

"Yes."

"When was all this?"

"Just now."

"Whereabouts?"

"Down in the stable. He's in there, on the floor."

"Did he pull on you?"

"Didn't have time. I beat him to it."

"No self-defense about it, eh?"

"No. I expected to make a get-away. But you've got me. So what's the use?"

Punt spoke to someone in the car. "Ain't that hell?" he asked whimsically; and the man agreed that it was. Punt asked: "Where's Hardy and his girl?"

"Trying to do something for Rooker. They tried to help him; but he was a bad egg. Had a grudge against Hardy."

"Did he, now?"

"Yes."

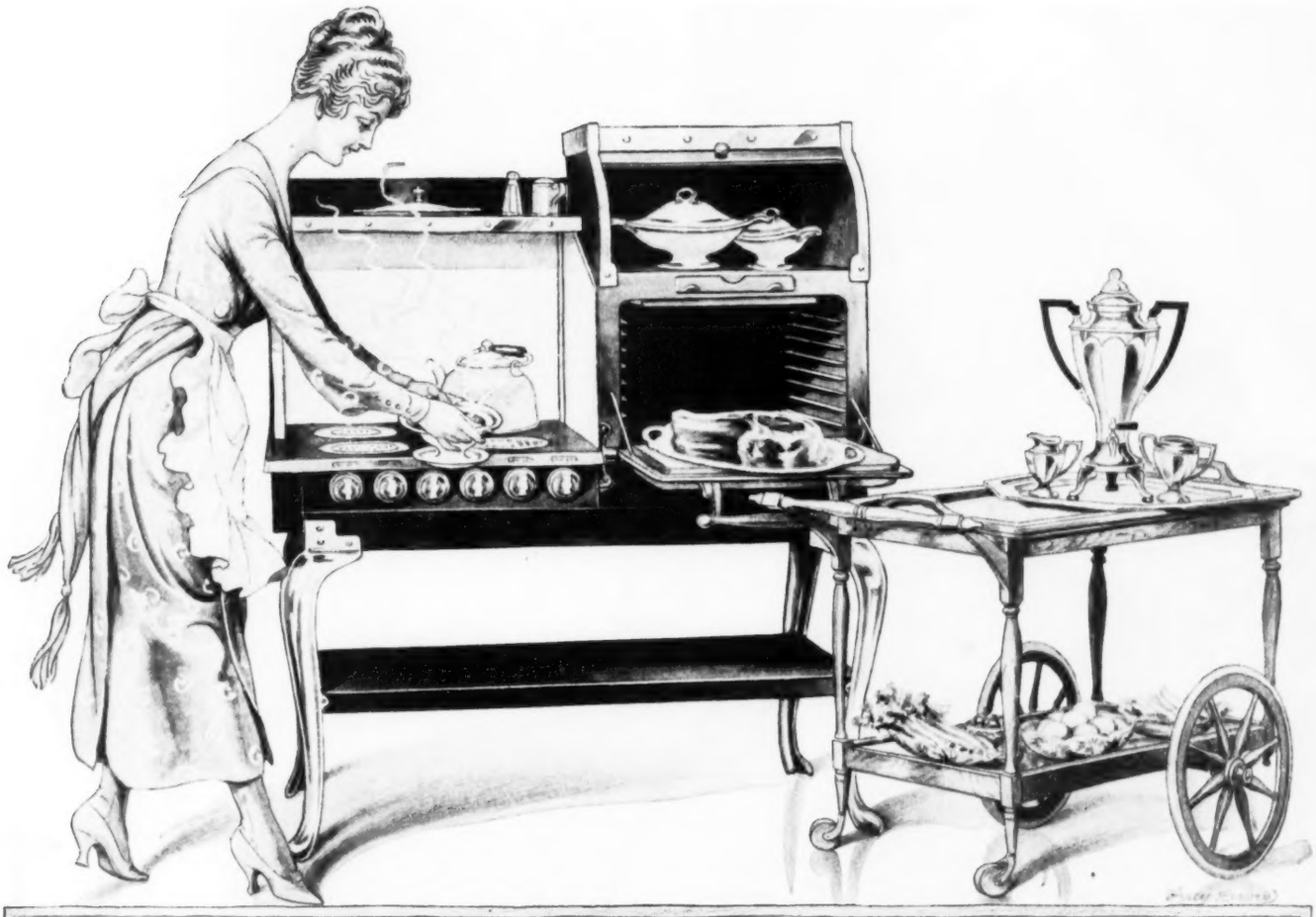
"They are down there now, you say?"

"Yes."

"All right," said the sheriff. "Let's us mosey down."

He started toward the stable. Jubilo kept by his side. The other man got out of the car and followed them. Rose and Hardy were kneeling over Rooker when they came to the stable door. They had been so absorbed in this that they had not

(Continued on Page 121)



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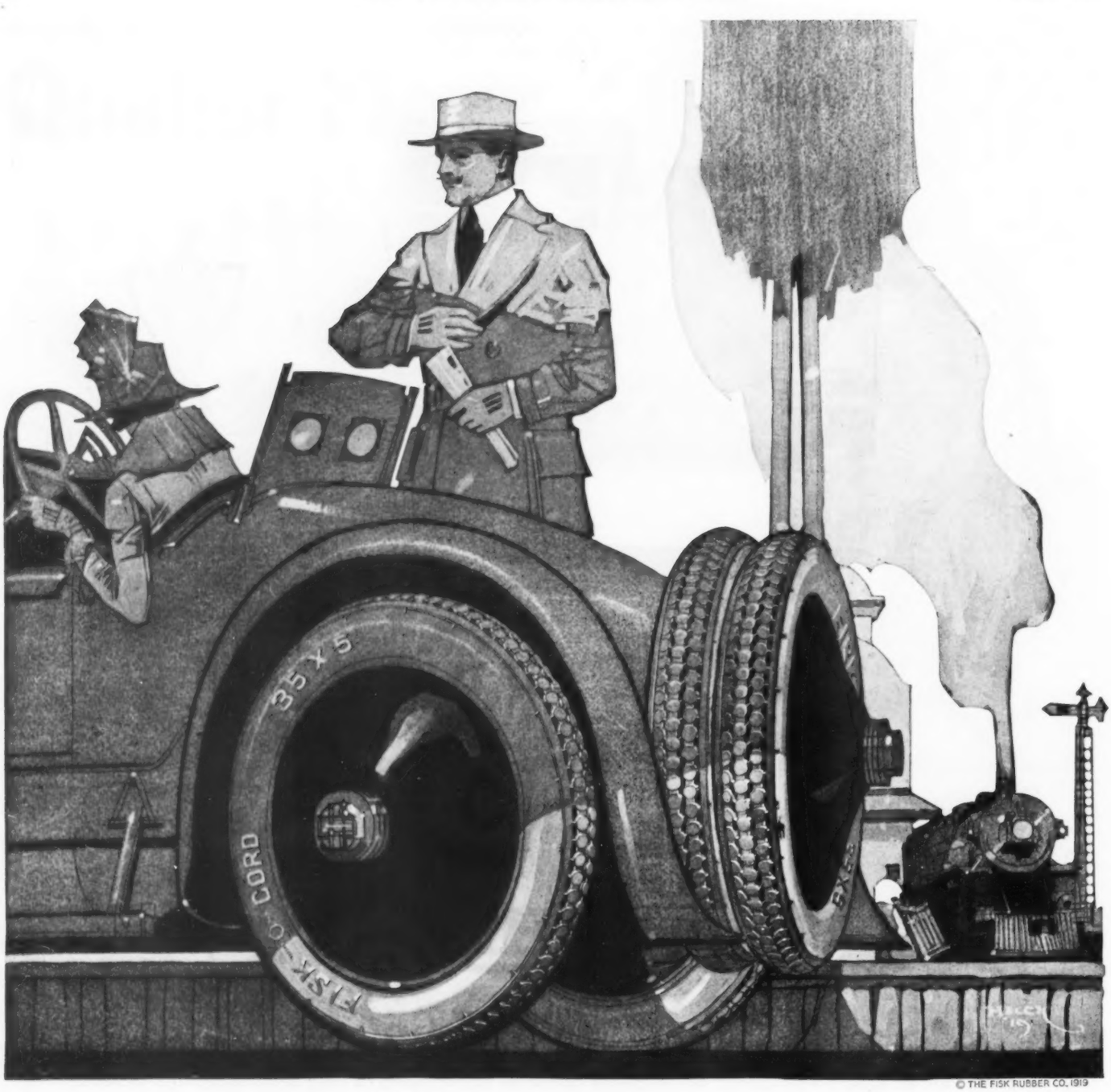
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(Continued from Page 118)

heard the sheriff's voice, nor Jubilo's. The sheriff stopped in the doorway, and Hardy saw him and came to his feet, and stood, very still and stern.

Punt said amiably: "Well, this young fellow says he's done for Rooker."

Rose stood up swiftly at that. "Jubilo?" she cried.

"Yes, ma'am," said the sheriff.

Jubilo cut in quickly. "I've taken advantage of you, Hardy," he said. "I rode your horse in the holdup. Thought it would divert attention. I've owned up now. Sheriff got me before I could get away. No use to lie. So I told him."

Rose asked swiftly: "You told him you killed Bert?"

"Yes; and that I was in the holdup gang. I've got my share of the money buried behind the house."

Abruptly Rose laughed, with tears in her voice. "You blessed liar!" she said softly, and came and put her hands on Jubilo's shoulders. "You blessed liar boy!"

Hardy said behind her: "As a matter of fact, sheriff, I killed Rooker. He pulled on me and I beat him to it."

Jubilo protested: "That's not so. Sheriff, he's been trying to make a man of me. He's trying to shield me now, let me get away. He's a good scout ——"

Sheriff Punt drawled: "Looks to me like there's a lot of competition round here."

"I killed the man," Hardy repeated. "The boy means well, but I take full responsibility for what I do. I killed Rooker."

The sheriff bent above Rooker and stirred him and turned him over; and Rooker groaned. Punt grinned at that and stood up again.

"Looks to me like you both lied," he said. "He ain't killed at all. Got a bullet in his shoulder, looks like. And fainted off."

"Hell!" said Jubilo. "I meant to kill him. First time I ever missed."

Sheriff Punt turned and looked at Jubilo good-naturedly.

"Son," he said, "you dry up. Hardy never told a lie in his life. I know him. And—Rooker's a bad egg. I know him too. Tried to lay the holdup on Hardy, so I let on to believe him, just to see how far he'd go. To-night this Bill Billet come through. Told the whole story. Hardy wasn't in it. And Rooker was. They's a reward for him, by the way. Five hundred. For any member of the gang. Reckon tha.'s why you're both claiming you got him."

For a long moment no one spoke. Jubilo could think of nothing to say; Hardy had said all there was to say. Only Rose hugged Jubilo's arm, and hugged it hard.

Then Punt bent over Rooker again. "If you'll get some water and rags, Hardy," he said, "I'll patch up this here piece of damaged goods so he can be took back to town and nursed up a bit."

"I'll go," said Rose, and sped toward the house.

Jubilo stood still; and after a little Hardy came across and laid his hand on Jubilo's shoulder in a friendly way.

XIII

ROOKER was not badly hurt; nevertheless, it was necessary to keep him quiet for that night, and Sheriff Punt stayed watchfully near him in the stable. In the morning the sheriff asked Hardy to ride with them to town to straighten out the tangle of affairs. They had dug up Rooker's share of the money from its hiding place behind the house. And after breakfast they got Rooker into the sheriff's car and rode away.

Rooker for once was silenced. He said nothing at all. All the courage was knocked out of the man; and it was quite as if the living death had already settled down upon him.

Thus Rose and Jubilo were left alone; and they were both quiet, speaking little, speaking only of commonplaces when at all.

After breakfast was cleared away Rose came out in a slim little white gown Jubilo could never have described, and she said: "I'm going for a walk, Jubilo. Do you want to come?"

Jubilo did. He wanted always to be with her. So they started off up the river, walking on the grassy slope above the dusty road. Jubilo felt as though someone had gagged him. Words had fled; but Rose of a sudden was become ever so gay.

By and by they came to the upper ford, where the river curved in a horseshoe; and they walked out to the grassy point round which the stream circled, and sat down there. For a time then Rose fell silent as Jubilo. They were motionless, and by and by the faint wild life all about them began to stir again, after the hush imposed by their approach. A river rat came down with the current, his triangular head cutting the yellow water like an arrow and sending ripples streaming back to either bank. Some sort of ground mouse peeped at them thrice from a tuft of grass ten feet away, gathered courage and sprinted madly across a three-foot space to another grassy covert. Across the narrow river a snake thrust up its head from the water, found nothing alarming in their presence, and slid without effort upon a stranded log to drape itself in the pleasant hot sun. The bird notes that had momentarily hushed upon their arrival were resumed again; and the little singers paused now and then to dart down from their perches and pick some tiny insect from the twig where it went about its business below them. A hundred yards away, across the river, a rabbit hopped lazily across a rise of ground and disappeared into the vale beyond; and a little later a mother quail followed by a dozen little heads picked her way from cover to cover with a watchful eye for enemies about her or aloft. When by and by Rose spoke her voice was so soft that it did not disturb the little creatures all about them; but it startled Jubilo.

"You've never told me who you really are—who you were before you came here, Jubilo," she said.

He looked at her quickly, looked away again, and his face set in sorrowful lines. "I was—plain tramp," he told her. "Liar, and loafer, and sneak."

She laughed softly. "I thought dad had cured you of lying—till last night," she said.

He flushed. "He has cured me," he told her.

"Then tell me the truth," she challenged. "What is your name? Your real name, Jubilo?"

He said, eyes off across the river: "I'm—just what you see. My name's—so common it's foolish. Just John Smith. And I'm as common as that."

"I think common things are best," she said.

"My father and mother were good people," he said. "He was a doctor. Sent me to college. Then he and mother got sick, working for other people, taking care of sick people. Mother nursed them. They got sick, and they died. And I—had the itch to wander. I didn't care what happened. Took to the road. That's all."

He stopped, his voice harsh. And when he tried to look at her his whole heart leaped into his eyes, and he turned his head quickly so that she might not see. But she had seen; and her cheeks colored faintly as she studied his half-averted countenance.

After a moment she said softly to him: "Jubilo!"

He turned at that; and she made sure that what she had seen in his eyes was really there; and she laughed happily to herself.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Oh—nothing."

He leaped suddenly to his feet. And at that sudden movement the little creatures all about them froze into invisibility, and the snake across the river slid with a soft "Plop!" into the water and was gone. Rose looked up at him, smiling; and after a moment with an air of great decision he—sat down again.

Rose waited; but he said nothing, so she asked: "What did you get up so quickly for?"

"Oh—nothing!"

"You startled me."

"I scared myself."

"Oh."

For quite a little while they said nothing more. Rose plucked grass from the tufts about her, and idly plaited them into a strand, and wove the ends of the strand together, and then tossed the whole aside, and forgot it. Jubilo filled a pipe and smoked vehemently, and clasped his hands about his knees.

A mischievous light began to sparkle in her eyes as she watched him sidewise; and after a time she suggested maliciously:

"If you've nothing to say you might—sing something."

He rapped the ashes out of his pipe with grim precision.

"If I sang anything—it would be a swan song," he said.

"Why?"

"Because I'm going away."



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He was not watching her, so he did not see the hurt look that came into her eyes. She only said carelessly: "Oh—are you?"

"Yes, I am," he told her loudly.

She laughed and said: "Well, you don't need to shout about it."

"I wasn't shouting."

"You were."

"I wasn't."

She yielded. "Oh—weren't you?"

"No, I wasn't."

"Oh."

He turned to her fiercely. "Don't say 'Oh' like that."

"All right," she agreed humbly; then she asked: "Where are you going?"

"Away."

"It's a nice place, I've heard," she told him teasingly.

He looked toward her, with misery in his eyes at her teasing; and when she saw him look like that she could not tease him any more.

She met his eyes fairly, looked at him steadily and honestly, so that what he saw made him catch his breath.

And she said softly: "Don't go, Jubilo."

He didn't go.

After a considerable time she remembered to tell him the story of Bert Rooker. Hardy had been a judge in those days; and he had loved Rooker's mother. Rose told Jubilo that this love had been a very big thing indeed. They were to have been married. Hardy was very happy.

"Then Bert got into trouble," said Rose. "He—stole. His mother would not believe it. She thought he was very fine, and straight, and good. She thought people were persecuting him.

"He came to trial before my father. And—I don't think women understand such things. We just know that we love men, husbands, and sons, and—lovers. She came to father to save Bert; she said father would let him off if he loved her. She begged.

"My father would not shirk. He might have transferred the case to someone else. But—it was his duty to try it, and to—pass sentence, when they convicted Bert. And he would not shirk, not even for her. He sent Bert to prison for five years. It was the best he could do for her—without being false. And he did it.

"It broke his heart; and it broke hers. And Bert swore he would kill father when he came out. And Bert's mother never spoke to father again. And she died last year. At home. We had come out here. That is all."

She had told the story very simply; yet the drama and the tragedy of it gripped Jubilo, so that for a time he could not speak at all. But after a while, as young folks will, they ceased to talk of others and spoke of themselves alone.

Only once she said: "Dad will never have to be unhappy any more."

"No more of any unhappiness for you or for him," said Jubilo. "No more if I can ——"

"You can," she assured him, her hand gripping his as he sat beside her. "Dad loves you—as I do. And we'll always be ——"

She leaned a little toward him so that their shoulders were touching; and after a time Jubilo began to hum, between his teeth, a little air; and he came to the laughing chorus, and sang softly the first two lines. She joined him, then, as though the words were a prophecy. And to the river and the broad prairies and the sweeping wind they sang together, sang as though the words voiced the thought in both their hearts:

It mus' be now de Kingdom comin',
An' de year ob Jubilo!

(THE END)

The Poets' Corner

The Huntsman

THE wild horn sang: "To follow!"
When the summer days were young,
For the fox had left his hollow
With the red hounds giving tongue;
And the roan mare ran the faster
For the keen high joy of the chase,
And leading the hunt was the master,
With the warm wet wind in his face.

And under the cliff and over
The high hill down to the glade
The scent ran warm to the cover
That the fox's mate had made.
Then away where the creek ran singing,
And the red gums leaned to toss
Their ragged shadows, swinging
With the wild grapevine across.

The small honeybee and the bumble
Knew the end of the chase was nigh,
For the red brush hung to the pommel
As the galloping feet went by;
And the master rode through the closes
With the red pike underfoot;
And the lean hounds ran with their noses
High, and their tongues were mute.

The bugles called: "To follow!"
And the notes rang over the world;
Fast as the flight of the swallow
Were the fluttering flags unfurled;
And the master rode, none bolder—
While the fox sped home to his den—
With a silver bar on his shoulder.
But the chase was the chase of men!

Oh, the slim fox feeds in the fennel,
And the horn hangs high on the wall!
The red hound whines in the kennel,
And the roan mare neighs in the stall;
But the years will pass with the shadows
To the dear loved days of yore,
But up through the long green meadows
The master will ride no more.

And yet—when the March nights bluster
One dreams she can hear him still,
And that under the wan stars' luster
A wild horn sounds on the hill!
And the red hounds' loud deep crying
Where the spectral moonbeams dance—
But the master's a year been lying
On a green, green hill in France!

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

English Bay

AS WE sailed out from English Bay the
sun flared up astern;
Flared across the mountains' crests and lit
the sea's white churn;
Lit the foam of the steamer's wake with a
stream of crimson blood
And tipped with scarlet the masthead flag
above the topaz flood.

As we sailed out from English Bay with
treasure in the hold,
With a company of adventurers whose hearts
were more than gold,
The gale swung out the billowing smoke in a
trail of sunny brown
And the snowy manes of the Lion's peaks hid
Vancouver town.

As we sailed out from English Bay to coral-
tinted seas,
To far atolls and islands ringed round with
tropic trees,
To blue-and-yellow harbors with mountains
at their back,
We reckoned not of lashing storms, of wrecks
and monsoon's wrack.

—*Gordon Malherbe Hillman.*

A Window on the Sound

THE tall ships, the steel ships, stained red
with rust and brine,
The fisher ships, the lank ships and colliers
from the Tyne
Beat slowly past my windows against the
grim gray swells
To the song of straining capstans and the
jangle of their bells.

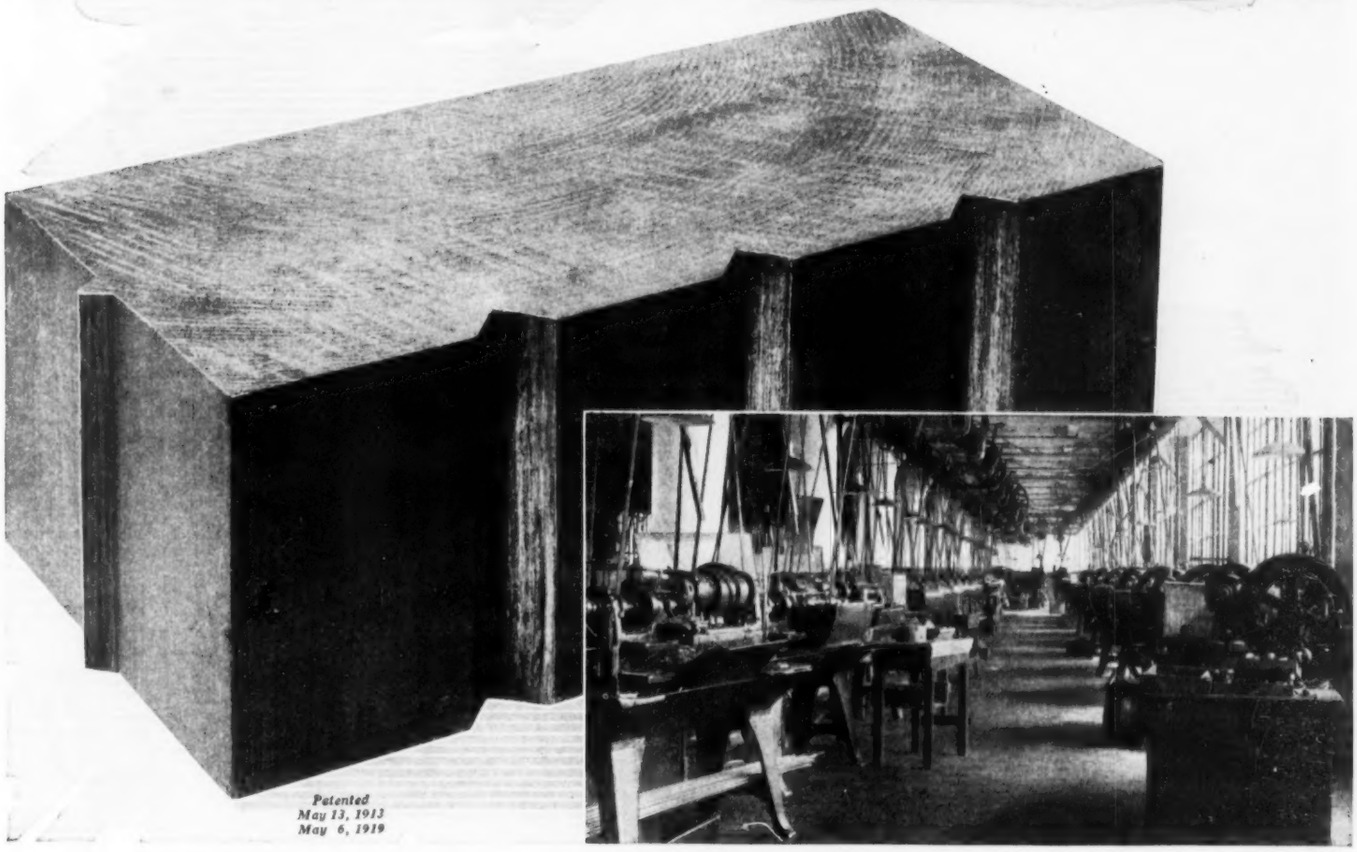
Skies of topaz and jade, yellow with wind
and rain,
Tint the depths of the brilliant sea along the
steamer lane,
Brigantines and traders bound for far green-
jungled lands
Spread their tattered sails 'gainst the sunset's
crimson bands.

Mist and rain and northeast storm may
shroud the sea in gray;
Through the wreathing mist-hung depths the
steamers make their way.
Huge gray ghosts with curtained decks and
fog-bound stem and stern,
Whistle their presence down the shoal where
white and red lights burn.

—*Gordon Malherbe Hillman.*

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THE GIRLS I LEFT BEHIND ME

(Continued from Page 34)

fire he had built. He was presently to plod up front, and meanwhile we were talking over anything but the war. We mentioned musical voices and I alluded to this French girl who spoke English so that it sounded like music.

"Funny!" he said. "But I just wonder if it could be Adrienne."

"I did not hear her name; we met for a minute in one of those pathetic little towns in Lorraine, where a few of the people have come back. I can't remember, even, what she looked like."

"This Adrienne," he said, "was little and slim, with light-brown hair and blue eyes and regular features and a lovely voice. There were a dozen reasons why every fellow in the company would have fallen for her, officers and all. For one thing, she could speak English, and she translated for us to the French. Then she was pretty and sympathetic and helpful. She was always wanting to sew a tear for us or give us something for a cold. Besides, we'd have fallen for her story."

Adrienne Disappears

"Gee, what she didn't say about the Germans! It seems she wasn't a native of this town, but of a town in the sector the Germans held. Her people were all killed and she'd got evacuated through Switzerland in that first gang they let through, and had come to this place to stay with her aunt, who had a café. She found that her aunt had been killed by a shell. All the same, she stayed on and ran the café. She certainly gave the fellows a square deal. Never overcharged, gave good measure, and if a fellow hadn't any cash she let him run up a score.

"Lots of them were dippy over her, and no wonder. She'd remember the names of their brothers and sisters and this and that little item about things at home. I never knew such a memory. Now and then a cynical guy would say she did it for business reasons—and her café always was full. Lots of guys used to go there, not to drink but to have a word with her. She didn't stay more than she had to behind the bar either. Used to circulate and sit down with the fellows and have a drink.

"My buddie, Sam, was crazy about her. It was the real thing with him too. I used to try and argue with him. Tell him it was only because he was over here alone in a strange country. Nothing doing! Sam said she was the first and only girl for him, and would be the last. I don't often butt into people's business, but I did have a talk with her.

"'Mademoiselle,' I said, 'you're mighty nice to all the boys, but Sam's different from most. He's too darn good a fellow to play with. Any woman that he loves better either tie up to him or turn him down hard.'

"I didn't know but she'd read the riot act to me. But she just looked me steady in the eyes for a minute, and then says she, as near as I can remember: 'Monsieur, I will not play with your friend. A good many of the American soldiers think they are in love with me. But I understand it is because there are so few girls here, and they are homesick. With one or two I know very well it is different. They will not forget me when they go away; they will never forget me. But, monsieur, if such a man attracted me I would not, as you Americans put it, give him encouragement. For I belong to my country. Not until the war is over could I think of love or marriage.'

"Well, it kind of struck me as pretty good talk, and I figured it she'd either give Sam the boot hard or else she'd tell him how things were, and sort of toll him along till we licked the Germans. For it seemed to me she kind of liked Sam. He was a Southerner, you know, and could say the things women like to hear, but he was a real he-fellow, besides. If ever a fellow was worthy of a girl it was Sam. But that girl—well, I thought she was worthy of Sam. She was too fine for just a common dub to expect to get very far with."

There was a strained look in the sergeant's face, and his eyes were full of memories. It was not hard to see that in his life had been two great loves—for his buddie and for Adrienne.

"What happened after that," he resumed, "was that Adrienne and Sam were thicker'n thieves. When we got word we had to go to Champagne I thought Sam would go dippy. For he knew darn well that it would all be front-line work for us from then on, and he didn't know when he'd see her again. His outfit went off ahead of mine, for I'd been shifted to regimental headquarters. Well, the night after Sam went I walked by Adrienne's café. It was shut. Well, that made me feel kind of lonesome, so I dug up a friend, a sergeant connected with the Intelligence Department, and we went for a stroll.

"'Wonder if Adrienne's wearing black for Sam?' I says. 'The café is closed.'

"He shoots me a funny look, and he says: 'There was a great to-do in our place today, and to-night I bet there's half a dozen officers thinking to themselves "What did I tell her?" Adrienne's in a staff car, handcuffed, on her way to Paris. Yep; German spy, all right. If there's a man in the whole place that hasn't spilled something in her hearing I'd like to know his name. I bet you a dollar Sam's told her all he knew. Lord only knows how much information she's given the Germans. That old woman that she said was her aunt wasn't at all. She came direct from Wilhelmstrasse.'

"Well, just for a minute I couldn't say a word. I'd a good deal sooner Adrienne had been killed. Then I got the sergeant to see if he couldn't shut the mouth of everybody that knew about it. I didn't want Sam hearing. The poor guy got a couple of letters up to me by runner. I was to give them to Adrienne and bring her answers to him. I can't help believing she cared for Sam, only she certainly put him second to Germany. When our outfit was ordered to Champagne I kept worrying all the way about what excuse I could make him for not having any letters. I was afraid, too, that he might have heard after all what had happened to her. But I needn't have worried; Sam was hit by a shell about ten minutes before I would have seen him. I asked the intelligence officer if he could get word to her that Sam was killed. He said he didn't know if he could manage it, but I'd sort of liked to have her know he never found out about her."

A Careful Caller

That incident was poignant to me, as much for the sake of the sergeant that told it as for Sam. Some of the most significant stories of the war I came across in this wayfaring sort of fashion.

"I'll tell you," said a soldier, who had been a salesman in civil life, "most of the fellows feel toward these French girls, I guess, the way I used to feel toward the girls I met in my territory when I was on the road. I was engaged to the nicest girl ever. Not a thought of anyone but her. All the same, after a hard day's work I'd feel the need of relaxation—want something different from a magazine in an ugly hotel bedroom or the talk of a lot of barroom loafers. I'd want an easy-chair in some nice home and a good-looking girl to listen to. It's as natural for men to seek girls as for water to find its level. I got what I was looking for from those girls—sort of a sense of feminine companionship. They sort of did to put in the time with till I got back to my own girl. It's just the same with these fellows in khaki. French girls will do till they get home."

There were a good many instances where our soldiers were seriously enough attracted to French girls to want to marry them. Even in small towns and villages there were parents who sought out officers to know if this or that soldier was a suitable *parti*, and if so, would the officer please send for the birth certificate that must precede a marriage license in France. In Paris the wish to change countries was more strikingly evident.

"Do I call in many French homes?" a young handsome officer replied to me. "I do not—unless they have no marriageable niece or daughter. It can't be done—safely. Things here aren't like they are at home socially. You couldn't go to an occasional dinner party here, and to tea week after week, eating up expensive French cakes, without something being expected of you. I've had more than one friend let in for an alliance he hadn't been counting on. Men are scarce in France; they say that nine out of ten French soldiers under thirty



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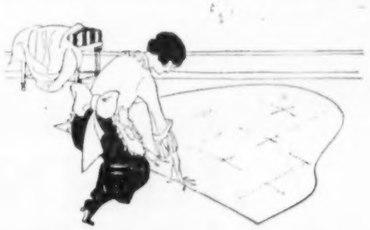
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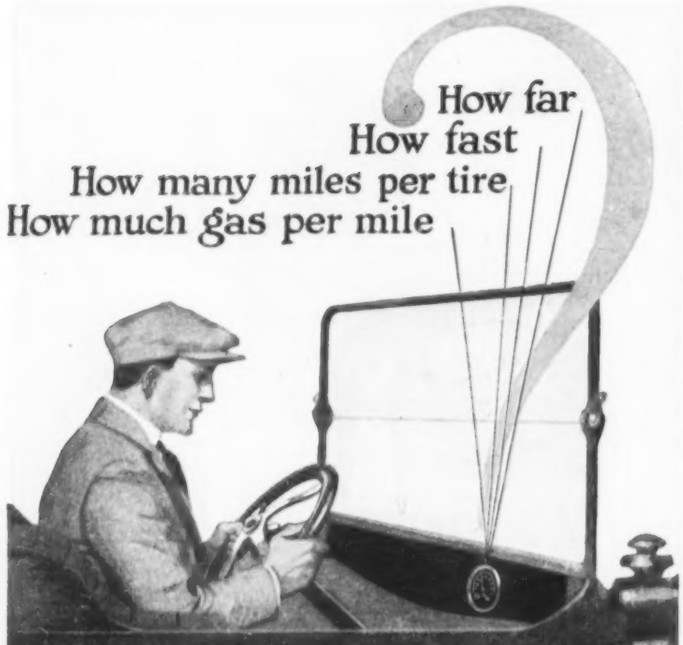
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have been killed. Frenchwomen as a rule like the Americans; natural enough to be ready to emigrate with them. It's my notion that a soldier has a right to pick his wife where he likes—among the Allies. Of course he's ready to die for the women at home, but he has a right to add to their number from a foreign land if he feels like it. Only I've got my girl picked right in the town where I was born."

Since boys must have someone to play with, it followed after our men went into Germany that there was some fraternization between them and the enemy girls. At first, naturally, the German women distrusted our soldiers; they knew of their own campaign of frightfulness in Belgium and Northern France, though they believed the Allies had exaggerated the atrocities. Nevertheless, they thought it well to be on guard. But because it is impossible for people to live side by side without getting on terms there were some cases of surface friendship, especially when the soldiers could speak the language. But these cases did not affect loyalty to the United States. The Germans could not drive a wedge between us and our Allies by means of their women.

As one hard-boiled private put it: "I know a nice little girl here; as cute a kid as any I know at home. But I could take my right arm from round her waist and bayonet her brother or father with it if they started anything. And if that made her sore—all right."

If a few of our boys said they liked the German girls better than the French, it was partly because they were tired of the French and partly because the Germans were forbidden fruit. If a soldier was seen talking on the street to a woman he was subject to arrest.

"Believe it or believe it not," said a soldier whose forbears hailed from Ireland, "but an M. P. came up when I was talking to a woman old enough to be my grandmother, about washing the major's clothes. If you could have seen her! Sure, a man can't fraternize with his grandmother!"

A Mine of Information

But a little secret colloquying there was, with women under the grandmother age. For there were a good many German girls who would be very glad to emigrate to America. I know one who is coming. She was born of German parents in the United States, and at seventeen was taken back to Germany, where she has been living for ten years. I fancy that her American sympathies were dormant during the war, but now she wants to return to the United States. She was a mine of information.

"There is hardly a girl I know," she told me, "who wouldn't marry an American soldier if she got the chance already. German husbands were hard enough to get already before the war, and now it is worse. Besides, if a girl got a husband it wouldn't follow that he'd get a good living for her. America would be better, they think.

"But the American boys, they want to find out what the German girls are like, but they maybe wouldn't marry them yet. There is one soldier that comes here a good deal, and he said he thought he would like to marry a German girl. He said they were not restless like the American girls, and seemed willing to work hard and let a man be the head of his house. Let him get one then."

A servant in one of the Coblenz hotels—a shrewd, pretty creature of seventeen—expressed frankly her intention of emigrating.

"I do not think your Government would let an American soldier marry a German girl," she said, "but if I were to emigrate to the United States, then in a few months I would be an American and could marry one."

"Do you want to marry one because you think your life would be easier in the United States?" I asked.

"It would be easier, but I would rather marry an American than a German, even if he would stay here. The German girls I know like the Americans. They are so kind to women. They let us pass into the shops ahead of them. They even hold the doors open for us. I have seen them giving up their seats in the street cars, not only to young pretty women but to old and poor ones. The Germans don't do that. Your American soldiers deserve good, obedient wives."

Obliging German Women

Those German women certainly did all they could to make it pleasant for our soldiers. One day in February I was lunching with some officers in a house by the Rhine. We were waited on by two good-looking German girls. Later on, one of the officers went out for an hour or two. In the interim it rained. When he came back, dripping, to the front door one of the maids flew to open it. We couldn't hear what she said, but we heard her cooing tones. It was pure turtle-dove. She took that officer's dripping state as seriously, apparently, as she had taken the war. She surrounded him with an atmosphere of sympathy and petting that seeped into the rest of us as we sat about our tea. The other officers looked a bit sheepish.

"Little bit of fraternization, captains all?" I queried.

"Way of a maid with a man," someone said.

We smiled understandingly. Of course these German girls supplied our men, whenever they got the chance, with docile feminine atmosphere. That was the part of their job in life that they had learned best. If they supplied it to their own men, naturally they would supply it to the conquerors of Germany, since submissiveness is ingrained in their nature. Naturally our men sampled it; that was part of their adventure overseas, sampling everything. But they didn't wear their hearts on their sleeves in Germany any more than they did in France.

Overseas our boys used to put all sorts of designs on their gas masks, besides their names—American eagles and the Stars and Stripes, the Liberty Bell, Indian heads, Gibson heads, roses and sunflowers. Sometimes they printed a clause, such as "See America first." One had put down in heavy black letters; "East—west, home's best." But a big Western lad led all the rest with a motto he had printed in rainbow colors. I am sure many a lad envied him the idea; it would have been bad form to imitate it, since there was an unwritten law of copyright about the decorations of gas masks.

What that big Westerner carried above his heart was also the motto of thousands of soldiers:

"Me for the girl I left behind me."





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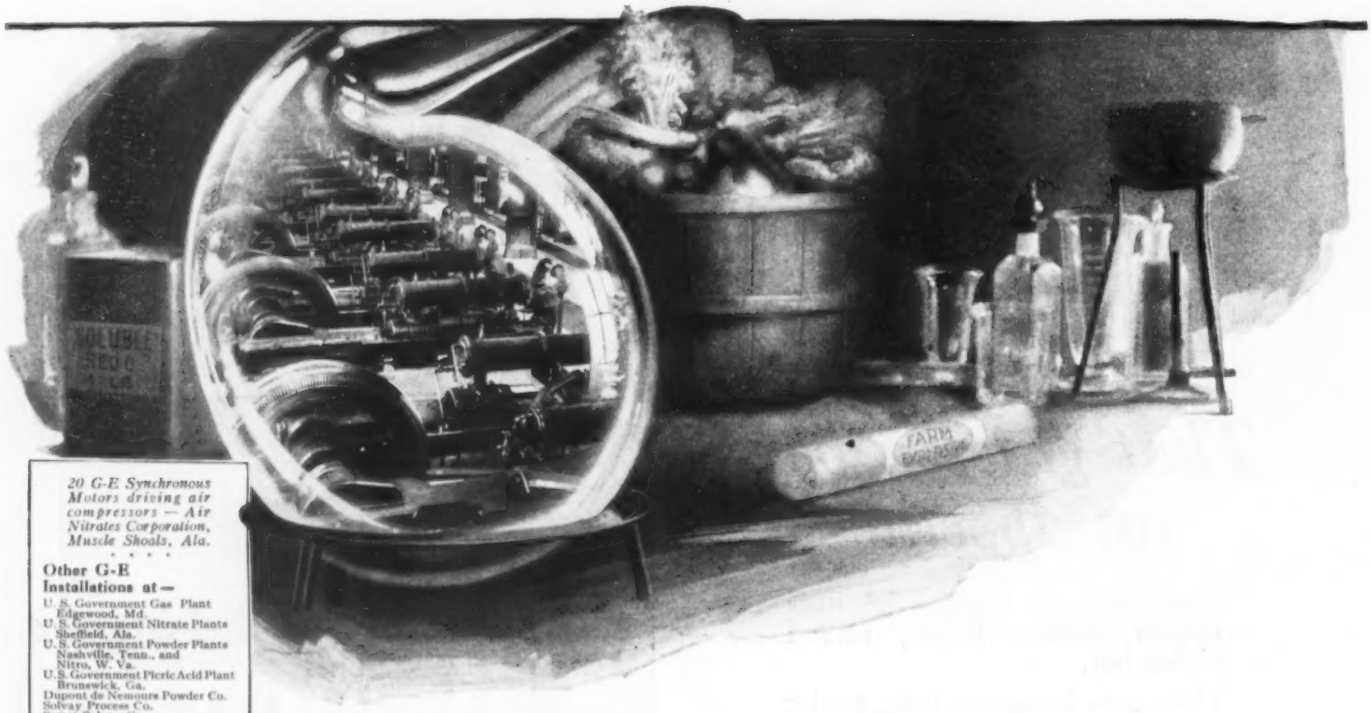


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GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

LIVE BAIT

(Continued from Page 12)

unpleasantly aware of this disturbing fact. No sooner had the colored person made up his mind that he could wait than Mrs. Pettingill made up her mind she couldn't. Besides that, she had week-end visitors—that complicated matters. Once again the front door of the Pettingill house opened. A maid appeared once more. She yelled at the colored person. A comfortable snore met her halfway. She stepped gingerly across the porch and touched him on the shoulder.

"You come inside, right away," she commanded.

The colored person started to wake up—by easy stages. By easy stages he started to comply with the demand.

"Yassum, I is," he finally announced.

Five minutes later he presented himself at the machine and handed a crisp slip of paper to the chauffeur.

"Mis' Pittingill's condiments," bowed the colored person, "'n' she hope you come agen."

"Six hundred and seventy-five dollars, including interest," cried the chauffeur. "And it's her check; and her check is always good." With a turn or two of his wrist he jerked the green-and-yellow strips from the one-man top; he tore the decorations from the colored person's girth. In that instant the Dedbete Collection Agency disappeared into the thinnest of thin air.

Phil Flanagan sauntered up to McElroy at the West End Club that afternoon and handed McElroy the check.

"I had it certified," said Phil.

McElroy stared at it. "How did you ever do it?" he demanded.

Phil Flanagan lit a cigarette. He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh," he remarked casually, "we put it through in the usual way. We never start anything that we don't finish." He looked McElroy squarely in the eye.

"Now, Mac," he said, "you come across. You've got something up your sleeve."

McElroy tucked the check away. "I have got something up my sleeve," he said. "There are two reasons why you get it. First is, Carnaby's gone in with Vickers, Jordan & Wayne, our counsel. And I can't stomach Carnaby. Second is, that firm hasn't got the nerve to fight Electric Light and Power. How about your firm? Have you got nerve? Do you like a fight? Will you stick to the finish?"

"We'll stick just so long as our clients will put up money," smiled Phil.

"You're on," said McElroy. "You can tell me now what my chances are of winning out. You listen and I'll talk. Electric Light and Power has sprung a nuisance on us down on the river front. We're right next door. The Essential Oil concern was on the ground to start with. Three years ago everything was peace and quietness. Since then they've jammed their new high power dynamos right next to our north line and our oils in our new plant that we just built down there won't settle. I want a million dollars damages. I want a permanent injunction. I want a temporary injunction and I want it without giving bond. Now you tell me what your opinion is. I'll answer any questions that you please."

Phil Flanagan smiled and slowly shook his head. "No grill-room opinions, Mr. McElroy," he said. "My car's outside. Drive down to my office with me. I'll have a stenographer take down your story and I'll look the matter up."

On their way down to the office little shivers ran up and down Phil's spine. He hadn't taken the precaution to telephone in order to find out whether any member of the firm was in. McElroy rattled on about the case. It was quite clear that he stood ready to answer any questions that Phil chose to ask. Phil didn't know what to ask or how to ask 'em. Further he said he would look the matter up. How would he look it up? He didn't know.

Fortunately Hastings was on hand. What was more, Hastings, instead of being in his own private room where he belonged, was sitting at Phil's desk where he didn't belong. What was more, Hastings made no move to relinquish Phil's chair. Phil introduced McElroy. McElroy began to talk.

"Wait one moment," cried Hastings. "Who was on the river front first?"

"We were," said McElroy. "I was, at any rate."

"Doing what?" asked Hastings.

"Why, when I started," said McElroy, "I had a limekiln. Later I went into essential oils."

"Now," said Hastings, his pencil poised in air, "you climb right up, date by date. Here, draw me a diagram of your plant and of Electric Light and Power's."

"As they are to-day?" asked McElroy.

"Keep that pencil and those sheets of paper. Draw me a dozen diagrams as you go along. Now start back at the beginning. When was it, 1893?"

"You know a good deal about it already?" smiled McElroy.

"We know a good deal about everything in this office," nodded Hastings.

It looked to Phil much as if they did. Phil sat in a chair at the window, a spectator merely looking on. Hastings sniffing the air like some bloodhound on the scent fired question after question at McElroy. McElroy answered them right off the reel. It was all Greek to Phil. But Hastings and McElroy kept on with their shuttlecock and battledore. They were on common ground; they talked in a language that each understood.

Finally Hastings, at what seemed to be a crucial point in the conversation, held up his hand.

"One moment," he exclaimed. Swiftly he darted to the bookshelves that lined the walls of Phil Flanagan's room. Unerringly he jerked down volume after volume, consulted its index, turned to a given page, scanned a paragraph or two, found what he wanted or found what he didn't want. Inside of fifteen minutes Phil's desk was piled high with equity reports. But Hastings' eyes were shining.

"I thought so," exclaimed Hastings finally. "Clinched by Janeway versus Stone."

Hastings read aloud to McElroy the vice chancellor's opinion in Janeway versus Stone. Phil listened in wonder—stupid wonder. Here was a decision perfectly intelligible to Hastings, which as he went along Hastings made perfectly intelligible to McElroy. But to Phil it seemed like words, words, words. And yet it wasn't words; it was the law. He was a lawyer and he didn't know the law. He didn't know where to find the law, nor how to find it, nor how to know it when he saw it. He couldn't even ask questions that would bring out the essential facts. He shook his head dolefully as Hastings rattled on. Hastings by the turn of a wrist had settled the question; had given his opinion. Here was genius—genius beyond Phil's conception even. To him at the moment Hastings was one of the wonderful beings of the world.

McElroy smote the desk with his hand. "By George," he said at length, "go to it, Hastings. You've got the right idea."

Phil was forgotten. Not once since Hastings had first poised his pencil in the air, not once had either man looked in Phil Flanagan's direction. As a matter of fact they had turned their backs on Phil. Phil was as much out of the matter as though he had been invisible.

McElroy still looking at Hastings drew forth his check book.

"What size retainer do you want?" he queried.

Hastings considered the matter. For the first time he glanced at Phil.

"Captain Flanagan," he exclaimed, "about a retainer now—my view is that three thousand dollars is enough."

"Well," returned Phil doubtfully, "seeing that it's Mr. McElroy it's fair."

McElroy scribbled in his check book. "And there you are," he said.

After he had gone Hastings turned to Phil. "Captain Flanagan," he said, "this is a case we're going to win. And we'll make fifty thousand dollars when we do. Good work."

Phil left the office wondering. Inside of two hours McElroy had paid the firm enough to cover Phil's salary for one whole year.

But Hastings had done it—Phil could see that. Phil had brought McElroy to the office door. He couldn't have held him there five minutes if it hadn't been for Hastings. It was the genius of Hastings that counted in the matter. Phil drove slowly back to his club with unutterable longing in his soul.

Meantime back in the office Fringer and Fitts came in after a hard, unsatisfactory

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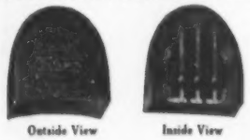
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grind in court. Hastings told them breathlessly what had happened. Fringer and Fitts listened, also breathlessly.

"Now there you are," said Fringer finally. "Carnaby was right. We can fume and fret day after day inside and outside this office; we can decide anything and try anything and fight anything and settle anything that ever came down the pike. And so can five hundred other River City lawyers. But when it comes to bringing home the bacon as Phil Flanagan has done—by Godfrey, boys, that's genius!"

The firm's fifth new client was a woman—a young woman. Before she entered the arena of events Phil Flanagan had introduced to his law firm three of the big men of the town. He had seen these three men swallowed up in the private offices of Hastings, Fringer, Fitts—offices whose doors had closed gently in Phil's face. He had watched the three big business men come out of conference with those several efficient members of the firm, their fears allayed, their fighting nerve strengthened, their troubles ended. They swung in and out, they asked for Fitts, for Hastings or for Fringer. But they never asked for Phil—they never saw Phil. They merely tossed him a nod as they went their way. In the swift, unerring system of that office there was no place for Phil.

But it was different with this girl. One afternoon, after Fringer had come down from the courthouse and while Hastings was getting ready to go home, the girl—a pretty girl in mourning—crept in, unexpected, unsolicited, unannounced. She had been knocking on the office door, she explained to the office boy, for some time. He made it clear to her that people didn't knock on office doors. They walked right in.

"I have some law business," said the girl to a stenographer, "and I want to see the head of the firm."

The stenographer took her in to see Mr. Fitts. The newcomer was very polite to Mr. Fitts, but she only shook her head.

"My business," she explained to Mr. Fitts, "is of the utmost importance to me. I must see the head of the firm."

Fitts made her quite at home. Then he went out and caught Fringer on the fly.

"Somebody worth while or I miss my guess," said Fitts. "She's got a set of furs that looks like a million dollars."

"One of Phil's classy clientele," mused Fringer. He perked up a bit and bearded the lioness in her den.

"Captain Flanagan," he assured her, "is most awful busy. Can't I be of service to you now?"

"I don't mind waiting in the least," returned the girl with a bewildering smile. After a decent interval they escorted her into Phil's private office. Hastings was there; that had been arranged. And so was Phil. The girl went straight to Phil.

"This is Captain Flanagan, I am sure," she said.

Phil bowed and placed a chair for her. He searched his memory. He had never seen the girl before. He conveyed this information silently to his partners three. His partners three stood at attention, waiting for the girl to begin.

She began. "Captain Flanagan," she exclaimed, "I should prefer to consult with you alone."

Hastings nodded hastily. "Just came in to say good night, Phil," he said. "I'm going home."

He made his exit. Fitts and Fringer followed suit. The door of Phil's private office closed behind them. Hastings made for his own room. "I'll have to stick round, I take it," he mused. "In about two minutes Phil will be hollering for help."

"You wouldn't find me hollering for help—not if I were in there with such a pretty girl," said Fitts.

"Oh, Mr. Fitts," said the head stenographer, "how bourgeois you are."

Inside Phil's office the girl laid aside her furs. "Captain Flanagan," she said, "my name is Daisy Edgar."

"Yes, Miss Edgar," returned Phil, "you want advice?"

"Very much so," said Miss Edgar. "I have been accused of forgery."

"Forgery," gasped Phil, staring at her; "you—forgery?"

"Yes," returned the girl.

"You haven't been arrested?" queried Phil.

The girl shook her head. "I don't expect to be," she said.

"What are you charged with having forged?" asked Phil.

"Captain Flanagan," said the girl, "it's a will case. Haven't you seen anything in the papers about the Blauvelt will?"

"What Blauvelt?" queried Phil.

"Peter Blauvelt," said the girl.

"The big meat man here in town?" asked Phil.

The girl nodded. "And so," she said, "I need advice. And so I came to you."

"Do you mind my asking who sent you?" queried Phil.

"Nobody," said the girl. "I—I needed a lawyer who was honest and honorable."

"How could you know that I'd fill the bill?"

The girl flushed prettily. "I've seen your picture in the papers," she returned. "I read the Delorme case, and I read about what you did in France. I don't know any lawyers except one. And I don't know whether he's honest and honorable or isn't. And so I came to you."

"It may take more than mere honesty to solve your problem," Phil reminded her.

"That," nodded the girl, "is why I insisted upon seeing the head of the firm. I need your best judgment on the matter. Don't you see?"

"I see," said Phil doubtfully. "Go on."

"Have you read anything about the Blauvelt will?" she went on.

Phil shook his head. "You tell me," he commanded.

"There isn't much to tell," went on the girl. "Only Mr. Blauvelt left practically all he had to me."

"Was he young or old?" asked Phil.

"Oh," returned the girl, "about sixty years of age."

"And very rich?"

"Everybody knows that," nodded the girl. "And of course he made most of his money out of meat during the war. Before that he was just a wholesale butcher."

Phil picked up his pencil. "Let me," he remarked, "get some of these details down. Where did Peter Blauvelt live?"

"Seventeen Terrace Road," returned the girl.

"You are Miss Daisy Edgar—where do you live?" queried Phil.

"Seventeen Terrace Road, of course," she said.

Phil flushed slightly. "And why," he queried, "did Peter Blauvelt leave you all his money?"

"Oh," exclaimed the girl, "why, Mr. Blauvelt was very, very fond of me!"

"The best reason in the world," conceded Phil. "Let's get on. You—you weren't engaged to him?"

"Engaged!" cried the girl. "He was my stepfather. Mr. Blauvelt married my mother five years before she died."

"Oh, of course," said Phil, "of course. And now about this will?"

"Oh," returned the girl, "he made his will. I was present when he signed it. So I know."

"With witnesses?"

The girl nodded. "He had a lawyer—everything was regular," she said.

"What lawyer?" queried Phil.

"Slimmons," said the girl. "He's in this building too. I just left his office before I came to you."

"He's your lawyer then," said Phil.

"He says he is, but I don't want him," said the girl; "he—he's very disagreeable. He assumes too much. Besides that I'm sure that he's afraid of the whole thing."

"Why should he be afraid?"

"Because," explained the girl, "the lawyers on the other side claim the will to be a forgery."

"You're not afraid?" said Phil.

"Not in the least."

"You know the will is not a forgery?"

"Of course I know it. I tell you I was present at the time. I saw it signed."

"Who's fighting you?" asked Phil.

"Cousins of Mr. Blauvelt's. He left ten thousand dollars to each one. If he hadn't made this will they would have had it all."

"But," said Phil, "you were his stepdaughter."

"Oh, yes," returned the girl, "but he never legally adopted me. He was always going to and never did. But he made his will instead. The cousins wouldn't look at him before he made his fortune. Now naturally they want everything he had."

"I think," said Phil, "that I'd better send for Slimmons to come down."

"Don't," pleaded the girl. "He's a horrid lawyer, Captain Flanagan."

"We can't handle this thing without consulting him," said Phil. "Ethics, you

(Continued on Page 133)

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HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

(Continued from Page 130)

know, my dear Miss Edgar. Besides, we've got to find out what he knows."

Phil summoned an office boy and sent for Slimmons. When Slimmons was ushered into Phil's private office Fringer, the jury member of the firm, followed Slimmons in and stuck. Fitts also lingered in the offing. Then Hastings bustled in.

Phil glared at them. But he was forced to surrender. "The Blauvelt will case," he announced. He nodded to Slimmons, a youth who bore the air, manner and appearance of a police court lawyer. "Counselor Slimmons," went on Phil, "Miss Edgar wants us to handle her interests in this case."

Slimmons slumped into a chair. He seemed relieved. "So long as I can get a slice of the fees I'm satisfied. The people on the other side are a bit too big for me."

"Who's on the other side?"

"Carnaby, Vickers, Jordan & Wayne."

"And they claim," said Hastings, forging his way to the front, "that somebody forged this will?"

"That's what they claim," said Slimmons.

"But you know that the will isn't forged?"

"I know it, but that doesn't do me any good," said Slimmons.

"Why not?"

"They put an expert on it," returned Slimmons.

"The will's on file?" asked Hastings.

"Oh, yes," said Slimmons. "I proceeded to probate in the regular way. They answered my petition. Forgery."

"What then?"

"I put an expert on it myself."

"Who's the expert?" queried Fringer.

"Paying teller of Blauvelt's bank. A man who ought to know."

"He says the signature's all right?"

Slimmons shook his head. "He says forgery," he returned.

"Who's the other witness to the will?" asked Fitts.

"Blauvelt's housekeeper, Mrs. Baxter."

"Straight?" queried Fitts.

"She's fine," cried Daisy Edgar.

Fringer drummed on the table for a moment. "We'll call up Andreas Castillo," he said.

"What's he got to do with it?" asked Phil Flanagan.

"Castillo!" exclaimed Fringer. "He's the foremost handwriting expert in the universe. He's the man who sent Delannoy to the electric chair."

They got Andreas Castillo on the wire. Fringer talked to him; told Castillo what was wanted.

Castillo was quite apologetic.

"The Blauvelt will case in River City?" said Castillo's voice over the wire. "I am most sorry, but I am already on the other side."

"Try Walker Jones," said Hastings.

They got Walker Jones. Walker Jones was on the other side.

"Handley or Ferguson," suggested Fitts. Handley and Ferguson both were on the other side.

"Carnaby's firm is up to its old tricks," mused Fringer. "They've bought up every expert within a hundred miles."

Carnaby's firm it was true had retained six out of the eight well-known experts in the state. Fitts attached himself to a telephone until he got the two others. These two were free. Fitts made an appointment to meet them next morning at ten o'clock at the surrogate's office in the River County courthouse.

"We want you there, Miss Edgar," said Fringer, "and you, too, Mr. Slimmons."

"And you'll be there, of course," Miss Edgar said to Phil.

At ten o'clock next morning the two experts, equipped with cameras and magnifying glasses, attended at the courthouse and compared the will with standard signatures which Daisy Edgar under the direction of Fitts had brought with her from the house. The two experts went into a corner and compared notes. Then they came back to the little group that awaited their decision.

"Very sorry, gentlemen," said one of them, "but we can be of no service in this case."

"You don't mean to say," gasped Phil, "that the signature is forged!"

The expert shook his head. "We mean to say," he returned, "that we cannot testify that the signature upon the will is genuine."

The next day when Phil reached the office he found his three partners in close consultation with each other. Perfunctorily they made a place for him.

"Phil," said Fringer, "we've put two other local bank men on this signature. It's no go. There's not one of them will say it's Blauvelt's signature. They all declare the signature is forged. We've got every expert in the world against us. It looks as if the jig was up."

Phil stared at him. "But there are three people who positively saw Blauvelt sign this will," he protested.

"That say they saw him sign," corrected Fitts.

"Mrs. Baxter ——"

"A servant—and under the influence of the girl."

"Slimmons then."

"Slimmons is scared to death," said Hastings. "He's going to pieces fast."

"On the girl's evidence alone ——" persisted Phil.

"The girl," said Fringer, "will never reach the witness stand. She's an interested party and Peter Blauvelt happens to be dead. And if she did testify, what would her evidence be worth. If this will is probated she scoops the pot. You can't place much reliance upon her."

"She tells the truth," said Phil.

"With our own experts," said Hastings, "we can't make out a case. I have grave doubts, gentlemen, as to whether we ought to take this matter up. For one I don't like cases of this kind. We're out to get a high-class clientele. The only blot on our 'scutcheon is Lalage Delorme and she was Carnaby's idea. Lalage was bad enough, but we won her case. Now this girl blows in; a girl whose mother—evidently a woman of education and refinement—married Blauvelt to give herself and daughter a comfortable home. The girl gets a million dollars of this man's money by his will and she's no relative of his. What happens? We go into court with her and her two witnesses for us and the whole world against us."

Fringer nodded. "Gentlemen," he said, "I've got to try this case, if anybody tries it. I haven't lost a single case this year. This firm's reputation as a litigating firm depends upon me. My reputation depends upon my winning cases. I won't try a case that I'm sure I cannot win. I can smell a losing case a mile off. I smell one now. Gentlemen, I know we'll lose this case."

"And the laity will be charging us with forgery," said Fitts. "I'll call up Slimmons; we'll tell Slimmons and the girl that we've got to turn them down."

Phil drew a long breath. "One moment, gentlemen," he said. "This case is going to be tried."

"Fringer says not," said Fitts.

"Fringer doesn't know," smiled Phil. "The case is going to be tried; if not by anybody else, by me."

"You try a case!" cried Fringer.

"Exactly," returned Phil.

"You can't."

"But suppose I do?"

"We won't let you," said Hastings.

"Won't let me?" returned Phil. "I'm a member of the bar. Nobody can arrest me for trying a case. How in hades can this firm prevent it?"

"You really mean it, Flanagan?"

"Of course I mean it."

"You're a damn fool," cried Fringer.

"Maybe so," said Phil stubbornly, "but I've got to try that case."

"If you do," said Hastings, "you'll try it on your own. You'll keep the firm name out of it—you hear?"

"I'll keep the firm name out of it," conceded Phil, "but I've got to go ahead, gentlemen. I've got to win that case."

"The case can't be lost," said Phil. "I know that Blauvelt signed that will. I know it because the girl saw him sign it. I know she tells the truth. Since she tells the truth the fact must be that the signature is Blauvelt's. And if the signature is Blauvelts, why we've got to win—that's all."

"Simple as A B C," sneered Fringer.

"Exactly," returned Phil, "you have the right idea. Simple as A B C."

At the surrogate's office that afternoon Phil Flanagan with the weak-kneed Slimmons in tow made a complete personal examination of the will itself. He had with him a few standard signatures such as the experts had been furnished with the day before. He laid them on the window sill where the light was strong and placed the will beside them. He shook his head.

"I can't see the difference," he said to Slimmons.



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Van Camp's Pork and Beans



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Van Camp's Peanut Butter

"Nor I," conceded Slimmons.

"And yet," went on Phil, "there is a difference—a dozen experts couldn't all go wrong."

He stared fascinated at the disputed document. Three people—and a dead man—knew that the will was genuine. A dozen experts had said that it was forged. The dead man couldn't testify; his will contained all the testimony he could furnish.

"Peter Blauvelt, Peter Blauvelt," mused Phil, gently rustling the leaves of the will as though he were insistently titillating the coat lapels of Peter Blauvelt, "speak, Peter Blauvelt; tell us what you know."

Slimmons grinned. "Not a word out of the old guy," he smiled.

And then—just then—Phil held his breath.

The will was typewritten on rather heavy paper with a high surface polish. Phil was holding the will in such position for the moment that the steady north light struck it at a glancing angle. In that instant the typed matter on the paper seemed to disappear; there was nothing save the polished surface flooded with the light. A polished surface and a seal.

A seal and something more. A smudge!

"Slimmons," said Phil sharply, "do what I tell you. Hold this last page horizontally on a level with your eyes. That's the idea. Now you glance across it as a man looks out across the surface of a pond—a sunlit pond. A pond bathed in the rays of the setting sun, without a ripple. You see nothing save a polished surface and a seal. Am I right?"

"Right," said Slimmons.

"Hold it," went on Phil breathlessly. "I'm going to place my finger on a single spot. Now what do you see there? Quick!"

Slimmons stared at Phil. Then he took another look. "Why," he returned, "at that spot the paper isn't polished. It looks dull."

"A little stretch of water roughened by the wind," said Phil.

"You can put it that way if you want to," said the unimaginative Slimmons. "At any rate it's there."

"I'll keep my finger on the place," said Phil, "and we'll look the document squarely in the face."

They looked it squarely in the face. They examined it through a magnifying glass.

"It's gone," said Phil. "It's like your troubles—when you look them in the face they disappear."

"Do they?" returned Slimmons. "That's news to me."

Phil once more held the paper in a horizontal position. They both looked at it.

"The smudge is there," said Phil.

"Only when we stare it in the face there's no smudge there at all."

"But we know it's there," said Phil.

"Yes."

"And just about where I've got my finger."

"Yes."

"Slimmons," said Phil, "that rough spot on the paper covers the entire space where Peter Blauvelt wrote his name."

"Try it again," said Slimmons. Yes, it was still there.

"Maybe it's the pen and ink," suggested Slimmons.

"Look at Mrs. Baxter's signature—look at your own," said Phil.

They looked—there was no smudge there.

"What's the answer?" finally suggested Slimmons.

"What do you say?" queried Phil.

Slimmons shivered just a bit. "The signature of Peter Blauvelt has been tampered with," he said. He glanced about him to make sure he had not been overheard.

"Tampered with," said Phil. "By whom? By you?"

"Good heavens, no!" cried Slimmons.

"By Mrs. Baxter?" went on Phil. "By Miss Daisy Edgar?"

"No-o-o," returned Slimmons doubtfully. His faith in human nature lacked profundity.

"Well," went on Phil, "if you didn't do it and Mrs. Baxter didn't do it and Daisy Edgar didn't do it—then who's been tampering with that signature?"

"Sh-h-h," warned Slimmons.

"Why sh-h-h?" queried Phil.

"Not so loud," said Slimmons. "This here is a serious matter. If they can they'll nail the whole bunch of us for forgery. Particularly if it comes out that the signature's been tampered with."

"Maybe," suggested Phil, "they've tampered with it on the other side."

"By George," said Slimmons, "I never thought of that. But you couldn't prove it if they have."

"What are we going to do about it then?" asked Phil.

"Say nothing," shivered Slimmons. "The thing is liable to hang us before we're through."

Phil tapped Slimmons on the arm. "Slimmons," he said, "I'm going to let you into a secret. I'm not a great lawyer. You know more law in two minutes than I've learned in several years."

"What are you giving me?" cried Slimmons, grinning in spite of his fears.

"But there's one thing I can figure out, friend Slimmons," went on Phil. "I know this will is Peter Blauvelt's will. That being so, nothing can hurt our case. I'm going to flood this case with daylight, Slimmons. I've an idea that that rough spot somehow is going to win our case."

Phil sat at his end of the counsel table, his knees knocking energetically together. Gathered about him were three people—only three. Daisy Edgar, tearful and nervous, leaned against his shoulder. Mrs. Baxter and Slimmons sat on his other side. Clustered about the other end of the table were two astute members of Carnaby's firm, half a dozen handwriting experts, some of Peter Blauvelt's cousins and a few law clerks.

The judge nodded to Phil Flanagan. "You may proceed, counselor," he said.

Phil's knees knocked together with increased violence.

"I'll call Mr. Slimmons," announced Phil.

Slimmons took the witness stand. He was perfectly at home. He had proved dozens of wills in his career, and after a single inexpert query from Phil Flanagan he took the bit in his teeth and trotted on in his own way.

"Oh, yes," said Slimmons, "I attended there at Mr. Blauvelt's house on the seventeenth of May, the date when this will was signed. This is the will—this paper here. Yes, we were all there—Mr. Blauvelt, Miss Edgar, she was there. Mrs. Baxter, the housekeeper, was there. I was there. Yes, the old man signed the will—we were all there then. Then I asked him some questions; asked him whether it was his will. And he said it was. And I asked him whether he wanted me and Mrs. Baxter to act as witnesses. And he said he did. Then Mrs. Baxter signed. I saw her sign. Then I signed. We all stayed together until everything was done. Mr. Peter Blauvelt kept the will. And then I left."

"And that's all?" said the court to Phil.

Phil figured out that it was, so he said "That's all."

Vickers, who was trying the case for the contestants, now rose. "One moment, Mr. Slimmons," he began smoothly, swinging his glasses gently in the air, "one moment. You are not made a beneficiary under this will?"

"The will shows I'm not," said Slimmons.

"And you are not named as executor?"

"No, Miss Edgar is the sole executor."

"You are not related to the testator, Peter Blauvelt?"

"No."

"And you have no interest in the matter?"

"None at all. Only to tell the truth," said Slimmons.

"No other interest?"

"None whatever."

"Sure of that?"

"Positive."

"You drew this will?"

"Haven't I said so?"

"But you did?"

"Yes."

"You realized that this Daisy Edgar would get the bulk of the estate?"

"Yes."

"And you had known Daisy Edgar for five years before this will was made?"

Slimmons stared at Vickers. Mrs. Baxter, next to Phil Flanagan, fidgeted.

"How do you know that?" queried Slimmons of his examiner.

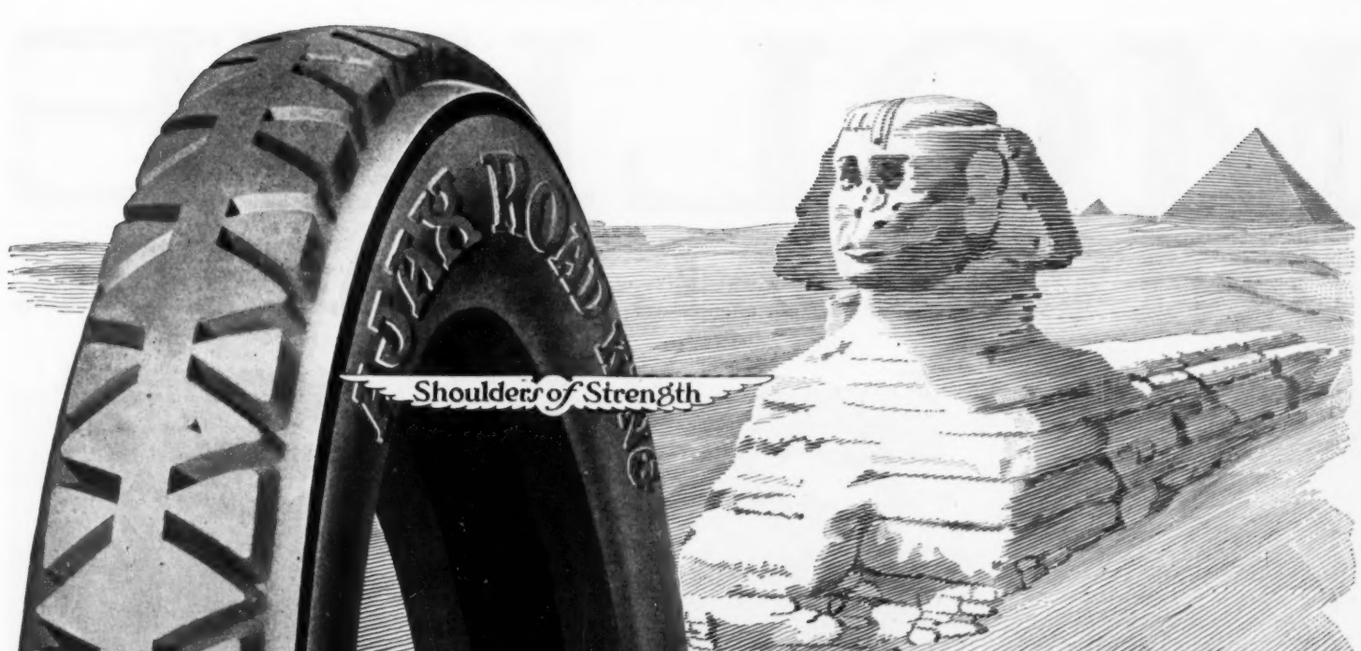
"Never mind how I know that, Mr. Slimmons," smiled Vickers. "Is it the fact?"

"Five years is about right," said Slimmons.

"During that five years you had not been on friendly terms with her?"

"I knew her as an acquaintance," said Slimmons. "I used to see her when I called on Mr. Blauvelt at his home."

(Continued on Page 137)



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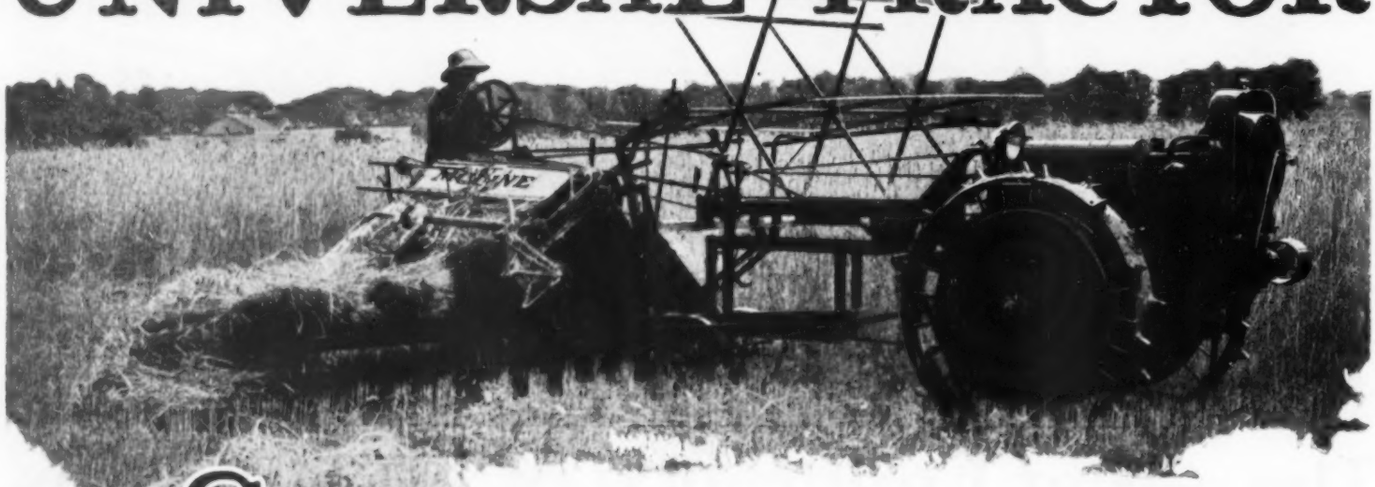
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(Continued from Page 134)

"Prior to the making of this will you never called on her?"

"No," said Slimmons uneasily.

"But," went on Vickers with the air of a man sure of his ground, "notwithstanding your slight acquaintance with this Daisy Edgar before the will was made, after the date when you say the will was made—then you proposed marriage to her?"

Slimmons turned color. He glanced helplessly at Phil. Phil stammered out some kind of an objection. It was immediately overruled. "I'll allow the question," said the court. "It shows the interest of this witness in the matter."

"After you figured out that she would get Mr. Blauvelt's money—then you proposed marriage to her," repeated Vickers, stating the proposition as a fact.

"I did," conceded Slimmons, flushing furiously.

The cousins snickered. Daisy Edgar unconsciously clutched Phil's arm.

"Oh," whispered Daisy Edgar, "he did—the horrid little shrimp!"

"So far," went on Vickers blandly, "she has not accepted your proposal?"

"No," returned Slimmons.

"Not yet," said Vickers.

"Not yet," echoed the flabbergasted young man as he left the stand.

"Your next witness, counselor," remarked the court.

"Mrs. Baxter," announced Phil. Mrs. Baxter, trembling in every limb, was sworn and took the witness stand. She made a good witness. This was the only will she had ever witnessed and she remembered all the formalities that featured the occasion. Her memory on the subject was so clear that the court regarded her carefully—perhaps with some suspicion. He asked some questions of his own. "That's all," he finally remarked.

Then once more Vickers rose. "Mrs. Baxter," he began in his most mellifluous tones, "I find that your name does not figure in this will."

"I signed my name," said Mrs. Baxter.

"Yes, yes, but you get no legacy under the will?"

"I do not," returned Mrs. Baxter complacently.

"You are not disappointed at that fact?"

"I am not," said Mrs. Baxter.

"Yet you served Mr. Blauvelt long and faithfully?"

"None better," returned the housekeeper.

"Nevertheless—he was a rich man?"

"I believed him to be."

"And you've heard of rich men rewarding their housekeepers—I mean legitimately rewarding them for legitimate service?"

"Yes, I've heard it many times."

"You didn't feel disappointed at being left out of this will?"

"No."

"And the reason," went on Vickers, once more stating his question as a fact, "that you did not feel disappointed at being left out of the will—the reason is that after Mr. Blauvelt's death Miss Edgar told you that she would see to it that you got twenty-five thousand dollars of the money. Am I right?"

Mrs. Baxter turned an angry red. She shook her finger at Vickers.

"Blast you," she cried, "you sent a man up to me. And he wormed it out of me. He made me think he'd come from Mr. Slimmons' office and he told me I must answer all his questions. And I'm a talker and I talked."

The cousins snickered some more. Vickers kept on smiling blandly.

"How can you know," he queried, "that I sent this man?"

"Because," returned the witness, "a minute ago you told Mr. Slimmons things and now you're telling me things—the same things that I told him."

"The fact is," went on Vickers, quite unmoved, "that after Mr. Blauvelt's death Miss Edgar told you she'd give you twenty-five thousand dollars out of the estate."

"She told me," said Mrs. Baxter, "that Mr. Blauvelt told her he wanted to reward me. He thought it looked bad to put a legacy in his will for his housekeeper. It was liable to make talk. But when she got the estate she was to see to it that I got twenty-five thousand dollars. And she told me she'd see to it that I did."

"Exactly," said Vickers. "And you knew that Mr. Blauvelt left some relatives behind him?"

"I know them cousins—there they sit," said Mrs. Baxter—pointing them out. "I know."

"And you knew that Miss Edgar was not a relative?"

"I knew that, yes."

"He never even adopted her?"

"He was slow about matters, Mr. Blauvelt was. He never adopted her. He thought his will would make it right."

"And if he left no will you knew that Miss Edgar would get no part of the estate?"

"I suppose I knew that, yes."

"And if Miss Edgar got no money at Mr. Blauvelt's death it would be impossible for her to pay you yours."

"It's not impossible," said Mrs. Baxter, "for she gets it by this will."

Vickers sat down, smiling a satisfied smile. By sheer cross-examination he had established strong motives in each of these witnesses to lie about the will. To lie! To forge!

"You can't beat that lad," whispered Slimmons to Phil. "He's as slick as greased lightning. He's got us all tied in—sewed up."

The judge nodded to Phil. "You offer the will?" he suggested.

"I certainly do," said Phil.

"You've made a prima facie case," said the court. "The stenographer will mark the will." It was marked as an exhibit in the case.

"Now, Mr. Vickers," said the court, settling back in his chair for a long and tedious session, "what have you got up your sleeve?"

"I'll call Daisy Edgar," said Vickers, jumping to his feet.

"What for?" cried Phil.

"Take the stand, Miss Edgar," said the court.

Daisy Edgar took the stand.

"Miss Edgar," said Vickers, producing half a dozen slips of paper, "I show you these. You can tell the court just what they are."

"They are," said Daisy Edgar, "six of Mr. Blauvelt's checks."

"All bearing date the seventeenth of May?"

"Yes."

"The same date as the will," remarked the court.

"Miss Edgar," went on Vickers, "the body of these checks is filled out in your handwriting, is it not?"

"I always filled out Mr. Blauvelt's checks," returned Daisy, "and he signed them."

"He was an illiterate man, I understand," said Vickers.

Daisy nodded. "I never knew him to write anything except his name," she said.

"He could read?"

"Oh, yes."

"You saw him sign these six checks?" queried Vickers.

Daisy looked them over carefully. "Yes, I did," she said.

"Did he sign them all at once?"

Daisy sorted them out. "These four," she said, "he signed that morning and these other two he signed just after I saw him sign the will."

The court indulged itself in merriment. "She beat you to it, counselor," said the court to Vickers.

Vickers was unquestionably disconcerted. He didn't often get tripped up. "I move," he said, "to strike out the last part of the answer—the words 'I saw him sign the will.'"

The judge shook his head. "No," he said, "I'm not going to strike it out. Of course you didn't want to prove the signature on the will by this witness, but you've done so."

"I didn't ask her anything about the will," said Vickers. He was very much annoyed.

"You didn't ask her that," went on the court, "but the answer is what you want and what I want. The point is that Peter Blauvelt signed these checks approximately at the time she claims he signed his will. The last two checks are particularly significant. You're going to claim, I take it, that the signature upon the will and that upon the checks are radically different. She claims she saw him sign the will. She concedes that almost immediately thereafter she saw him sign the checks. The conditions under which the alleged will was signed—if signed—and those under which these two checks were signed must have been the same. These two checks constitute your guiding star and mine. They at



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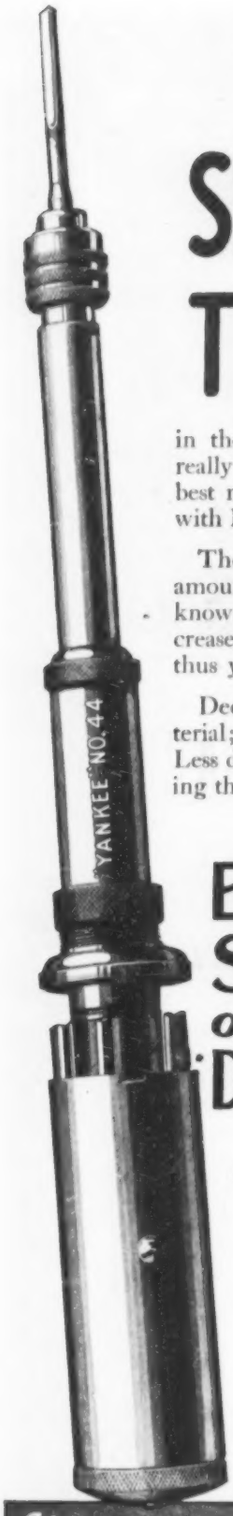
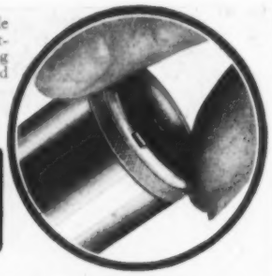


Illustration in circle shows method of adjustment for various working conditions as described below



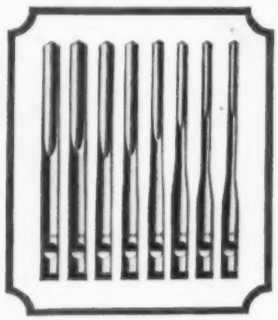
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least are genuine. She admits it. The witness plays right into your hand, counselor, even though she testifies much against your will that she saw the testator sign the will. I'll let her answer stand."

Vickers took an exception and fluttered the six checks in air.

"When did you last see these checks, Miss Edgar?" he inquired.

"Unwittingly," returned the witness, "I gave them to the man that Mrs. Baxter mentioned. I, also, thought he came from Mr. Slimmons. And I also told him many things."

She surveyed her examiner with patient disapproval. Vickers winced under her steady gaze. The cousins, however, continued to regard him with rapt admiration and somewhat unctuous awe.

"Besides these six checks," said Vickers, "you've been subpœnaed to produce a lot of others."

The witness nodded. She pointed to a batch of papers on the desk. "I have brought you," she returned, "every signature of Mr. Blauvelt's I could find."

Vickers laid the packet in front of her. "Every signature here," he queried, "you say is his?"

"I saw him sign them all," returned the girl.

"Miss Edgar," went on Vickers, "Mr. Slimmons says that when he went away that day Mr. Blauvelt still retained possession of the alleged will. Where did you find the document after Mr. Blauvelt died?"

"I didn't find it," said the girl. "The will was executed in the afternoon. That night Mr. Blauvelt handed it to me and told me to keep it in my safe-deposit box. I did."

"Then," said the court, regarding the girl attentively, "you've had the will in your custody ever since the seventeenth of May?"

"I have," returned the girl.

"That's all," said Vickers, and he sat down.

Phil Flanagan passed up an excellent opportunity to cross-examine his own client. He only shook his head. The court stared at him in wonder. The girl stood down.

"I'll call Prof. Walker Jones," said Vickers.

"Now wait a minute," said the court, glancing at the clock. "Let's see just where we stand. There are other cases waiting trial. Mr. Vickers, how many witnesses have you got?"

"I'll put on six experts," said Vickers; "then I'm through."

"And your rebuttal?" the court inquired of Phil.

"I have no further evidence to offer," returned Phil.

"No expert testimony?"

"None."

"Proceed," said the court.

Vickers proceeded, or rather Prof. Walker Jones proceeded for him. He qualified himself swiftly as an expert. Then he dived under one of the counsel tables and produced three strips of cardboard, each six feet long by one foot wide. These with the assistance of a court officer he tacked upon the blackboard in full view of all concerned.

"What are those monstrosities?" demanded the court.

"Those," returned Professor Jones in an injured tone of voice, "are not monstrosities. They are enlarged photographs of the signatures of Peter Blauvelt. Numbers One and Two are exact reproductions of the two checks mentioned by the witness who preceded me. Number Three is an enlargement of the signature upon the will."

"Are you sure?" queried the court.

"Quite," smiled the witness, "since I took the photographs and made the enlargements."

The court regarded the three signatures in wonder. "Why," he exclaimed, "the third is quite unlike the two others!"

"If it were not," said the witness, "I should not be here."

"Let me have the will and the two checks," went on the judge. They were handed to him. He examined them closely. He shook his head. "With the naked eye," he said, "they look all alike to me."

"That's why I made the enlargements," said the witness.

"Well, go on," said the court. "What's the difference?"

"The difference," said the witness, "lies in the fact that the first two signatures are the genuine signatures of Peter Blauvelt. The signature upon the alleged will is not. Peter Blauvelt was an illiterate man, his signature shows that. But, nevertheless, his signature has the punch and strength of a man with force of character. His signature upon the checks—his signature upon all the standard documents that I have seen—is strong. It has positive characteristics. The signature upon the will has none of these. This signature merely follows the form of the others. In height and length it corresponds with the other signatures."

"Don't many men have special signatures for signing checks?"

"Some of them do," smiled the witness, "under a mistaken notion that a complicated signature will baffle a forger. Mistaken because we all know that the plain simple signature—a mere scrawl, for instance—is the most difficult to imitate. Men do adopt a form of signature for checks. That makes no difference. The change in form is not a change in character. The characteristics still remain, no matter in what form a man signs his name. He may disguise his handwriting, but the characteristics are still present. Let me point out the characteristics of the true signature of Peter Blauvelt."

Painstakingly and convincingly he pointed them out one by one. "You note again," he added, "that the man who wrote the signature upon the will stopped several times in the middle of a letter and raised his pen. Pen-lifts we call them. On the enlargements these pen-lifts result in blank spaces a quarter of an inch in length; spaces where the artist has lifted his pen from the surface of the paper and started in again."

"To get fresh ink?" suggested the court.

"Not at all. In that case the freshness would show up. These pen-lifts are important. There is none of them in the genuine signatures.

"And yet in form and length and height the spurious signature on the will corresponds with the genuine signature upon the checks. There is the only resemblance, and that resemblance is wholly fatal to the validity of the will."

"Why so?" queried Vickers.

"Because," went on the witness, "it indicates beyond all doubt that the signature is a drawn signature—or a traced signature if you prefer—following the lines of the genuine signature exactly, but containing none of its other characteristics."

"What then is your conclusion?" queried Vickers.

"Mine," said the witness, "is the only conclusion that can be drawn. In my opinion the will is rank forgery. That's all."

"Cross-examine," said Vickers.

Phil Flanagan stepped to the fore. This time he had something to say. "Professor Jones," he began, "you say that the signature upon the will is forged. Have you formed any opinion as to who committed the forgery?"

Professor Jones smiled. "Naturally," he returned, "we suspect always the party or parties who will benefit by the forgery."

"Miss Edgar, for instance?"

The witness nodded. "My suspicions are directed strongly against her."

"While you were testifying," went on Phil, "I have had the name of Peter Blauvelt written by three people on this piece of paper, once by Miss Edgar, once by Mr. Slimmons, once by Mrs. Baxter. Compare these through your magnifying glass with the disputed signature upon the will."

The witness did so—quite superficially it seemed. "It is impossible for me to say," he conceded, "that any one of these persons perpetrated the forgery."

"But you still insist that the will is forged?"

"I know it to be forged," returned the witness. "I have applied every test. The will is forged."

"Professor Jones," went on Phil, "does the process of photography in any way affect a signature that is photographed?"

"You mean the original signature?"

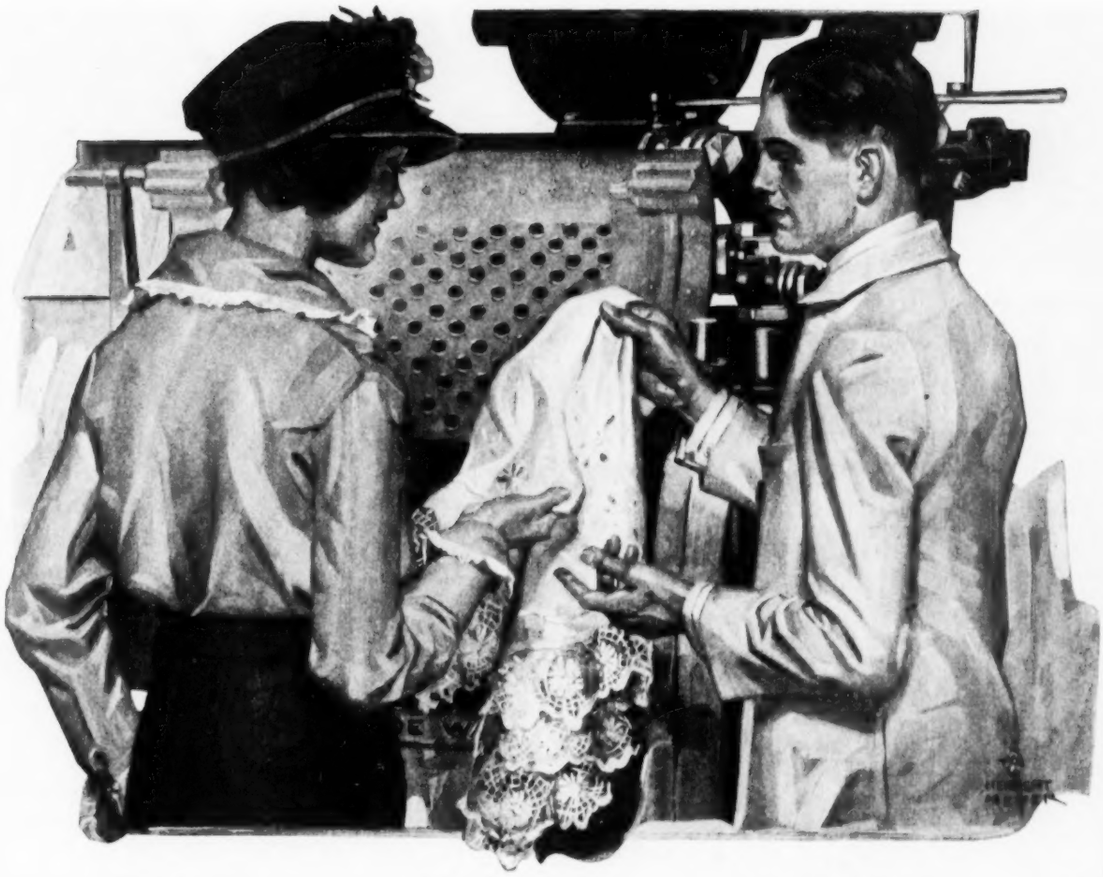
"Yes."

"No more," said the professor, "than it affects your face to have your picture taken."

"Look carefully at this alleged will," said Phil. "Tell me whether the signature has not been tampered with."

The witness examined it through his magnifying glass. "No," he returned, "the signature has not been tampered with. I am quite sure of that. And if it had been tampered with the enlarged photograph would show."

(Continued on Page 141)



Thirty Rinses a Minute—and Cleanliness



ONCE every art and craft was a close corporation. The methods and processes of each were secrets jealously guarded by industrial guilds and societies.

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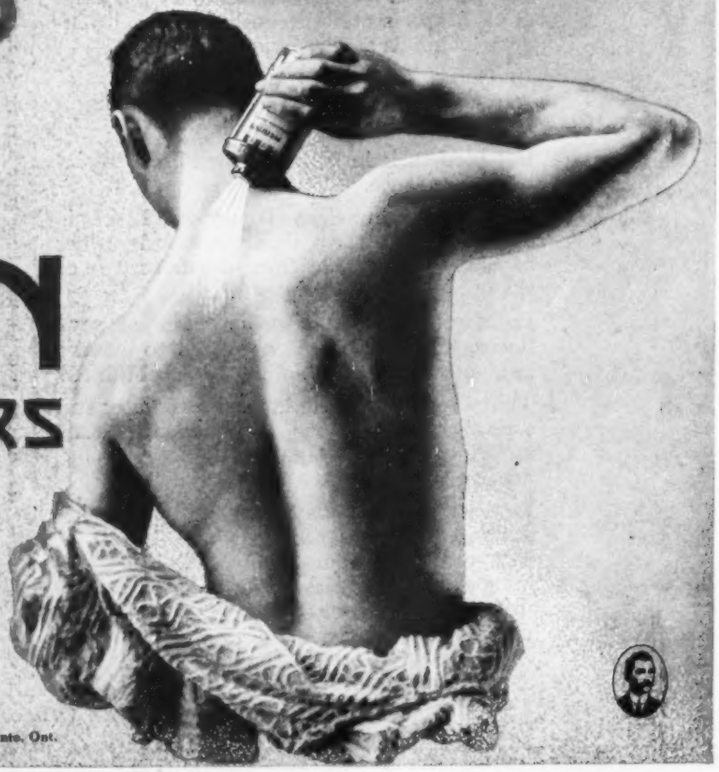
But as mothers and nurses came to realize how wonderfully Mennen's cooled and soothed baby skin and protected it from the friction of tight clothing—how deliciously smooth and sweet was baby's skin after a Talcum bath—they soon learned to look upon Mennen's as a requisite to an adult toilet as well.





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(Continued from Page 138)

"You didn't tamper with the signature?" asked Phil.

"Most assuredly not," said Professor Jones.

Vickers put on three more experts in rapid succession. They corroborated Professor Jones. By the time they had finished the hour for adjournment had arrived.

Phil Flanagan with sinking heart put Daisy Edgar into her car, and sent her home and went back—not to his office but to his rooms at the Chatelet Club and locked himself in. He had a magnifying glass, he had a few of Peter Blauvelt's checks, he had a clear photograph of the signature upon the alleged will. He stared at them with the naked eye. They looked alike to him just as they had looked alike to the court. But they weren't alike. Why not?

"Peter," he cried aloud in the silence of his room, "I'm a poor skate, Peter. She's innocent. You know she's innocent. You know you made that will. Come down—or up—Peter, and let me cross-examine you. This poor fish needs your aid."

He looked once more at the signatures. And then as though he had never noticed it before he saw the seal! The seal—the will bore a seal! The checks bore none. To the naked eye—there was the only difference in the signatures. One had a seal attached, the others didn't. Obeying a curious instinct Phil called up Slimmons. He got him at his office.

"Slimmons," he cried, "important. Did Peter Blauvelt own any real estate?"

"A little," returned Slimmons. "Why?"

"Ever sell any?"

"Some."

"Then he made some deeds?"

"A few—what's the idea?"

"Who drew 'em?" persisted Phil.

"I did," returned Slimmons.

"Do you think," said Phil, "that you could corral one?"

"If I had time I could get 'em all," said Slimmons. "But wait! Yes, by George, the old man sold a little house and lot to a client of mine! My client owns it yet, so he must have the title deeds. I'll see."

Two hours later Slimmons turned up at Phil's club with the deed that he had gone after. Phil turned to the last page.

"It's got a seal," he said.

"Of course," said Slimmons.

"Did you see it signed?" asked Phil.

Slimmons turned the deed over. "No," he returned. "I remember this deed. I drew it just before going on my vacation. Peter Blauvelt signed it while I was away. He acknowledged it before—why, before Fringer of your firm."

"Good," said Phil. "I'm busy. You go back to your office, fill out a subpœna and serve Fringer at his house to-night."

Fringer attended in the morning. He didn't know why and he didn't want to be there. "According to the newspapers," he said to Phil, "you haven't got a leg to stand on. Have they put on Castillo yet?"

"No."

"When they do look out. He's the king-pin of them all."

The court nodded to Vickers. "Proceed."

"Andreas Castillo," announced Vickers.

Andreas Castillo took the stand. He was king-pin of them all—Phil could see that.

"You testified in the Delannoy poison case in New York?" asked Vickers.

"I convicted Delannoy; he afterward confessed," said Castillo.

"You were for the prosecution in the Doctor Dever case?"

"I sent Doctor Dever to the electric chair," said Castillo. "He confessed before he died."

"You have testified in many cases?"

"I have testified in many cases," returned Castillo proudly. "I am glad to say that in all my professional experience I have never lost a case."

"Give us your opinion on this will."

"It is a forgery," returned Castillo.

"Cross-examine," said Vickers.

"Before I do so," said Phil, "and as preliminary to my cross-examination I should like to put Mr. Fringer on the stand."

Castillo stood aside for the moment. Fringer was sworn.

"Mr. Fringer," said Phil, "here's a deed purporting to be signed by Peter Blauvelt. You took his acknowledgment as master in chancery. Do you recognize your signature?"

"I do," said Fringer, looking at it.

"Did you actually take the acknowledgment?"

"Assuredly," said Fringer.

"Did you see him sign the deed?"

Fringer hesitated. "I can't be sure of that. He may have come into the office with the deed already signed. But he certainly acknowledged his signature to me."

"How did you know the man was Peter Blauvelt?" queried Vickers.

"For the simple reason," said Fringer, "that I have known him as long perhaps as I have known you. I knew Peter Blauvelt well."

"I'll offer the deed," said Phil. Fringer left the stand and took a vacant chair inside the railing. Castillo resumed his place upon the witness stand.

"Doctor Castillo," said Phil, "there's a good deal of psychology in signatures?"

"Assuredly."

"A man who's sick makes a different kind of signature than when he's well. A man who's drunk does very badly, eh?"

"Nevertheless," returned Castillo, "the marked characteristics always would be present. You might not recognize a drunken man's signature. I would."

"But his mental condition—that is reflected in his signature?"

"Undoubtedly."

"That is particularly true in the case of an illiterate man?"

"Yes, with an illiterate man writing is always of more importance than it is with you or me."

"An illiterate man will take a day off to write a letter?"

"Sometimes."

"But Peter Blauvelt," went on Phil, "signed many checks?"

"Apparently. He signed checks quite as a matter of course."

Phil picked up the disputed document. "Doctor Castillo," he said, "I want you to examine the last page of this will with your naked eye."

"I have done so many times," returned the witness.

"Follow my directions," went on Phil. "Take it to the nearest window if you please." The witness obeyed. "Now," went on Phil, "just let me hold it for you if you please. You perceive now nothing but the polished surface of the paper. Am I right?"

"Yes," said the witness, "that is so."

"The polished surface is unbroken," went on Phil, "save in one spot."

"Where is that spot?" queried Castillo, squinting up his eye.

"I place my finger upon the signature," said Phil. "Now do you see the spot?"

"The surface of the paper," nodded the witness, glancing at Phil in a puzzled manner, "has been abraded at that spot."

"And that abrasion embraces the entire space covered by the signature?"

"I am forced to say it does."

"Why doesn't the photograph—why doesn't the enlargement show it then?" said Phil.

"That is easy," said the witness. "The camera stood at perpendicular to the surface of the paper. I have looked at it askance."

"The paper is not soiled at that spot?"

"Not perceptibly."

"Your conclusion," went on Phil, "is that the signature has been tampered with?"

"The damn fool," growled Fringer to himself. He stared at Phil in disgust. Tampered with! Phil was trying to establish the validity of the document and was asking this hostile expert to say that the signature had been tampered with. Vickers was grinning. The cousins indulged themselves in rapturous chuckles. Doctor Castillo shook his head. "I cannot say," he returned, "that the signature has been tampered with. I can merely say that at that place the surface of the paper has become abraded. Its fine polish is removed."

"Look at the checks," said Phil. "Do you find any abrasion on the surface of the checks?"

"None," said the witness.

Phil handed the expert the deed to which Fringer had just testified.

"Subject that deed to the same process," he requested.

Castillo did so. He cast a startled glance at Phil.

"You find a similar abrasion on the deed?"

Castillo drew a long breath. "I must say I do," he answered.

"Resume your seat," said Phil. The witness did so. "You perceive," went on Phil, "that there is a seal upon the will?"

"There is."

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"There she is," he said.

"Why, that's never my car," I said in amazement. "It's a brand new machine."

"Your car, all right, Mr. Spencer," he answered with a grin. "Glad you like the job."

"Like it!" I replied, "Why the folks will think I've bought a new car. It's the best repainting job I've ever seen—clear and smooth as glass. Didn't take you long, either."

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"And there is a seal upon the deed?"

"There is."

"Now," went on Phil, "take your magnifying glass. Examine the signature of Peter Blauvelt upon the deed." The witness did so. "What," queried Phil at length, "have you to say about the signature upon the deed?"

The witness shook his head. "The signature upon the deed is not the signature of Peter Blauvelt," he announced. Phil smiled. Castillo didn't. Instead the expert glanced steadily at Vickers. Vickers took the hint. He leaped to his feet.

"I fail to see," said Vickers to the court, "where this cross-examination leads. Fringer doesn't say Blauvelt signed this deed. Blauvelt acknowledged it—we'll take that as a fact. But it isn't Blauvelt's signature. What is counsel trying to prove? That Blauvelt had someone else to sign his deed for him? If that's the case the deed might stand. But if he's going to prove that Blauvelt had someone else sign his will for him then it is clear that the will is not Blauvelt's will. He's got to sign his will. He can't delegate that power. That's clear."

"You may proceed," said the court to Phil.

"I take it," went on Phil, "that an illiterate man regards a seal with some solemnity?"

"He is likely to," returned the witness.

"If he signed twenty thousand checks and only three deeds the signing of the deeds would impress him?"

"Yes."

"The execution of a will is, to most people, a very solemn act?"

"It is."

"A matter to be handled with formality, deliberation, care?"

"Yes."

"Doctor Castillo," went on Phil, "you have seen illiterate people write?"

"Many times."

"Even people who are not illiterate make a fuss about it? They try the pen on a scrap of paper before they use it finally? They prepare for a respectable performance?"

Castillo pulled himself together.

"Counselor," he said to Flanagan, "let me make myself clear: A man's signature is a man's signature. It contains characteristics which even he cannot efface. He may use extreme deliberation, his pen may travel like wild fire, it is all one. His personal characteristics are always present. Drunk or sober, ill or scared to death, the personal touch is always there. You cannot get me to say anything to the contrary of that."

"You still insist," said Phil, "that the signature on the will contains none of the characteristics of the signature of Peter Blauvelt?"

"Unquestionably I do."

"And you have the same to say about the signature on the deed?"

"I'll stake my reputation upon it."

"But you don't know who perpetrated the forgeries?"

"No."

"You believe the signature to be a tracing?"

"Unquestionably."

"And a tracing isn't handwriting at all, is it?" queried Phil.

Castillo glared at him. "It must be if somebody writes it with his hand."

"Doctor," said Phil, "isn't that signature on the will a drawing—technically a drawing—not a signature?"

"That is my claim."

"Hence it lacks the characteristics of anybody's signature?"

"It is the drawing in the form of Peter Blauvelt's signature—that's all it is," returned the witness. "I have said so many times."

"You've told the court the signature was forged?"

"Yes," said Castillo.

"Why don't you go on?" said Phil. "Why don't you tell us all the rest?"

"I have told all I know," returned the witness with scared eyes.

"Doctor Castillo," exclaimed Phil in measured tones, "I want you to tell the court that Peter Blauvelt did what you said no man could do. I want you to tell the court that Peter Blauvelt himself removed all the characteristics of his signature from this deed and this will; that he did so because they were legal documents of an unusually solemn nature. I want you to explain all that to the court."

"How can I explain it," said the witness, his eyes rolling helplessly, "when I don't know it to be the fact?"

"Doctor Castillo," went on Phil mercilessly, "I want you to tell the court just what Peter Blauvelt did before he signed this will in the presence of these witnesses. I want you to tell the court what he did in the privacy of his room *before* he signed the will. I want you to tell the court what he did in the privacy of his room *after* he signed the will."

"How can I tell what I do not know?" squirmed Castillo.

"Doctor Castillo," persisted Phil, "you are going to tell this court that in the privacy of his room Peter Blauvelt signed his name in lead pencil upon this will; that later and in the presence of the witnesses he drew pen and ink over that lightly penciled signature; and that later still—again in private—he carefully erased the pencil marks, leaving nothing but the ink drawing he had made. I want you to tell the court just that."

"I can't tell the court that," said Castillo, "for I was not there."

"Do you say now under oath," cried Phil, "that that thing did not happen?"

Castillo sank back into his chair, a beaten man. "It is a thing," he nodded sorrowfully, "that might have happened. I cannot say it didn't."

"Your Honor," exclaimed Phil, "I have three witnesses who saw Peter Blauvelt sign this will that day. Their testimony stands wholly unimpeached before this court. They saw him sign. In the circumstances I rest my case upon their testimony of that positive fact against all the handwriting experts in the world."

The court smiled and nodded. He glanced at Vickers.

"Well," he said, "I'll hear you, Mr. Vickers, upon that."

When it was all over Phil Flanagan took his young client down to the offices of Flanagan, Hastings, Fringer & Fitts. Fringer was there ahead of him. His three partners were gathered in his private room as Phil ushered Daisy Edgar into their presence.

The telephone bell rang. Fringer answered it and held a colloquy over the wire. "All right," he said finally, "I'll tell him what you say." He rang off and turned to Phil Flanagan. "Perkins, the judge," said Fringer, "congratulating us on picking you to head this firm. He says you're one of the slickest cross-examiners he ever heard."

When his confreres finally filed out Phil slumped into his chair and faced his client across the desk.

"Miss Edgar," he said, "I'm going to do something—something real. I want you to stand by and watch me do it. I'm going to study law."

"Study law," she cried. "Why, Captain Flanagan, you're the greatest lawyer in the state!"

Flanagan stared at her. His eyes were glowing. "Miss Edgar," he said, "do you really believe that? You're the first person on this earth that ever had any faith in my ability. I want to be worthy of that faith. I want to be an able man. I—I want to grow."

"How you talk," said Daisy—"a wonderful advocate like you!"

"I want to grow," went on Phil desperately, "and I can do it only under what you might call hothouse conditions."

"Hothouse conditions," echoed Miss Edgar.

"I can't grow," said Phil, "unless I have with me and about me all the time people who have faith in me, who believe in me. Miss Edgar, it was no knowledge of the law that made me win this case. It was my belief in you. You told me that you saw Peter Blauvelt sign this will. I didn't believe in Mrs. Baxter nor in Slimmons. I believed in you. Always I shall believe in you. You see what my belief did—it won your case. And you're the only person who believes in me. You see how important it all is—to me. Now, if we could only arrange it so that you could be with me all the time—why, then ——" His voice trailed off into nothingness.

Daisy Edgar caught her breath. Deep color suffused her throat, her face.

"Do you really mean that, Captain Flanagan?" she faltered.

"Do I?" he returned.

"Well, then, perhaps," said Daisy Edgar, "since so much is at stake—we might see if it can't somehow be arranged."



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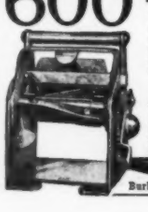
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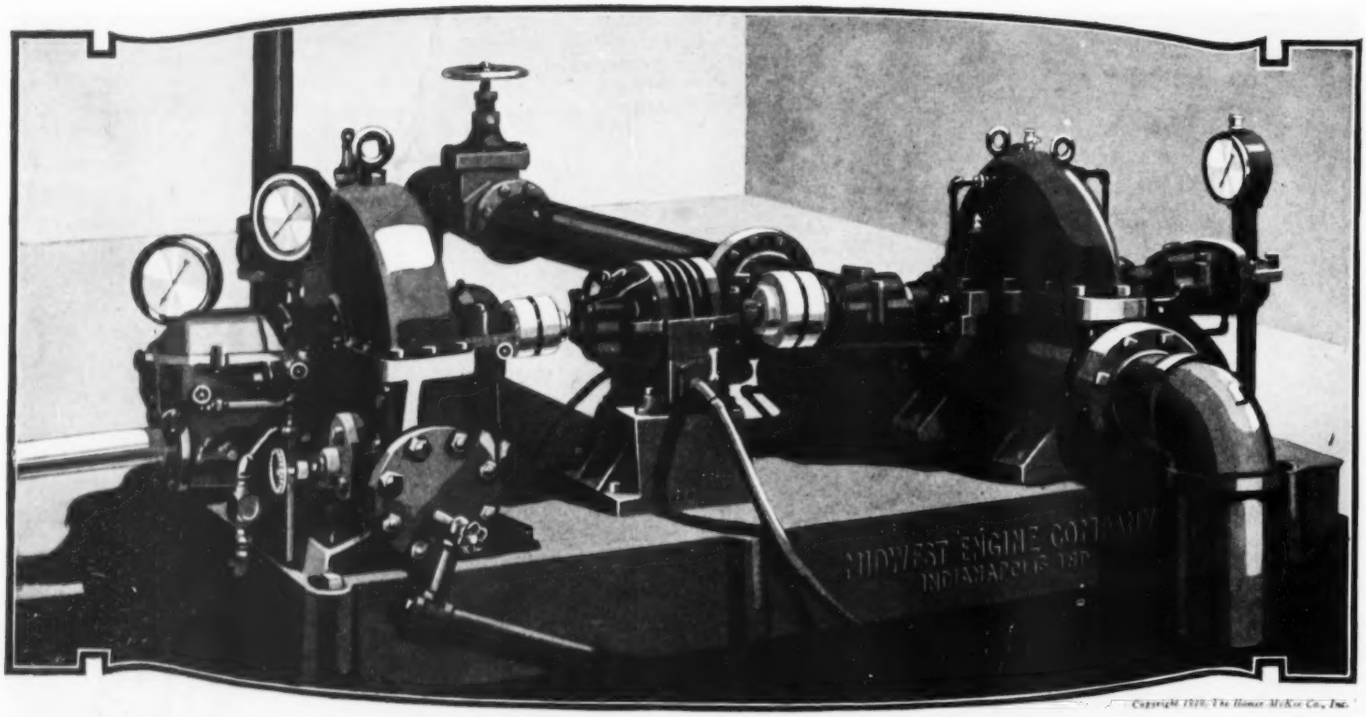
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The photograph on this page, made in our own testing laboratories, shows a Midwest Turbine-driven Double Suction Pump running in final test at 4800 r. p. m. Our test showed that it delivered 1100 gallons per minute at a head of 93 feet with an efficiency of 76%. Considering that the pump is a 6-inch size and the turbine rated at 35 H. P. this showing is comparatively very good.

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MIDWEST ENGINE COMPANY ••• INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

THE GIBSON UPRIGHT

(Continued from Page 4)

GIBSON: Didn't you understand it, Carter?

CARTER: Well—I can't say I did.

GIBSON: Why can't you say it? It was plain black and white.

CARTER: Well, I was kind o' foggy about the overtime.

GIBSON: The agreement was that you were to have time and a half for overtime. What was foggy about that?

CARTER: Well, I don't say you didn't give us what we was askin' right then; but things have changed since then.

GIBSON: What's changed in eleven days?

FRANKEL [hotly]: What's changed? How about them men in the finishin' department that do piecework?

GIBSON: Well, what's changed about them?

FRANKEL: Well, something is *goin'* to change over there.

GIBSON: We're talking about your department's not understanding the agreement. What's the finishing department got to do with that?

FRANKEL: Well, they're kickin', too, you bet!

GIBSON: I'm dealing with your kick now.

CARTER: Well, o' course we got to stand with them; if they do piecework overtime they don't get no more for it.

GIBSON: I'll deal with them separately.

FRANKEL: My goodness, Mr. Gibson, you got to deal with us too! Not a one of us understood what our last agreement with you was. It's just agreements and agreements and agreements—you might think we was living just on agreements! By rights we ought to have double time instead of time and a half!

GIBSON: Time and a half eleven days ago; now you strike for double time! Where does this thing stop? You want double time for overtime; your working day has been reduced; it won't be long till you want that cut down again.

FRANKEL: Sure! We want it cut down right now!

CARTER: Yes, Mr. Gibson; that was another point they told us to bring up before we walk out.

GIBSON [with growing exasperation]: I suppose you want a six-hour day so you'll have more overtime to double on me! Then you'll want a four-hour day!

MIFFLIN [beaming and nodding]: Well, why not, Mr. Gibson?

GIBSON: What?

NORA: Why shouldn't they?

GIBSON: Why shouldn't they? But what's their limit?

NORA [oratorically]: When the workman shall own his tools!

MIFFLIN: Of course that means all the tools, Mr. Gibson. You may not know our phrase: "The workman shall own his tools." It means not only the carpenter's bench, the plane and the saw, the adze and the auger, but the shop itself. It means that the workmen shall own the factory. It means the elimination of everything and everyone who stands between him and the purchaser, to take toll and unearned profit from the worker, who is really the sole producer of wealth.

NORA: It means the elimination of capital and the capitalist!

MIFFLIN: It means that not only should the worker own tools and factory but should sit here in the persons of his chosen and elected fellow workers, as arbiter of his own destiny.

GIBSON: That is to say, it means the elimination of me.

MIFFLIN [jovially]: Precisely! Precisely!

GIBSON [as another workingman strides into the room]: What do you want, Shomberg?

SHOMBERG: Them new windows in the assembling room—they're no good.

GIBSON: We've just spent twelve hundred dollars fixing them as you said you wanted them. What's the matter with them?

SHOMBERG: They don't give no light.

MIFFLIN: None at all?

SHOMBERG: It's right next to none at all! The men are goin' to lay off if they got to work in that room. They're goin' out anyway at twelve o'clock.

FRANKEL: Now look here, Mr. Gibson, if I was running this factory ——

GIBSON: You're not, Frankel!

SHOMBERG: Well, why can't you listen to him? Don't we even get no hearing? I guess if I was running this factory once, the first thing I'd do I'd anyhow try to listen what the troubles is and make my men contented.

GIBSON: What would you do if you were running the factory, Carter? You haven't said.

CARTER: I ain't had the chance to say. Now what I'd do, first I'd settle all the grievances so there wouldn't be no more complaints.

GIBSON: Well, here's one coming I might leave to you on that basis.

[Enter Simpson, an elderly worker in overalls and jumper; and Salvatore, a New Yorkized Italian type, a formerly lighted cigarette dangling from his lips.]

SALVATORE: Our department's goin' to walk out at twelve, noon, Mr. Gibson. We ain't satisfied.

GIBSON: Why not?



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Simply Stir in Boiling Water

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Oats—Eggs—Coffee

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This is a dish you have wanted so long—a quick delicious oat dish—that we ask you to try it at once. We will gladly send you a Six-Dish Package free.

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This new oat dish—Two-Minute Oat Food—is cooked in the expert way. It is cooked for three hours by live steam under pressure at higher than boiling heat. In no home kitchen can oats be cooked like that.

Right after cooking, the oats are evaporated. This condenses them, and all the moisture is removed. Their flavory freshness is thus kept intact.

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Another result of this high-heat cooking is a new, exquisite flavor. It gives to the oat dish an added delight. You have never tasted oats like these.

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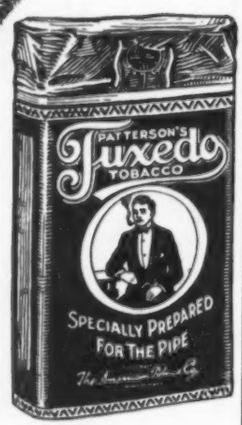
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SALVATORE: Well, we ain't satisfied, Mr. Gibson; we ain't satisfied at all.

GIBSON: You got every demand answered yesterday, Salvatore.

SALVATORE: Oh, I ain't talkin' about no demands. If all them other departments walks out we're going to stand by 'em! We got plenty to do with our time. Workin' all the time ain't so enjoyable.

GIBSON: So you people are going out again, are you?

SIMPSON: I guess it's a general strike, Mr. Gibson. I'm afraid if you don't give the boys satisfactory answers the place will close down at noon.

GIBSON: Have satisfactory answers ever satisfied you?

SALVATORE: Ain't we got no right to stand up for our rights?

FRANKEL: Don't you get all you can from us? Well, you bet your life we're goin' to keep on gettin' all we can from you.

GIBSON: Then life isn't worth anything to either of us—if it's all fight! Is that to go on forever?

NORA: No, Mr. Gibson; it's to go on until the abolition of the wage system!

MIFFLIN: Good!

NORA: The struggle with capitalism will continue till the workers take possession of the machinery of production. It is theirs by right; the wealth they produce is morally their own. The parasites who now consume that wealth must be destroyed.

[Great approval from workmen; almost a cheer. Mifflin chuckles and noiselessly claps his hands.]

GIBSON: I'm the parasite!

SHOMBERG: Well, do we get any answer?

GIBSON: Does any one of you men here think he could answer all of these demands satisfactorily?

SALVATORE: Sure! [All acquiesce: "Sure, sure!"]

FRANKEL: You can't put us off any longer with just no little bunch of funny talk!

GIBSON: I'll have an answer for you in fifteen minutes. [Turns to his desk]. That's all.

SHOMBERG: Better have it before twelve o'clock.

CARTER [as they go]: Do what you kin, Mr. Gibson. All the departments is worked up pretty unusual.

GIBSON [wearily dropping back into chair]: Oh, no, Carter; pretty usual; that's the trouble.

MIFFLIN: A splendid manifestation of spirit, Mr. Gibson! I'll just take advantage of the ——

[Gibson waves his hand, assenting, Mifflin overtakes the group at door, puts his hands on the shoulders of two of the workers, and goes out with them talking eagerly. Nora follows. Gibson sighs heavily; the telephone bell rings. He takes up the receiver.]

GIBSON: Who is it? . . . Wait a minute! [He takes a pad and writes]:

"Central Associated Lumber Companies." . . . Wait a minute.

[Looks at a slip in a pigeonhole of his desk]: Oh yes, you called me yesterday. . . . This is Mr. Ragsdale? . . . No, no, Mr. Ragsdale, I don't think I'm going to do any business with you. You asked me forty-eight dollars a thousand on 200,000 feet. . . . No, your coming down half a dollar a thousand won't do it. . . . I say half a dollar won't do it. . . . Hold the wire a minute.

[Looks for letter in pigeonhole, but finds it in his inside pocket. Then he holds it open, looking at it beside the telephone as he speaks]: Hello! . . . No; I was right; there's nothing doing, Mr. Ragsdale. I know where I can get that 200,000 feet at forty-five dollars a thousand. . . . I say I know where I can get that lumber at forty-five dollars. . . . No; I can get it. There won't be any use for you to call up again. . . . Good-by!

[He paces the floor again thoughtfully, then abruptly goes to the factory door; opens it and calls.]

GIBSON: Miss Gorodna!

[Nora appears in the doorway. She looks at him with disapproving inquiry; then walks in and closes the door. He goes to his desk and touches the rose.]

GIBSON: Why didn't you take it this morning? That poor little rosebed in my yard at home; it's just begun to brighten up. I suppose it thought it was going to send you a June rose every day, as it did last June. You don't want it?

NORA [gently, but not abating her attitude]: No, thank you!

GIBSON [dropping the rose upon his blotting pad, not into the glass again]: That's the fourth that's had to wither disappointed.

NORA [in a low voice]: Then hadn't you better let the others live?

GIBSON: I'd like to live a little myself, Nora. Life doesn't seem much worth living for me as it is, and if your theories are making you detest me I think I'm about through.

NORA: It's what you stand for that my theories make me detest—since you use the word.

GIBSON: Well, what is it that I stand for?

NORA: Class and class hatred.

GIBSON: Which class is the hatred coming from?

NORA: From both!

GIBSON: Just in this room right now it seems to be all on one side. And lately it

(Continued on Page 149)



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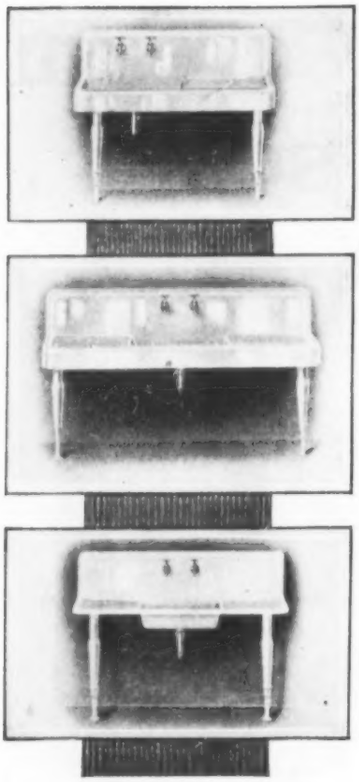
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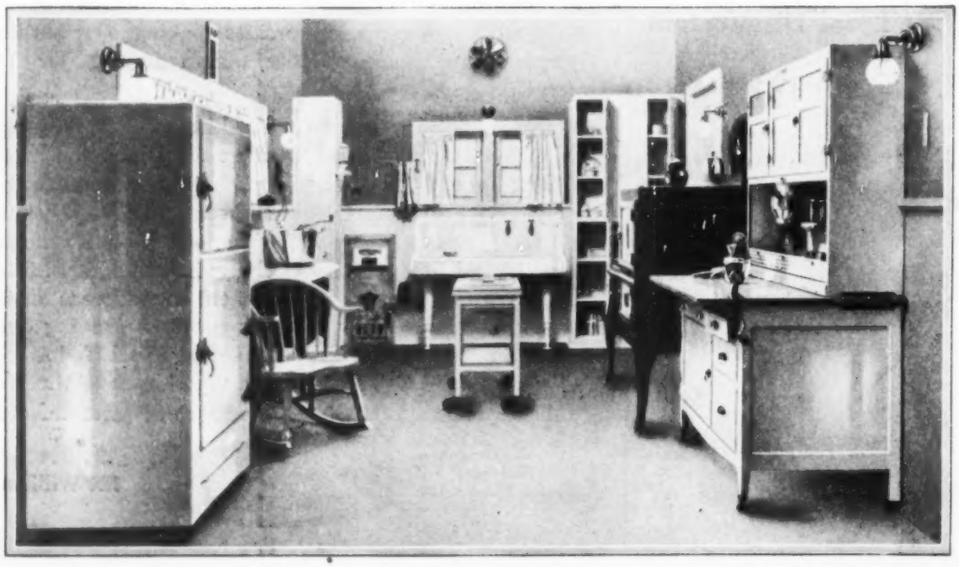
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—whether of the elaborate double drainboard style or some simpler pattern, serve the ends of kitchen efficiency. These sinks, being one piece, beautifully enameled, *must* be sanitary; "Standard" Fittings help toward this end, too.

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(Continued from Page 146)

has seemed to me to be more and more not so much class as personal; because really, Nora, I haven't yet been able to understand how a girl with your mind can believe that you and I belong to different classes.

NORA: You don't? So long as capital exists you and I are in warring classes, Mr. Gibson.

GIBSON: What are they?

NORA: Capitalist and proletariat. You can't get out of your class and I don't want to get out of mine.

GIBSON: Nora, the law of the United States doesn't recognize any classes—and I don't know why you and I should. We both like Montaigne and Debussy. You've even condescended to laugh with me at times about something funny in the shop. Of course not lately; but you used to. In everything worth anything aren't we really in the same class?

NORA: We are not. We never shall be—and we never were! Even before we were born we weren't! You came into this life with a silver spoon. I was born in a tenement room where five other people lived. My father was a man with a great brain. He never got out of the tenements in his life; he was crushed and kept under; yet he was a well-read man and a magnificent talker; he could talk Marx and Tolstoy supremely. Yet he never even had time to learn English.

GIBSON: I wish you could have heard what my father talked for English! Half the time I couldn't understand him myself. He was Scotch.

NORA: Your father wasn't crushed under the capitalistic system as mine was. My father was an intellectual.

GIBSON: Mine was a worker. They both landed at Castle Garden, didn't they?

NORA: What of that? Mine remained a thinker and a revolutionist; yours became a capitalist.

GIBSON: No; he got a job—in a piano factory.

NORA: Yes, and took advantage of the capitalistic system to own the factory.

GIBSON: Before he did own it he worked fourteen hours a day for twelve years. That's why he owned it.

NORA: How many hours a day do you work, Mr. Gibson?

GIBSON: I have worked twenty-four; sometimes fourteen, sometimes two; usually six.

NORA: In other words, when you want to work.

GIBSON: I've learned to do things my father never learned to do, and it commands a higher return.

NORA: You take a higher return.

GIBSON: You mean I don't deserve it?

NORA: Can it be possible that you think you deserve as much as any of these workers? You don't so much as touch one of these pianos that bring you your return. I do! I work on them with my hands. Do you think you deserve as much as I?

GIBSON: No; I don't go so far as that.

NORA: Don't talk to me as a woman! My work is pleasant enough now; but what work did I have to do before I got this far? I worked sixteen hours a day, and when I was only a child at that! Twelve hours I was sewing, and four I studied. If my father hadn't known music and taught me a little, your capitalistic system would have me sewing twelve hours a day still!

GIBSON: Yes, Nora; when we learn how to do something we get better pay for it.

NORA: We do? Do you really think that? That we get paid for what we do?

GIBSON: Yes; that's what I think.

NORA: Then what do you get paid for? For nothing in the world but owning this factory. You're paid because you're a capitalist!

GIBSON: Is that all?

NORA: Why, look at the state the factory's in! The discontent you saw in those men—that's the fault of the capitalistic system! There aren't twenty workmen in the place that are contented.

GIBSON: You're right about that; and they never will be.

NORA: Not until the system's changed. What are you going to do about it?

GIBSON [with quiet desperation]: They've driven me as far as they can. If they walk out I'll walk out. I can stand closing it up if they can.

NORA: You'd close down? Your only solution is to take the bread out of these men's mouths?

GIBSON: If they walk out I'll walk out!

NORA [trembling]: You coward!

GIBSON: That's fair?

NORA: You'll let us starve because you haven't the courage to come to the right solution! Don't you mind starving us?

GIBSON: You mean you'd starve if I quit?

NORA [vehemently]: No; but because you'd close the factory.

GIBSON: Oh, the factory could run if I quit, could it?

NORA: That's the capitalist! They think it's capital that runs the factories!

GIBSON: And I'm the capital, am I?

NORA: What in the world else? [Touches the piano]. You think you produce this wealth because you've got your money in it? You pass out a pittance to those who do produce it, and when they ask for more than a pittance you take their tools away from them! If they rebel you set the police on them. That's capital—and that's you, Mr. Gibson!

GIBSON: Nora, you told me not to speak to you as a woman.

NORA: I meant it!

GIBSON: I'm going to disregard it. Couldn't you get your theories out of your mind for a while and make a little room there for me?

NORA: My theories! I haven't any theories! I'm talking about the truth, and the truth is my whole life. I can't find room for anything but the truth.

GIBSON: Couldn't you?

NORA: Ah, that's a man's egoism! With the whole world seething so that its wrongs should fill every mind—yes, and every heart—until they're righted, you ask me ——

GIBSON: I think you needn't make it any clearer, Nora; I understand.

NORA [turning away, agitated]: I am glad you do.

[The factory door opens to the impetuous arrival of a workingman of extraordinary size and vehemence, Riley, a truck driver.]

RILEY [as he opens the door]: See here, Mr. Gibson, fer the love o' heaven, don't the truck drivers fer this factory git no consideration?

GIBSON: I don't know! What do they want?

RILEY: Look here, Mr. Gibson, man to man, every department in this factory is makin' demands and goin' to walk out if they don't git 'em. Ain't we got no chance fer no demands?

GIBSON: I said: What do you want?

RILEY: Why, we got grievances been hangin' over I don't know how long!

GIBSON: What are they?

RILEY: Why, all them other departments is going to git raises. You don't think fer a minute the truck drivers ain't going to ——

GIBSON: How much raise do you want?

RILEY: Sir?

GIBSON: How much raise do you want?

RILEY: I can't jest say right this minute. We just heard what was goin' on in the other departments, and we ain't had no meetin' to settle just what raise we are goin' to git. Now Mr. Gibson, if I was runnin' this factory ——

GIBSON: Well, what would you do?

RILEY: The first thing I'd do, I'd see that the truck drivers didn't have no more discontent than nobody else. What becomes of your freight if you can't run no trucks? You got to look out, Mr. Gibson! It's us got the upper hand.

GIBSON: Go call your meeting and find out what raise you're going to strike for.

RILEY: Yes, sir; I'll do it. [He goes out quickly.]

NORA [amazed and rather gentle]: Are you going to give them what they want?

GIBSON: No; I only wanted to get rid of him a minute to think—or try to.

NORA [in a low voice, offended]: Oh, excuse me! [She is going out.]

GIBSON: Stay here!

[He seems to approach a decision—one of desperation and anger. Then he speaks crisply, but more to himself than to Nora.] All right—they get it!

[Looks up at Nora, gives her a frowning stare of some duration.] Tell Riley to call off his meeting, please. I want all those spokesmen for the departments here. I'll give them their answer now.

[Nora looks at him puzzled, bites her lip and goes out quickly into the factory. Gibson's expression is determined; so is his action. He goes to the wall, brings two chairs, one in each hand, places them at the large table. Repeats this until he has chairs placed at the table on both sides and at the head as if for a directors' meeting.



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The door opens and Salvatore, Mifflin, Carter, Riley, Shomberg, Frankel and Simpson enter. They come in, speaking together; most of them talking somewhat ominously.]

CROWD: Well, he better! We ain't workin' for our health. . . . My whole department'll walk out! . . . You bet your life we're goin' to! . . . He needn't kid himself about our not meaning business!

FRANKEL: Well, Mr. Gibson, we'd like to know what conclusion you come to.

GIBSON: I'm going to tell you. Simpson, please ask Miss Gorodna to step in. [Simpson merely looks out the door, and Nora comes in quickly.] Carter, take that chair at the head of the table. Frankel, Salvatore, Shomberg, sit there, and there, and there! Riley, sit there. Simpson, there! Miss Gorodna, will you please sit here? [They take the seats he indicates, but they look puzzled, somewhat perturbed; whisper and murmur to each other.] Thank you! There! That looks like a directors' table, doesn't it?

SALVATORE: What's this all about?

GIBSON: I want to ask you people if any of you ever knew me to break my word to you?

FRANKEL: Oh, no, Mr. Gibson, we know you never break your agreements!

GIBSON: I want to ask you people: Haven't you found my word as good as my bond?

CARTER: Why, yes, Mr. Gibson.

SIMPSON: Sure! We know you'll do what you say.

GIBSON: Do you all agree to that?

SALVATORE: Soit'nly! You're a gentleman.

RILEY: Sure, we agree to it!

SHOMBERG: Oh, well, prob'ly so.

GIBSON: All right! I'm going to do something you don't expect, and I want you to know I mean it. [They look at each other.] But before I do it I want to tell you something. Probably you won't understand it, but for a long time I had a pride in this factory. Building up The Gibson Upright was really the pride of my life. To do that I knew I had to have a loyal staff of workmen, and for that reason if no other I have given you shorter hours and more pay than the men get in any other factory of this kind that I know of. I've done everything that can be done to make the shops healthy and light and clean. I certainly haven't been unfriendly to you personally. Any man in the factory was free to come in that door to talk to me any time he wanted to. I've done my best and we've been called the model factory. I've done my best, but—it isn't enough. It never has been enough. And I've been told it never will be enough [with a glance at Nora] until the wage system has been abolished—until capital has been abolished and the parasite destroyed! I say I took a pride in the factory for years! Now I am no longer able to. I can't take a pride in a squabble, and that's all this factory has come to be. And I'll tell you frankly—you men feel you'd like to get rid of me. Well, I want to get rid of you. And I intend to!

SHOMBERG [fiercely]: You goin' to close this factory down?

GIBSON: No; I'm going to give it to you!

SEVERAL WORKMEN: What!

GIBSON [emphatically]: I'm going to give it to you. I turn it over to you, here and now. This property is mine, but the use of it is yours. Don't you understand? You've said yourselves my word is as good as my bond. Well, the factory is yours. I'm going to get away from it. You take it and run it.

[He gets his hat and coat.]

SIMPSON: What in thunder does he mean?

SALVATORE: Say, what's the game?

GIBSON: There it is! Take it and run it yourselves, for yourselves. It belongs to every workman in the factory on equal shares. [Throws keys on table.] There are the keys of the safe, and the combination's in the top drawer of that desk. It's all yours as it stands, down to the very correspondence on that table, without any let, hindrance or interference from me.

FRANKEL [hoarsely]: Say! He means it!

SALVATORE: All the money ours?

GIBSON: The money for every piano you make and sell is yours—every cent of it.

MIFFLIN [rising, transfigured]: Gentlemen, a glorious time has come! This is an example to every employer of labor in our land. I thank that power which destined all men to be equal both in service and reward that I should have chanced to be present to see such a splendid band of forward-looking fellows—of brothers, of comrades—come into their own! Let us hope that this great moment but marks the beginning of an epoch when every capitalist and manufacturer shall see the light as Mr. Gibson has just done!

As spokesman for these—these men, Mr. Gibson, I would congratulate you for anticipating the inevitable and certain world future! You have done well for yourself to perceive it. I am sure on that account you leave here with their respect. And to you I should think it might be some relief ——

GIBSON: Relief? I should think it might! And you can translate that into your thirteen languages and dialects—including the Scandinavian! As for you men—you wouldn't work for me—now see if you can work for yourselves! Good-by, Miss Gorodna!

[Nora, who has been looking at him tensely, inclines her head slightly. He opens the door that leads to the street and goes out decisively. There are exclamations from everyone, loud but awed. "Say, look here, look here, look here!"

"Give it to us!" "Equal shares! Did you hear what he said?" "Gosh! Is this the end of the world? " "My wife won't believe it!"]

MIFFLIN: Gentlemen, this factory comes into the possession of every workman in it on equal terms; each has a like share in the profits. At last the workman owns his tools.

FRANKEL [suddenly, as if light had just come]: Gibson's crazy!

MIFFLIN: No, no! He saw the writing on the wall!

NORA [as if entranced, her eyes to heaven]: Isn't it wonderful—wonderful!

MIFFLIN [beaming]: But we mustn't forget that it entails responsibilities.

NORA: We mustn't forget that.

[Telephone rings on Gibson's desk. They all turn their heads in silence and look at it, Mifflin watching them, benevolently chuckling. The telephone rings again.]

CARTER [blankly]: The telephone is ringin'.

MIFFLIN: Well, answer it, answer it!

SIMPSON: Who?

MIFFLIN: Why, you—any of you. It's yours—it's your telephone.

SIMPSON: You answer it, Carter.

[Telephone rings again as Carter goes to it and picks it up in a somewhat gingerly way.]

CARTER: Hello! . . . Yes. . . . Yes, it's The Gibson Upright. . . . No, he ain't here. . . . What? Wait a minute. [Puts his hand over the mouthpiece.] He wants to know who it is talking.

FRANKEL: My goodness! Can't you tell him it's you?

CARTER: He wouldn't know who that was.

MIFFLIN: Tell him it's one of the owners of the company.

CARTER [looks at Mifflin solemnly; then in a hushed voice]: It's one of the owners of the company. . . . Wait a minute; let me get that. "The Central Associated Lumber Companies?" I hear you; wait a minute. [Looks round.] This here company says they want to lower their bid for a couple hundred thousand feet o' lumber to forty-seven dollars a thousand. They say that's a dollar lower than they offered yesterday and a half a dollar lower than they offered this morning—says got to know now.

FRANKEL: Says they come *down* to forty-seven, do they?

CARTER: Yes; says so!

SIMPSON: Well, tell 'em that's good; we'll take it.

THE OTHERS: Sure, that's right! . . . That's a good offer. . . . Sure, we'll take it!

Carter [at the telephone]: We'll take it. [Pause.] You're welcome.

[Puts down telephone amid general buzz from all the others. They rise somewhat dazedly, but relaxing, beginning to take in their surroundings in the new life. Shomberg and Simpson shake hands. Frankel goes over and examines the safe. Salvatore picks up a packet of correspondence from desk, as if it were a strange bug. Shomberg opens a drawer in the table. There is a buzz of congratulative, formless talk. They spread over the stage, looking at everything.]

MIFFLIN [transfigured, his right hand lifted]: Gentlemen, this is the New Dawn!

Editor's Note—This is the first act of a play by Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Wilson. The second will appear next week.

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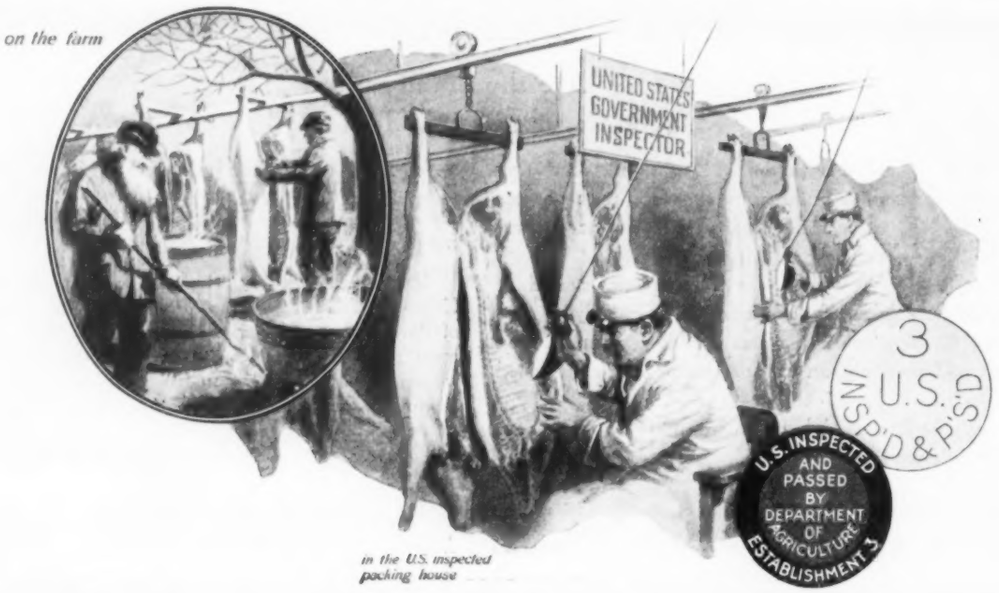
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